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ELPHINSTONE.

BY

ALFRED BUTLER, ESQ.

Quicquid agunt homines.....
..... nostri est farrago libelli.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
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TO

FRANCES CHARLOTTE DALTON,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Before I and that kind heart which is now beating with the delight of opening a new book enter into the eternal compact of author and reader, I wish to make a friendly remark or two, that we may commence and go on, on good terms with each other. I shall not offer any excuses or apologies for the work itself; because, if I thought it worse than the average of such works, I would keep it to myself. I wish to guard the reader against certain misapprehensions which are frequently caused by works of this kind, and which might subject me to ill opinions, that I should be sorry to merit.

1. It will be acknowledged by persons acquainted with literary history that no writer ever published a work which laughed at the follies or satirized the vices of mankind, without creating prejudices against himself in the

minds of well-meaning but short-seeing people. If the satire be directed against an individual of a class, people are apt to suppose that the whole class is attacked: and this prejudice lives as long as the author; but it dies with him, and the next generation is astonished that such a prejudice could have existed in the minds of their fathers.

Now as I am not one of those great persons whose affairs posterity would be happy to settle at the expense of her own, and as I wish to live in peace with my contemporaries, I beg to observe that I have not attempted to throw ridicule on any section of society, and that whatever satire may be directed against an individual in his professional capacity, is directed against the individual rather than against the profession. Indeed some of my dearest friends are members of classes and professions mentioned in my work, and I do not fear to lose them on that account. I will not, as Pope does in his Essay on Woman, render the satire nugatory by asserting that my characters have not existed; nor will I with Miss Edgeworth say in various passages. "This is a fact," to remind the reader constantly that he is perusing a history of circumstances which

have never occurred. I can affirm that my tale is a true one; I request my reader to observe that I laugh only at the foolish, and satirize only the vicious: and I am sure that all honest and intelligent members of every class will justify me in my treatment of their fellow-members who differ from them in those qualities.

2. A certain conveyancer read through Clarissa Harlowe, and pronounced it to be a heap of utter nonsense, because there was not an item in her will which could be maintained in Court. There is more in this than appears at a first view. This lawyer was a type of a hundred classes of readers. He shewed himself incapable of judging a work addressed to man in general, although probably he was an excellent judge of a work on law. But a man's taste and intellect will not be improved by the most perfect acquaintance with any particular branch of learning; and such a person, if he wish to communicate his information, must address himself to his professional brethen, and will be neglected by the rest of the world; since every man to be generally admired must be understood, and therefore ought, even in his peculiar science to pierce through technicalities and formulas, and

address himself to the universal intellect. A man may be an admirable colourist, even an admirable draughtsman, and yet shall never be admired, excepting by painters; while another shall be defective in both colour and form, and be admired by all the world excepting painters,—though even painters of true genius will admit that the faults which only a professional eye can detect are amply atoned for by the beauties of thought which are addressed to all mankind. A Surgeon, a Lawyer, or a Linguist shall write a work universally admired by Surgeons, Lawyers, or Linguists, and unreadable by the rest of mankind. They are all useful in their profession; but they are not famous. All merely scientific writers serve only to gather materials for the generalisers and distributors; for a man of true genius, whatever be the subject on which he writes, addresses himself not to a particular sect or body of men, but to man.

In works of imagination the observance of this principle is more necessary than in any other, and in the present one, I have meddled with different professions, the details and technicalities of which a man of general education is not supposed to be intimately acquainted

with; and though where facts are concerned I can trust confidently to my memory, yet in technicalities or professional modes and words, not being one of the class, I may have fallen into some slight errors. If I shall be found to have done so, I shall be sorry; but still I shall believe that if my book has interest for the general reader, those mistakes are of little importance.

If, however, my critics should be disposed to be severe, on discovery of these possible mistakes, I trust I shall disarm them by a confession of the cause of them. After considerable indulgence of a rambling disposition, I, some two years since, took up my abode in an inconsiderable town, where I wrote these volumes. My collection of books was tolerably large, but did not contain any on the details of professional practice, and as I was apprehensive that I might have been mistaken on two or three points, I addressed myself to a couple of gentlemen, with whom I was slightly acquainted —the one I asked for permission to consult an old statute in a book of his, which he never looked at, the other I requested to inform me of the meaning of a word. But I had been in the town only a year; and as that

year had been as usual divided into six months of suspicion, and six months of libel, the first mentioned gentleman gave me a direct refusal, and the other gave me the information in a manner yet more offensive. I did not attempt to gain any more information, but leave the work to the reader's charitable consideration, assuring him that it is not on that part of this work that I am anxious to have his opinion.

A propos of country towns, I have often thought, that a person possessed of a common portion of the power of observation, might write a very amusing work on the manners and habits of our small inland towns. The patronizing pompousness of the little gentry, the conceited arrogance of professional men, the pride of caste in the various orders of tradesmen, the ambition for parochial office, the religious divisions, the eternal currents of scandal, the inquisition into every body's affairs, the local self-importance, though they seem trifling to an inhabitant of a great town, yet are they in feeling and action, as strongly marked as those which affect nations—they are more amusing, and I believe have never yet been fully described. Miss Austen has, indeed, drawn some

very beautiful pictures of country towns; but she always writes like a lady of rank, and descends not to the tradesman or mechanic. Miss Mitford also has touched this subject with her delicate pen; but she always writes like a lady, unconscious of the existence of human vice or folly; and the most foolish and wicked person she describes, is quite as wise as the wisest, and much better than the best of the people one meets with in common life. It is to be feared she paints human beings as they should be, rather than as they are, and I doubt not that she finds her originals in her own heart. The work which approaches nearest to what I mean is Little Peddlington: but this work though amusing, has the too-common failing of being written to shew off one solitary idea, which though a true one, and evidently susceptible of being treated with much humour, yet when all the characters through a long tale act with direct reference to it, the result is continual exaggeration, and an incomplete portraiture of human minds and manners. Little Peddlington was written to shew up the self-importance of a little town; but there never was a town in which every action, word, and thought of every individual was directed to that one object, and

therefore Little Peddlington, instead of being a complete portrait of a country town, is a drawing of only one of its features.

I have stated that it was my fortune to take up my residence in an inconsiderable country town, to all the individuals in which I was a stranger, and several incidents, in which I became personally concerned in consequence, first led me to think of my subject. In a few days after I had become a householder, a great variety of young ladies called on me to request my weekly subscription to various societies—for providing linen for lying-in women, for supporting poor illegitimate children, for sending blankets to the New Zealanders, and a variety of the like praiseworthy purposes. I at first demurred to the propriety of some of these objects, but the young ladies spoke so pathetically of the beauty of charity, as to make themselves appear very charming to a bachelor like myself, and I had not the heart to refuse them.

At length when I was committed for a subscription every day of my life, a lady whose face declared a decided approval of a single life during the last half century,

called on me for a subscription towards sending prayer-books to the South Sea Islanders. I inquired whether these Islanders could read them—a point concerning which the lady confessed ignorance, but spoke very warmly of *the good cause*. Her eloquence, however, as may be expected, was less effectual than that of the younger virgins, and I said that really I was paying several subscriptions towards similar objects, and not being a rich man, must beg to decline additional subscriptions, until I had made out a list of my charities, and ascertained whether I were not already a subscriber to her own charity. The lady left me, and in a few days I had the satisfaction to find that I was universally considered to be a suspicious character, if not an infidel, as I had refused to send prayer-books to the South Sea Islanders.

About the same time a lady, who had some unmarried sisters, called on me to request a subscription towards a piece of plate to be presented to the curate, as a testimonial of his private virtues and public services. I assured the lady that I had never spoken to the curate or even heard him preach, and in fact knew nothing about him; which was the truth, as I only knew that

he was unmarried, and saw him constantly dangling at the tail of one or other of the ladies. The lady remarked that it would look very odd and be very much noticed if I did not subscribe, and assured me that if I were to stay a few years in the town, I should discover the inestimable merits of the curate, which were perfectly well-known to her and her sister: at length she talked me out of my mite, and my name was duly inscribed in the address to the curate, which was highly inflamed with complimentary epithets, of the truth of which I knew as much as the man in the moon.

Nor were these impertinences confined to ladies. A gentleman introduced himself to me, invited me to his house, where I found in him so much good sense and good taste, that I congratulated myself on discovering one exception to the general manners. But while in the height of my intimacy with this gentleman, not having yet quite forgotten the manners of the great world, I one evening escorted to her home a young lady of decent station and reputation, whom I had found caught in a violent shower of rain. In the course of this exercise of gallantry, I met a servant of this gentleman,

who made great professions in a meeting house, and who was so shocked at the enormity of my offence, that the next time I met his master I was accosted with a very civil bow, which the next time was exchanged for an unconscious stare—the gentleman evidently glad to escape so dangerous an acquaintance.

It may be supposed that the individual and the town were of very delicate purity to be shocked by a young man shielding a young woman from a storm. But such was not the case. The gentleman was a member of a class by no means distinguished for morality; and the town was notorious for that depravity to be found in large manufacturing towns; while here, it was rendered more conspicuous by the narrower compass and the smaller number of persons among whom it was perpetrated.

At another time, as I was walking through the town, a person addressed me in the following manner, "I hope you won't be offended at what I am going to say; but really, Sir, excuse me, your hat is rather too bad for the rest of your dress, and I must say, you will excuse me, that you ought to have a new one. Oh! I wish you would let me recommend you one

of my four-and-twenty-shilling ones—bless me, they are the prettiest things your ever saw. Excuse me, shall I send one?"

Some time after an old woman called on me, who after asking my name, to be certain she had come to the right person, told me that Mr. Fig had seen me in a light summer coat, and requested I would send it to him, that he might try it on, and see whether he should like to have one made similar to it. I asked the woman who Mr. Fig happened to be, and found he was "the grocer round the corner." As may be supposed, I found the free-and-easy principle carried rather too far in this case, and desired the woman to inform Mr. Fig that I was not in the habit of lending anything besides my horsewhip.

Such are a few samples of the curious manners of some of our small towns, and I am confident that a person who could give anything like an accurate portrait of the whole, would produce an amusing book. I leave the hint to authors in general, but beg to inform the reading world that if it prove so kind as to like the present work, I shall shortly attempt something of the kind myself, unless some more skilful writer previously handle the subject. As honest old Francis Quarles says, "Reader, be more than

my hasty pen stiles thee; Reade mee with advice and thereafter judge me, and in that judgment censure me. If I jangle, think my intent thereby is to toll better ringers in. Farewell."

AUGUST, 1640.

BOOK FIRST.

The Clergyman.

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

GOLDSMITH, DESERTED VILLAGE.

ELPHINSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.

Of all the many parts that make up that awful whole, "a work," the easiest to accomplish is certainly not the beginning. A vast variety of modes has been shown by authors, but this very variety, like the prescriptions of various physicians for the same complaint, shows rather the difficulty than the easiness of finding one that could be marked "*probatum est.*"

If a respectable, middle-aged, black-coated gentleman sit himself down to write a pamphlet on church-rates, he commences by a metaphysico-theological disquisition on the *logos.* If a learned gentleman in gown and band discusses the legality of shutting up an unused road, leading from one no-thoroughfare lane to

another, he begins with a treatise on the state of the Roman laws which led to the digest of Justinian. Another person would make a dissertation on moral justice introductory to remarks on a magistrate's decision; and, in fact, to read a book is to go on a voyage of discovery, with no chart but the title-page.

Even in works assuming to be imaginative, or pictures drawn from observation of human life, in which the embarrassment of choosing a point to start from, would appear not to be great, experience has shown the same difficulty. A man who has never been out of earshot of Bow bells, proposing to himself the history of some hero in his own way of life, sets out with a geological and botanical account of some foreign mountain, into which he unexpectedly dovetails a description of one of his characters, and then goes a-head in proper order.

If the tale be an old romance, it is sure to open with a storm on a November night, when Jacques and Zabetta are cooking their savoury rasher over a crackling fire; they are sure to remember that it is nineteen years that very night, since there was such a storm, by reason that their good lady then died. Then, they

suddenly hear a scream at the door; and, after having invoked all the saints, and held a long consultation with the unexpected visitor, the door is cautiously opened; and behold, there is a most interesting young lady, in a ball-room dress. She is put to bed; Jacques and wife consult again; the young lady has struck both as being the very image of their nineteen-years-lamented mistress — and this tells the tale; for, of course, the young lady turns out to be the heiress, and all that the author has to do, is to overcome the usurping uncle—a thing, like giving fortunes, very easy for an author to accomplish—upon paper.

If the tale be of fashionable life, the classical author follows Horace's plan for the epic, and rushes at once, without invocation, "*in medias res.*" '"Indeed! and is his Lordship returned so soon?" exclaimed the Hon. Mrs. Clatter to her friend, Lady Betty Slatter, as they drove in a crimson lined open carriage, from Portland Place, etc.' And this plan is very good——not so far as it goes, because it goes too far—it is very good, so far as it saves the trouble of beating about the bush to find a decent pretext for introducing "our hero" or a character. But it has one disadvantage; it tempts

authors to begin too near to the catastrophe, and then, at least two volumes are required to bring the reader up to the point at which he started, all the circumstances of which he has, of course, forgotten. This off-hand way of beginning has such charms for the author, that in a little time, we may expect to see books begun at the end; so that the life of a man might commence at his death, and terminate at his birth. But I question whether it would not be as easy for our modern authors, although no conjurors themselves, to imitate the conjurors of old in their satanic invocations—namely, give us their compositions with the beginning and end in their natural order, with instructions to read the whole backwards.

That much may be said in favour of each of these modes of beginning, I have no doubt; yet, as they have been made so much use of, and are become so common, I trust I shall be excused for taking up a new method, which, if it be not admired for its own merits, must be admitted on the score of its rarity. To spare much painful conjecture, I may as well state, that the point at which I shall venture to begin my tale, is the beginning.

CHAPTER II.

Homines ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.

CICERO.

HOLTON is a small market town, in the county of Hants, and having said this, farther description will be unnecessary, as all small towns, in agricultural districts, are alike. The general mass is always a mixture of houses and trees; which, examined more intimately, will be found to consist of certain proportions of houses of butchers, tailors, bakers, etc., a light sprinkling of those of the gentry, a church of an unknown order of architecture, and a town hall for the exhibition of the eloquence of itinerant players and parsons. Such a mass, on a plain of luxuriant farms, is a portrait of Holton; and, unlike a modern portrait, which resembles nothing, this will be

recognised as the likeness of a hundred individuals.

But not being particularly fond of descriptive writing, save in the immortal works of George Robins, I leave the town until there is further need of it, as my only business there at present, is to introduce its clergyman to the reader, which I do, with many apologies for introducing so unfashionable a character.

George Elphinstone, to be sure, was of good family, had a good person, and was possessed of considerable talents and learning; and some of his friends respected him with his three hundred a-year, as much as they did his brother with ten thousand; nay, some went so far as to allow as much weight to his opinions as to those of his brother. But this is a folly, happily, very rare; for I question whether my readers ever heard of a discussion, on any subject, between a man of three hundred and one of ten thousand a-year, in which the richer man had not the better of the argument.

The father of George had only ten thousand a year, and consequently could do little or nothing for his younger children. His grand object had been to leave the hereditary ten thousand a year to his heir, and to make the

brothers and sisters live as they could. George was the second son, and as the father was patron of a living or two, which he would be able to give in a few years, and as the son seemed fit for nothing else, he was thrust into the church. I have said, that George seemed fit for nothing but the church, by which expression I mean, that he was wanting in all the qualities that make up a modern gentleman. Thus in youth he was fonder of study than of dissipation, cared very little about field-sports, was not extravagant, did not get in debt, and had no taste for those practical amusements, which parents consider, in their own children, proofs of delightful animal spirits, and in the children of other people sure prognostics of the gallows.

He was sent to Oxford, gained prizes, took degrees, held a fellowship, and finally had the offer of the living of Holton from his college, which he accepted. But if, as nine-tenths of my readers will assert, the value of a thing is what it will bring; and the fitness of a man for an office is in like proportion to his disposition to make the most that could be made of it, George showed as much unfitness for the church, as he had shown for every other

gentlemanly calling. He never expressed any rapturous gratitude for the offer of a day's shooting, he was by no means a certain make-shift hand at a rubber, there were many better judges of port in the town, and many more indefatigable laughers at the ponderous wit of great men; consequently, he was by no means qualified to get on in the church—ergo, he was not fit for the church.

What, then, were the characteristics of the man? Why, the oaths and obligations he had taken on himself, he considered really binding. He seemed to have divided his life into a series of duties, which nothing could prevent him from fulfilling. To visit the sick or distressed—to relieve the poor—to restore good-will—to study, with a view to his Sunday's labours, were things which he made a point of conscience to perform; and he was really so weak as to neglect many delightful parties which would have interfered with the regular performance of these works, and what was most strange, he did not know the whigs in his congregation from the tories.

Of course, the man of ten thousand a-year was not so unreasonable as to expect his son to live on three hundred. This living was to

be merely a make-shift, until the more valuable family living should become available. But George, in some way or other, had become so beloved by all the labouring people of his little community, so intimate with all the children, and so respected by all the respectable, that when the great preferment was offered to him, he could not find it in his heart to accept it. The offer was refused, to the great anger of his father, and the contempt of every one, who sets the usual value on the good things of this life.

It was incredible with what calmness he retained a situation in which he felt himself useful and happy, in preference to one from which he might have started on a race for the highest dignities of the church. But so it was, —he made up his mind to live and die where he was; and, at the opening of my tale, almost forgotten by his family, he had spent twenty years in a calm, unbroken by any incidents, save those which quiet, unassuming benevolence always finds to exercise itself on.

CHAPTER III.

If you write up, *Please to ring the bell,*
Common politeness makes me stop and do it.
COLMAN, TOBY TOSSPOT.

I HAVE said that Mr. Elphinstone had been twenty years vicar of Holton. He was, consequently, at least a middle-aged man; and he was really a steady, methodical, orderly, quiet kind of gentleman—never having been married. He scarcely knew what an adventure was, unless the introduction of five or six small cats into his house every few months, might be called one. But he was not to go out of the world without something to remember it by. With dressing-gown on back, and slippers on feet,—and quite a secret from all the world, with spectacles on nose,—he was one evening comfortably ensconced in the elbow-chair of his study, after a summer-day's hard

walking, and was deep in the mysterious eloquence of the golden-mouthed Father, when a furious ringing of the outer door-bell aroused him from his studies.

A ring at the door! Surely this was not a very unexpected or unusual thing—not a thing to arouse one. On the authority of Mr. Toby Tosspot, it was, at most, merely a proof of the politeness of some passing friend. But whether Mr. Elphinstone knew but little about politeness, or did not possess friends so accomplished as Mr. Tosspot, it happened that the loud peal, being rather late, took him out of his study, and caused a regular, or rather an irregular movement of the whole family, consisting of himself and an elderly housekeeper, to the front door. The door was opened without any screaming or trepidation; but, to the vociferous amazement of the housekeeper and the ejaculatory surprise of Mr. Elphinstone, the visitor was discovered to be a child, about half a year old, fast asleep in a basket.

Now, it struck both the gentleman and the lady that the child could have no such pressing business at their house as to require so loud a peal of bell-ringing so late in the evening; and they came to the reasonable conclusion that

the child was not in fault, but that it had come there *nolens volens*, and that some person or persons, not present, had made them the gift of the child, but had been too modest to stay to receive their thanks.

The first thing to be done, was to take the child into the house; the next, to examine it and the things in which it was wrapt; and for the sake of lovers of romance, I am sorry to be obliged to say that the linen, though very good, was not of the most unimaginable fineness; it was not marked with a coronet or family crest; there was no necklace or other family jewel with coats of arms, in the basket; neither did they discover a draught on Abraham Newland for one hundred pounds.

As for the child itself, it did not differ materially from other children. It was a boy; and, as has been said, about half a year old. It did not smile and hold up its innocent little hands towards Mr. Elphinstone, because it was fast asleep. I know not what might be said of its infantine beauty by judges of that sort of thing; the child might have been like an angel, but as I have never seen an angel, I cannot say how far the resemblance went. Yet, I should say, the child was quite as hand-

some as any angel whose portrait I have ever seen: and this is not saying much, for I never saw a portrait of an individual of this class of beings, worthy of being the head-sheet of any one but a pig-butcher.

Had Mr. Elphinstone been the hero of the virtuous character of a novel, he would, as is usual in those cases, have ordered the child to be sent to the best bed-room, a special servant would have been appointed to wait on it, it would take all his attention and income to do justice to his feelings, tutors would have been provided, the university would afterwards have had a student, and, finally, the poor orphan would have inherited his benefactor's fortune: and all I can say is, that if I had a dozen children, I should wish they were all poor fatherless orphans, that they might be so well taken care of. On the other hand, if Mr. Elphinstone had been a modern political philanthropist, he would have packed off the child to the workhouse, and thought no more about it. But, as he happened to belong to neither of these classes, he pursued the conduct of neither: he ordered some food to be given to the child—more solicitous about the quantity than the quality of it; and as he saw no

particular reason for turning the child out while nobody claimed it, it became a matter of course to have the child in the house for a time; and so it went on, until he really got used to see the child, and then he would not have willingly parted with it; although, even a parting would not have given him such a fit of despair, as history tells us, always happens when virtuous elderly gentlemen and ladies part with the orphan who is discovered to be a young lord, and leaves his benefactor, to enter into possession of his beautiful park, more beautiful mansion, and most beautiful wife.

CHAPTER IV.

The infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
SHAKSPEARE, AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM what has been written, it will be gathered that the child was one that might have been son to anybody, without reflecting any very great renown on his progenitors for the production of wondrous excellence in his person. In fact it was, like other children, possibly very beautiful in the eyes of the parents, and certainly a squalling, squinting, dirty brat in the eyes of everybody besides.

There was one thing in this affair that Mr. Elphinstone felt to be rather awkward when he got used to the child, which was, that the boy's certificate of baptism had not been put in the basket. It was to be expected that the ceremony had taken place, and that the boy had a name,

although he could not yet pronounce it, and it was doubtful whether he would be able to tell any more about it after he should have learned to talk. So the reverend gentleman turned the thing over in his mind for a day or two, and finally named him after his favourite author, whom, as I have said, he was reading when the arrival of the child was signified in the way that great visitors are always announced in England, namely, by a vigorous bell-peal. Chrysostomos, then, was to be the christian-name of the boy, and Holton, the name of the town, his surname. But after many very praiseworthy attempts, by the housekeeper, to pronounce the name, "so familiar to the ear" of her master, she gave it up in despair, and fancying some resemblance between the name and that of Christopher, which a cousin of hers bore, she contented herself with Kit, a word quite as useful if not quite so ornamental.

People in this world are so exceedingly virtuous, that a good deed is seldom done by an individual without shocking some hundreds of other individuals, by something bad there must be in it. It was wonderful, therefore, that there was no person in Holton whose double-superfine purity was shocked by the idea, that

the little stranger might be the natural joint-production of the clergyman and his antiquated house-keeper! but such was the fact—he stated how the boy came into his possession, and everybody believed him.

It will not be necessary to enter very minutely into the history of the boy during the next year or two; for though many children, like Hercules, make a noise in the cradle, there are few who do much that the world cares to have a noise made about. The first two years of a man's life may be very eventful, and may be very busily employed in gathering knowledge; but, to a common observer, those years appear not to be signalized by much, besides successions of pap, caudle and napkins.

CHAPTER V.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells in lowly shades and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name.
SHENSTONE. SCHOOLMISTRESS.

THE incipient attempts of orphan mouths to fashion the natural language of squalling into the vernacular vocabulary, have generally been considered wondrously interesting—so much so, indeed, as to merit a long and particular account of every twist of the sacchariferous lips, and every screw of those adipose hemispheres called cheeks.

But as Mr. Elphinstone had some regard to cleanliness he did not personally attempt to cast into form the foundling's infantine eloquence; all this was left to the housekeeper, and an old lady in the neighbourhood, who initiated most of the rising generation of the town into the mysteries that lie between the

common, universal, well-known, great A, and the darker and more unfathomable Z; and as, of course, orphans in kitchens and dame schools are not so interesting as those in drawing-rooms, I leave undescribed all the stages, from the squalling to the speaking animal.

It may be stated, however, that the boy did learn to speak—and no wonder, for he went to a school to which females were admitted. But, with the gift of speech, he seemed not to be blessed with those wondrous juvenile talents, which people remember to have discovered in those who, in manhood, have become great. If Mr. Elphinstone had paid more personal attention to the boy, and made him an inhabitant of his drawing-room and study instead of his kitchen, something remarkable might have been discovered; but, as it was, the most remarkable thing in the boy's progress at school, was his getting from syllables of two letters to words of two syllables, and from petticoats to frock and trousers, and so on, to the dignity of coat, waistcoat and et cæteras of a regular school-boy.

Now, as Mr. Elphinstone knew but little of romance and foundlings, it never occurred to him to send the boy to a boarding-school, or to

engage a tutor for him—in fact he had no idea of making a gentleman of him. The station of life to which the boy belonged was, probably, humble—very humble; and Mr. Elphinstone thought, that if he put him in the way of earning a livelihood by the labour of his hands, he should do all that could be expected and all that was right. No circumstances of Mr. Elphinstone's life had been such as to incline him to be very fond of children, and the closeness of his studies prevented him from having that personal intercourse with the child thus thrown on his care, which might have led to affection: and besides all this, the amount of his income was fixed, and the manner of spending it among the poor was habitual; and he would have doubted his right to withdraw his money from the aid of positive distress, for the purpose of spending it in the indulgence of what he would have considered a sickly sentimentality. He would have thought it of more importance to put bread into the mouths of an honest family starving, than to put a superfine coat on the back of the probable child of a couple of—folks no better than they should be.

CHAPTER VI.

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
DRYDEN. ACHITOPHEL.

FROM what has appeared in the course of this history, it seems, that although this boy was discovered in such a mysterious and romantic situation, he did not show himself worthy of the romance which fortune had thrown around him. He ought to have discovered a hundred of those wonderful qualities which are supposed to be inseparable from children whom mystery has exalted into heroes; yet, strange to say, if you had put him among a hundred boys taken at random from a National School, a stranger would have hesitated a long time before he could have decided that Kit, and Kit alone was the hero of a romance.

When Chrystom, as he was sometimes called, left off his frock and trousers and got into the

testament, he was removed from the dame and put under the care of a gentleman, whose house was dignified by a large, showy label, the inscription on which was "Academy for young gentlemen," the meaning of which was, that the house contained a large room, to which any person who could pay seven shillings per quarter, might send his son to learn as much of the arts and sciences as could be taught by a person who knew nothing about them himself.

The educational plan of Mr. Riddle was a very ingenious one, and shewed more skill than all his actual learning put together. He professed to teach everything, and, as his own knowledge was far from universal, he proceeded in this way—all the arithmetical problems used in his school were copied from a book in which they were fully worked out; and, of course, it was unnecessary for him to do more than compare the pupil's figures with those in the printed book to ascertain the correctness of them. Grammar and History he taught by printed questions and answers, and, consequently, it did not require that he should be acquainted with them himself. But, when, as sometimes happened, a pupil wished to learn something that could not be managed in this

manner, Mr. Riddle set himself a lesson overnight which he taught the pupil next morning; and his argument was, that he could learn as fast as a boy, and, at all events, he could prevent a pupil from getting before him, as it was always in his power to make him go back to the beginning; and he, like most schoolmasters, was very fond of well-grounding his pupils in the rudiments when he was incapable of carrying them farther.

The early life of Mr. Riddle had peculiarly adapted him for the office of instructor of the rising generation. His first entrance, on the business of the world, was as a commissioned officer of his Majesty; the duties of which consisted in seeing that nobody bought or sold anything to eat, drink, or wear, without having first paid for the privilege, to enable the upper orders of society to amuse themselves, in gambling, dressing, fighting, etc. And as it happens, that some persons do not see the perfect reasonableness of such payments, so there is an eternal trial of skill, between such persons and the officer—the one party to evade, and the other to enforce payment.

Such persons under the excise officer, and school-boys under the master, stand in nearly

the same relation to each other, and require of course the same qualities. Every schoolboy continually strives to cheat his master, glories in accomplishing it, and is sure to be punished for failure; and as the same feelings exist between tradesmen and excisemen, so this latter office was a good preparatory step for the managing of a troop of youths. But after a few years' excise practice, Mr. Riddle had been found to possess too much benevolence for his office, inasmuch as he was discovered to have sold large portions of it very frequently, which some ill-natured persons termed, corruption—a quality, undoubtedly very hateful, and much to be punished, when it descends to the lower ranks of life.

When the king had declined his further services, he set up king for himself—laying down the measuring-rod, and taking up the sceptre. In other words, he became one of a body of persons, who instruct our unsophisticated villagers, in the beauties of our melodramatic literature, and our Drury-lane morality. In this school he had formed his oratorical taste, of which, the pomposity of his common language reminded you: and here also, he had given the last finish to his moral acquirements,

which were more conspicuous for certain very instructive couplets, and highly proper apothegms, than for any very exalted honesty, or purity of life.

Under this gentleman did Chrysostom lay the foundation of whatever learning his manhood was conspicuous for: here he acquired the art of forming those mysterious hieroglyphics, called pot-hooks and hangers, and stored his mind with those useful sentiments so multiplied in all copy books, containing as they do the very quintessence of a certain system of moral philosophy, the amount of which is summed up in those phrases, "charity begins at home," and "take care of number one."

But the parent or guardian is mistaken, who judges of his child's progress in useful knowledge by the report of the master, or the books filled up with manuscript sentences from Franklin, or problems from Walkinghame. These indeed may show how far the master's cane has succeeded in beating into the pupil's flesh a kind of knowledge which, as it was acquired without pleasure, would be willingly neglected and forgotten. But there is an under current of knowledge, more gladly learned, and more

lastingly retained, continually pouring into the pupil's mind.

He learns by experience, how fond the human heart is of doing good—of assisting our fellow-creatures in distress, when it can lose nothing by befriending them, and gain nothing by betraying them. For let a boy involve himself in difficulty, and be afraid to face his master, and how soon does the whole body of pupils resolve themselves into a committee of excuse, and debate on the likeliest method of deceiving the public enemy—the schoolmaster! and surely the ingenuity of one man, however suspicious, is but unequally matched against that of a legion of imps, every one of which would be a good match for the father of imps himself. This is a lesson on the convenience of lying: but the pupil will learn also the convenience of speaking the truth, and acquire the faculty of instantaneously deciding on the necessity of the one or the other; for let but two or more be involved in the same dilemma, and he will observe, that on the slightest suspicion, there will be a struggle between them as to who shall first betray his companions, in doing which, there will be three

benefits—the pride of being clever enough to betray, the blessing of a character for candour, and the happiness of escaping a thrashing.

Another branch of useful knowledge, in which neither parent nor master has often the opportunity to pay proper compliments to the young proficient, is sure to be acquired at school, in the utmost perfection; and this knowledge will be found particularly useful, in after life, to that portion of the school which shall decide on serving their country in the field, and especially in that part of their vocation called foraging. It would be difficult to decide, whether the acquirement of this knowledge by the Holton schoolboys were the consequence of their scientific love of examination into the nature of soils and plants, and the habits of animals; but certain it is, that they had gained the most certain information of what walls produced the best nectarines, what orchards the finest apples, what gardens the nicest currants, and there was scarcely a hen in the neighbourhood, the owner of which they did not give reasons to complain of her sterility. But these pursuits were carried on with the utmost impartiality; no private friendship, no relationship was allowed to stand in the way

of these pursuits. Father, uncle, and aunt, were terms unknown; the only subject for consideration was, not who was the owner of the premises, but who possessed the articles which they liked best.

In these studies, Master Holton was not behind his fellows.—He did not acquire particular fame for reading or writing, or for his courage in scaling garden-walls, or attacking hen-roosts—he was principally famed for contriving to get to his own share the largest proportion of the spoil.

CHAPTER VII.

"Tis education forms the common mind.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

POPE. EP. TO COBHAM.

WHETHER there were any great similarity between the phrenological development of Mr. Riddle, and his pupil Master Holton, I know not, but certain it is, that there was a most cordial agreement between them. Not only was the argumentum baculinum never used to enforce any scholastic opinion on the mind of Chrysostomos, but he was specially exempt when the cane made a progress through the whole school, in punishment of the discovery of some general delinquency. To be sure, Mr. Riddle as well as Holton, was in some measure a protégé of the Reverend Vicar, who, in the course of the year, put many pecuniary oppor-

tunities in the schoolmaster's way, such as collectorships, copyist of the parish books, &c., and Mr. Riddle might consider it against his interest to exert anything severer than indulgence against a youth who was in the course of being brought up by his own patron—knowing that to overlook whatever faults might be discoverable, would prevent any difference between him and his patron from arising in that quarter. This feeling undoubtedly had its effect, but still without it, the good fortune of Chrystom would have been nearly the same, inasmuch as Mr. Riddle really did not see in Chrystom's conduct anything but a commendable degree of caution, and a proper sense of self-preservation.

Occasionally, however, there passed through his mind the faint foreshadowings of a conviction of the curious fact, that in whatever peccadilloes any knot of his pupils might be involved, Chrystom was sure to be in some measure concerned, and as sure to be free from the chance of punishment. But this thought made little impression on his mind, and soon passed away, especially as Chrystom's behaviour to him personally had been always signalised by the profoundest humility and reverence. But this constant escape from punishment, which so

lightly passed over the mind of the master who inflicted it, became a deep and abiding grief in the minds of the boys who suffered it: for it seemed to the unsophisticated intellect of innocent youth, that one who always secured at least a sufficient proportion of the reward, should take some chance of a share of punishment.

It is understood then that the conduct of Master Holton had created some doubt and suspicion in the minds of his companions, and it must be allowed that some remonstrances had been made to Mr. Riddle by certain parents on what their paternal prejudices insinuated to be partiality on his part: but, as he told them, how could he correct one boy for what another had done? This dispute, however, was eventually brought to a crisis by the following circumstance. About a mile from the centre of the town lived a gentleman who had a remarkably nice garden. Now Chrystom had been several times sent on errands to the house, and occasionally went into the garden, where among other tempting objects, he took particular notice of an extensive and very promising strawberry bed, and made many interesting speculations respecting the probable number, size and fla-

vour of the fruit. He seldom let slip any information that could benefit him, and accordingly it happened in that time of the year when strawberries are most melting, and cream is most luscious, that he was conversing with his fellows on the bounties of nature then in season, when suddenly he recollected his former experience and speculations in Squire Hogson's garden. On a subject so interesting he felt deeply and spoke eloquently.—He said, how happy he should be if he were a great squire like Squire Hogson, who could go out into his garden and pick a hatful of the sweetest strawberries, and had only to go across the little meadow at the right-hand corner to get plenty of cream out of the dairy. He then dilated on the gross carelessness of leaving such treasures unprotected save by such very low walls when the garden was so far from the house.

Chrystom's innocent and aimless raptures were not poured into barren ears, for, shortly after school hours were over, he missed half a dozen of his most constant companions, who happened to be the most indefatigable studiers of natural history in other people's gardens, and a thought immediately struck him as to the probable use they had made of his information.

Now, whether actuated by a wish to deter his companions from making a personal examination into the accuracy of his description, or by any other motive as laudable, certain it is, that in the course of an hour after the suggestion arose in his mind, he bent his steps towards Hogson Park. But knowing the modesty of the youths, he fancied that the high road would not be chosen by them, and accordingly he took a wider circuit, the advantage of which was, that his path was fit for a person who wished to enjoy the pleasures of solitude, and would not be intruded on by the common faces that one meets in the public places of the world.

Imagine Chrystom's surprise when he had arrived about midway between Holton and Hogson Park, on getting over a style into a little secluded copse, a particularly favourite spot of these youths—imagine his surprise, I say, when he discovered all his lost companions sitting in a ring on the grass, with a profusion of the most delicious looking strawberries, and several large bowls of cream in the centre. Little however was said on either side; Chrystom expressed his admiration of the exquisite rural luxury; room was made for him; he became a segment of the happy circle, and lost no time

in regaling himself with the creature comforts set before him, asking no questions, for conscience sake.

But, as has often been said, "let no man boast of to-morrow," and assuredly if these young persons had known what their morrow would bring forth, they would not have been disposed to boast of it. Shortly after school opened the next morning, in walked a figure as dreadful in the eyes of a certain half dozen persons present as the cannibalizing ogre to the renowned hero of the bean-stalk. This terrible personage was no other than Squire Hogson's footman.

"Does any body know this here?" Asked he suddenly, extending at the same time at arm's length a rectangular equilateral parallelogram of dingy red cotton, the sides of which respectively contained three inches.

No sooner had those words been spoken and the article exhibited, than forty-three out of the whole fifty infantine voices cried, "Tis John Smith's hankycher."

The particular John Smith was picked out of the half dozen which the school contained, called up to the desk near his master, and had the peculiar pleasure of listening with him to

the footman's interesting history of yesterday's exploit, concluding with the discovery of the handkerchief in the dairy. Poor John Smith stood abashed before the awful frown of his master, and it required no other torture to draw from his lips, in the quietest but distinctest tones, the names of the accomplices, Bill Jinkins, Joe Thomson, Tom Brown, Sam Smith and Jem White, who were compelled to take a few sours now to make up for the rich enjoyment of their previous sweets; in other words, as they were in too great a hurry, and not so delicate as to require to have their cream whipped, they had the whipping now to make up for it.

The above affair, in a few days, reached the parents of the delinquents, and as, upon inquiry, they learned that Master Holton had been as usual concerned in the pleasures, and as usual, had evaded the penalties of their children's enterprize, they represented to Mr. Riddle that he must dismiss Holton or they would take their children away—a very unreasonable determination, for as Chrystom remonstrated, "How did I know where they got the strawberries?"

If I could do as I wish with my boys, I could answer for their turning out different. But parents, Sir, parents will interfere—they spoil them—they ruin the boys, Sir, as Felix says,

> In vain we strive their tyranny to quit;
> In vain we struggle, for we must submit."

"Well," said Mr. Elphinstone, with a benevolent smile, "you have one pupil not likely to be injured by the mistaken kindness of parents. Poor Chrysostomos is entirely under your care, and will, I trust, be an exception to your complaint."

"Ah Sir," said Mr. Riddle pathetically, "Nobody knows my feelings towards that boy,—so attentive, so obedient, it was only last week, that I put him into interest. He is a credit to my school, and sorry indeed I shall be, if we are compelled to part."

"Part! Mr. Riddle, I thought you said that Chrysostomos was an obedient and improving boy; and why should you talk about parting?"

"As the poet says, Sir,

> Distraction dwells within my tortured soul, and furies rend it.

"It is jealousy, Sir, that makes all the mis-

chief. If Chrystom was like the other boys, there would be no complaint."

"Complaint, Mr. Riddle!"

"That boy, Sir, is the only boy in the school who has a proper idea of the blessing of having so good a master. It was only last night he told me I was his best friend. He is the only boy that never gives me an opportunity of using the cane, and so ready is he to inform me when the other boys deserve it, it is quite a blessing to have him in the school."

"Well, I do not see, Mr. Riddle, how this should be complained of?"

"The boys, Sir, that I have to do with, I do assure you, if they had their pockets full of money, would rather spend it all in apples and cakes, and such trash, than lay it out in good books for the improvement of their minds. But there is no such extravagance in Chrystom, —he would rather keep his money, than spend it; he will never be a spendthrift, and I have no doubt, he will become a great man. And, Sir, the parents of the other children are jealous —they are envious, Sir, because I do not correct him like their own children."

"What!" said Mr. Elphinstone in surprise, "Is it possible that people can be so unjust, as

to wish to see punishment inflicted on the innocent, because it is inflicted on their own children, who are guilty."

"Just so, Sir, just so, such is indeed the fact. That silly fellow John Smith tells me that if I correct his boy without correcting Holton, he will put the boy to Old Syntax, and then the boy is ruined for ever; for what can old Syntax know about the education of youth, having all his life been studying latin and greek? But besides this stupid fellow, there are several who say the same thing. I would rather, I assure you, Sir, make any sacrifices than have my boys taken from me, for I love them, Sir, love them better—love them—better than, Sir—anybody can imagine."

"Well, Mr. Riddle," finally answered Mr. Elphinstone, "I will not send the boy to become a victim to the mistaken fondness of parents, nor do you an injury by insisting on your continuing to receive him in your school. I will keep him at home, and I have no doubt he will acquire sufficient knowledge to enable him to perform the duties of the situation which it is probable he will occupy."

"Surely, Sir, surely, he will; he is well grounded in writing, morals, and arithmetic, and

I am sure you will never find him out in any thing that deserves punishment; he is too clever for that, Sir, much too clever. I hope he will live to be a credit to both of us.

> For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds
> And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

"Good night, Sir, good night."

CHAPTER IX.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain
But drinking largely sobers us again.
POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

CHRYSOSTOMOS HOLTON was eleven years of age when this change in his circumstances took place. He had learned under Mr. Riddle to write a tolerably legible hand, and to work sums in the earlier rules of arithmetic; he knew that a verb was a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; and as to the other parts of speech, he could give those common definitions of them which are left for some future philologer to explain. He was now to exchange the advantages of public for those of private tuition.

Mr. Elphinstone performed the labours belonging to his office too unceasingly to have the power of continual watchfulness over

Chrystom. Having hinted to him, however, that his many virtues had excited the jealousy and ill-will of his companions, and that therefore he was not to leave the house to join them in future, he gave him proper copy-books, with daily lessons marked; and for his moral and intellectual improvement put into his hand Locke, Barrow, Cudworth, and some of the fathers, together with a few hundred sermons of his own composition preached by himself within the last twenty years.

Behold Chrysostom then, turning the kitchen-table into a writing desk—the kitchen itself being his study. No boy could be more attentive and studious than he was, for the first half-hour: but a kitchen is not like a school-room for juvenile students—to be at home, seemed like a holiday, but to be a prisoner at home was but a bad resemblance of school. For the first time he found that absence from school was not necessarily pleasure, and that absence from personal restraint is worth little without company. Occasionally his nought and carry one was interrupted by the distant shout or laugh of a well-known voice, when he looked up from his book with a sigh, and clambered to the top of the high window

to get a glance of what was passing without. But it was of no use—he could see nothing, and the indistinct sounds of merriment or liberty, were more tantalizing than perfect silence.

He continued to write and cipher, but often intruded before what novelists call his mental vision, beautiful pictures of secluded feasts on currants, apples, pears, grapes, and all the delicacies of all the seasons, which he could no longer hope to share. Writing became troublesome and tedious, and he was glad when it was over. But idleness soon tires even its most faithful follower. He took up Thomas Aquinas the Seraphic, but like other people, he could not understand him; he tried St. Augustine "on a blessed life," but after reading half a page, he thought the best time for reading about a happy life was when one was enjoying it, and laid it aside. He then looked at Locke "on Compound Ideas," of which he could not form even the simplest idea. "Cudworth on Liberty and Necessity" seemed personal, and in short, not even the manuscript sermons could induce him to sit down to a course of instructive reading. He derived half an hour's amusement, from watching the agile motions of a fly

in the window; but at length the fly got where Chrystom wished to be—in the open air, and he had nothing left to do but to watch the cook. At last he began to help her, and when at length her labours were over, he strolled into the garden and stable, to assist the one man who united in his own person, all those offices that in a large establishment, are divided amongst a host of various ranks, from the grave whiteheaded man of consequence, who is called Mister, down to the ragged hanger-on, that even the scullery-maid can patronize, and the stable-boy kicks with impunity.

The evening come, the result of the day's studies was examined by Mr. Elphinstone, the proper quantity of commendation bestowed on the small hand and sums, and then Chrysostom had to give an account of his reading. Marvellously short and general was his sentence on the great authors above-mentioned, and strange as it may appear, he actually felt in some measure relieved when Mr. Elphinstone put one of his own sermons into his hand, and told him to read it.

Thus passed a year, Chrystom growing fonder even of labour than of scholastic divinity; and Mr. Elphinstone gradually leav-

ing him to himself, with an increasing conviction that he was more fitted for a life of action than one of study. In fact, the progress he made in learning was by no means great up to his twelfth year, and he might have gone out of the world without distinction, but for an introduction to a person who will be often mentioned in this history, and with whom the reader will shortly be acquainted.

CHAPTER X.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quickly. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say od's nouns.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. Act 4, Sc 1.

CHRYSTOM one evening opened the door to a knock, and let in a middle-aged, good-humoured-looking weather-beaten gentleman, dressed in faded black and rusty top-boots; this was Mr. Pounder, the doctor, who had called to leave a bottle of medicine for one of Mr. Elphinstone's pensioners. He walked into Mr. Elphinstone's room, and entered into conversation, in the course of which he mentioned that he had been obliged to part with his usual messenger, in consequence of idleness, or some other of those innumerable faults which by masters' accounts are so inseparable from all

servants. Now, let a man be as honest as men generally are, still his own account of his own affairs and conduct will be more favourable than an account by an indifferent person, to say nothing of an enemy; and, accordingly, while Mr. Pounder was enlarging on the excellency of the situation, Mr. Elphinstone, who was a man of great honesty and simplicity, readily believed that it would be a good opportunity for his protégé Chrysostomos to make trial of the world. The subject was mentioned to Mr. Pounder, met with his approval, and Chrystom was rung into the study.

"Chrysostom," said Mr. Elphinstone, "Mr. Pounder is in want of a boy to assist him in his surgery, and to go on errands; would you like to live with him?"

"Yes, please Sir," answered Chrystom, with an indistinct vision of something pleasant from any change.

"My boy," said Mr. Pounder, pulling up his coat-tails and turning the broadest part of his small-clothes to the fire, "my boy, if you and I can agree, you will have an excellent opportunity of improving yourself."

"Thank you, Sir," said Chrystom, humbly.

"I am going to ask you a few questions, and

if you answer them satisfactorily, from the good character I have had of you, I have no doubt we shall agree; you can read, of course."

"Yes, Sir."

"Handwriting?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let me hear you," and Mr. Pounder laid before Chrystom a piece of paper filled with those indescribable hieroglyphics, which nothing but a medical education could enable a man to make; Chrystom puzzled over it for some time, and was at last compelled to confess that he could make nothing of it.

"I thought," said Mr. Pounder, "you said you could read writing—but, let me see—ah, to be sure—it's latin—you don't know latin?"

"No, Sir."

"Should you like to learn it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'll teach you, yes, I'll teach you latin. Musa musa musa—Quid quad quod—you'll soon understand it. You can write?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let me see your writing—write on this bit of paper."

"What must I write, Sir?"

"Oh, any thing you like; anything that strikes you or interests you."

Chrystom considered for two or three moments, and then wrote down, "Mary Jones," the name of the cook. Mr. Pounder on this made a remark something about a sop in the pan, which was so very witty that he could not help laughing at it himself: but the penmanship was considered good, and Chrystom was fully qualified for the situation.

"I can only say," continued Mr. Pounder, standing very erect, and looking down benevolently, "I can only say, I wish I had had such an opportunity when I was a boy; it would have been the making of me—such an opportunity of improving the mind. As for work, all that you will have to do will be to well rub down my horse the first thing in the morning, and sweep out the surgery, and clean my boots and Mrs. Pounder's and the children's shoes, and wash out the bottles. Then you will have to clean the knives and forks, and go out with medicines, and sweep down the front of the house, and do whatever is wanted in the garden, and go out on Mrs. Pounder's errands, and help the cook and clean my horse and gig when I come home

in the afternoon, and carry medicines into the country. Then pound the large mortar till I come home at night, to put up my horse, and get up to answer the bell when I am wanted in the night, and all the rest of your time you can have to yourself for the improvement of your mind."

So Chrystom transferred himself from the vicarage to the surgery, Mr. Elphinstone kindly telling him he might walk up at any time he wished to read, and borrow any sermons he might like.

BOOK SECOND.

The Doctor.

No man could better gild a pill
Or make a bill,
Or give a draught, or bleed, or blister.

COLMAN. NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

CHAPTER I.

> Party and prejudice I hate,
> And write no libels on the state.
>
> GAY.

I AM afraid that our liberal periodical writers are not sufficiently regardful of truth in the statements on which they found some of their most striking arguments. How often, for instance, have I seen the notorious profligacy of our aristocracy imputed to the luxurious habits, which the practise of their whole lives has tended inevitably to form. According to these writers, in the life of the nobleman, from the infant to the man, no want is ever felt, but such as can be immediately gratified, no danger is ever to be struggled with, no trouble to be endured, no casualty to be guarded against: and this absence of all motives for exertion, caution, and modesty, inevitably produces pride,

sloth, selfishness, and sensuality. Such is a picture of our aristocracy painted by the hand of enemies; and if the aristocratic nursery were really of such a luxurious description, it would not be wonderful if the character were developed as above described. But that fact I deny; I believe, on the contrary, that there is no body of men under the sun so liable to vicissitudes of fortune as our nobles and higher gentry. Their lives begin unfortunately; they are indebted to strangers for the comforts of their younger days; they may be said to derive all their education from individual charity; and seldom fill a respectable station in society before manhood. If these assertions of mine be doubted, I refer the reader to any extensive circulating library, and he will find that two hundred English dukes, a thousand or two of English peers, and innumerable baronets have been stolen from their afflicted guardians or parents within the last thirty years, and have been brought up by strangers, and raised to their rightful honours only after a youth of mysterious changes and adventures very melodramatic in their nature, and exceedingly pretty to read of in a book.

I have often fancied that if some one of our

towns, with a library, were to be covered up like Pompeii or Herculaneum, the antiquarians of five hundred years hence would find plenty of matter on which to exercise their genius, even if it were as great as that possessed by the antiquarians my contemporaries. What mines for their future research and disquisition would they see in the works of our own era; and especially in the works of imagination!—for these our modern novels having been long utterly lost and forgotten, and the very nature and name of the thing unknown, what veins of inexhaustible erudition would the venerable body of F. A. SS. discover in the incomprehensible and invaluable contents! I can imagine the society dividing out the mass of literature to the individual members, in order to draw up a general report from the separate opinions; and I fancy I hear them unite only in the facts that England must have undoubtedly possessed a greater body of nobles than history asserts; and that the English people were so notorious for stealing the eldest sons of the nobility, that there was scarcely a peer or great man in the land who had not been pretty closely connected with roguery.

I fancy that the kind of abuse which is

couched in such visions of luxury, springs not from a very intense loathing of an aristocratic life; it seems to spring rather from envy than virtue: and the man who paints a peer as one who could be a Sardanapalus does not prove that his estimation of worldly distinction is a very low one. I therefore recommend my liberal readers to read on, as it is not impossible that my hero may turn out to be a duke, or at least a baron.

CHAPTER II.

A son langage on l'a pris pour un médecin (vous savez qu'il parle comme un fou.)

BRUEYS. LE GRONDEUR, Acte 3, 7.

SOME historians assume so much knowledge to be possessed by their readers, that what they tell us is nearly incomprehensible. For my own part, I do not see what a writer has to do with the reader's knowledge—all he ought to consider is, how he may show off his own as much as possible: for even if the reader already knows what the writer tells him, it gives him pleasure to see it in print, as it makes him flatter himself with the belief that he is as knowing a person as the writer.

For such of my readers, therefore, as have been so fortunate as to be unacquainted with doctors, I will give a description of the genus, before I introduce the individual. A doctor—

that is, a medical man—is a person who lives by ministering to the self-love of sick persons. Other industrious individuals live by furnishing the public with articles of necessity or luxury—articles which may be appealed to as of value: but "the doctor" furnishes that which is not only of no value, but that which the receiver is ashamed to remember, and cannot return. The doctor is employed for two purposes which are despised as soon as fulfilled—one is to listen to the interminable complaints of egotism; the other to say, that a sick person will possibly recover. Thus the doctor is employed to gratify two forms of self-love, and as that passion is continually shifting into a thousand different forms, so the gratitude for one gratification is instantly merged in the necessity for fresh gratifications. As all persons like flattery, he is the person with whom a debt is most readily contracted; and as nobody likes to pay for past flattery, he is the person most unwillingly paid. He is the man whose skill no one trusts, yet the very man whom every one is happy to employ, for the reason that he is supposed to be the only unprejudiced person, as he is the only person indifferent as to the fate of the patient. Suppose, for instance, a

poor fellow to be taken poorly, he hires the doctor to say, he hopes he will get well. The man to be sure might have the same words said to him by his wife, but what guarantee could he have that they were in earnest, unless perhaps, he happened to have been married within the last month! A rich old man is sick, he would rather trust the doctor's hopes than those of his heir. An old maid from her protégée, a peer from the heir to his title, all fly to the doctor. A dead patient puts no money in the doctor's purse, and hence the fancied security for the earnestness of his hopes.

No man, of course, retains so much infantine simplicity as to suppose that the draught, mixtures, &c. named in a doctor's bill are the things really paid for;—that they are not, is proved by the fact that nobody would think of swallowing them; they are really like John Doe and Richard Roe—fictions invented by the politeness of the law as an inoffensive cover for things which would be disagreeable in a too literal description. Imagine a bill consisting of such items as listening for half an hour to Mr. S's complaints. Ditto—a very dull statement. Walking to his house to tell him that his disorder was of an uncertain

nature. Assuring him that he would get better soon. Telling the widow that she had done all in her power for the dear deceased. Hinting to her that her charms would assure her a choice of lovers, &c. Surely it is better to pay for draughts than to have such items as these in a bill.

> Così all'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
> Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso:
> Succhi amari, ingannato, intanto ei beve;
> E dall'inganno suo vita riceve.

Substitute morte for vita, and the verse will be as good, and the description complete.

To be sure "the doctor" has one important duty to perform, and that is in the coroner's court. If a man happens to have a knife through his heart or a bullet through his brains, the doctor is called to give evidence. He shows that he has examined the liver, and found a slight inflammation, but is ready to swear that, to the best of his knowledge, he believes the knife or bullet would after all be most likely to cause the death; and after he has given the twelve plain honest men unintelligible and unpronounceable names for one half of the organs of the body, the coroner who understands as much

about it as they, pays him a compliment on his interesting and scientific evidence, and the plain honest twelve painfully arrive at the important decision—found dead.

Such a man was Mr. Pounder. Having learned to read and write at a charity school, he had, while a boy, lived some time with a dealer in physic for all kinds of animals, where he had acquired a smattering of that gibberish used in the medical profession, which the generosity of the rest of the world has consented to call Latin. He afterwards went to London to finish his studies—that is, to frequent theatres and taverns while professors were delivering lectures on the incapabilities of their brother professors: and in due time, having been duly crammed for the purpose, he passed an examination, and received a certificate from the magnates of "the hall" that they considered his attainments such as to make him a fit person to become one of themselves—which perhaps was not far from the truth.

CHAPTER III.

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave,
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

SPENSER. 1 FAIRY QUEENE, 9, 33.

THE temple of Hygeia, in which Chrysostomos Holton commenced Acolyte was a smallish room at the extremity of the mansion of Mr. Pounder, bearing the inscription "*Mr. Pounder's Surgery*," an inscription suggestive of ideas of fracture, luxation and those thousand accidents to the human frame, which are so beautiful in the eyes of those interesting young gentlemen, who are burning with desire to put in execution their incipient ideas of amputation.

The exterior of this temple possessed no qualities requiring particular description, being not very different from other smallish rooms; but the interior would not be viewed with indifference, even by a person who was not a patient, and was worthy of description, although nothing was to been seen there, but what is common to the "doctor's shop," in every town.

The first thing that struck a beholder, was the remarkable brownness of the room and its contents; yet that was not very strange, considering that it was painted with the accumulated filth of thirty years. On the walls were three curiously dirty shelves, holding three or four dozen bottles and pots of as many patterns and sizes—many of them bandaged with strips of antique paper, embrowned into the very tint of the unwashed bottle whose fractured sides they protected. One remarkable feature of these bottles and pots was the proof they afforded of the dexterity of the person who used them; for one half of them had no labels, and the labels which did exist were indicative of wonders in chemistry, greater than were ever accomplished by Priestly or Davy. Ponderous black magnesia, crimson camomile flowers, impalpable powders in a globular form, and

pills consisting of a perfectly clear liquid, were the least of these wonders. In fact, such great ingenuity seemed to have been exerted to make the labels as little as possible descriptive of the contents of the bottles, that well might any person who should venture on a dose, exclaim with a shudder of fear, "In the midst of life we are in death."

On those parts of the wall not occupied by the bottles, hung some mysterious pieces of thin wood cut into indescribable shapelessnesses, supposed to be used for keeping broken bones together, but the ancient brownness of these seemed to show, that in Mr. Pounder's practice either fractures were above par, or amputations at a discount. Along with these were some very interesting human fragments, such as an arm or leg laid bare to the muscles, the veins and arteries being injected full of a red liquid; a human heart, lungs, &c. in a wide mouthed bottle filled up with spirits; and on various parts of the walls odd bits of human organs, which disease or accident had wrested from their proper shape, and made hideous—the whole exhibition, one would think, for the purpose of sparing the beholder the trouble of taking an emetic.

A coffin-like cupboard, in which, when the

unfastened door was puffed open by a breath of wind, you might see a suspended skeleton, the produce of a night's adventure of Mr. Pounder with a friend who followed the sublime profession of raising the dead; a deal counter stained with every imaginable hue, a chair with dislocated back, seat, and leg, and some remarkably dirty, broken-backed books, were the remainder of the furniture of this very interesting and particularly aromatic room.

CHAPTER IV.

We should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.

We should so, said my mother.

STERNE.

Mr. Pounder's boy, to shew the gentility of his master, was always dressed in livery, consisting of a hat trimmed with red cord, and decorated with a gold band; a coat of dark brown turned up with sky blue, a waistcoat of broad brown and yellow stripes, and corderoy —but this other article is not to be mentioned without due preparation.

The article of dress, which I was about to name it is a gross breach of manners to mention in good, that is, in female, society; and yet I know not why it should be so considered, since I never knew a lady who objected to be seen with a gentleman, even in the most public place, because he wore it; neither did I ever hear of a lady, who made her appear-

ance with a male companion conditional on his leaving the objectionable article behind him; nor of one who fled into the Scottish Highlands, that she might be spared the sight of it. On the contrary, a very quiet well-meaning friend of mine, who has been married three times, has assured me that very many married ladies are so little displeased with the article, that they actually wear it themselves. Even the antiquary, who despises all the embellishments and most of the necessaries of modern life, although he can find no vestige of this article in the times of Cæsar or Pericles, yet condescends, without disgust, to array himself in it. What a contradiction! Ill-used but most beloved, unfortunate but most indispensable habiliment, how many times has it changed its name, and how short a time did the newest and purest name continue bearable—like a notorious villain, who has had an hundred aliases, and made them all infamous. What a curious history might be written of those changes, and the causes that produced them, from the first alias small clothes to tights, from tights to inexpressibles, from inexpressibles to unspeakables, from unspeakables to unmentionables, from unmentionables to

shorts, from shorts to etceteras, from etceteras to continuations, and so on through antifeminines, remainders, masculines, and nether integuments down to the quaker periphrase lower garments! But in all these changes there is one consolation, one solid comfort;—this, like all human articles and things must run through its predestined cycle, and the time will come when mankind shall not fear to name what they are not ashamed to wear——breeches.

With breeches, then, coat, waistcoat, and hat, Chrystom was provided by his master. In these he was soon invested, and looked very smart in them. They were not new, to be sure, but had not been much worn, for his late boy, for whom they had been purchased, had been poorly for some time. It was said that his illness had arisen from some experiments of Mr. Pounder on the Homœopathic Theory. It was reported, that having learned that all medicines which cure certain diseases, would produce them in healthy persons, he had been giving long courses of blue pill to his boy, to try whether he could make him bilious. However that might be, certain it is that he was taken ill, and had left Mr. Pounder before his

livery was worn out, and that Chrystom was arrayed in it. And really the clothes looked very well at a proper distance—indeed, they would bear a pretty close examination by candle-light, and had they not been somewhat too broad, and too short for him, he might be said to be very well clad indeed.

CHAPTER V.

Un cordonnier, en faisant des souliers, ne sauroit gâter un morceau de cuir qu'il n'en paie les pots cassés : mais ici l'on peut gâter un homme sans qu'il en coûte rien. Les bévues ne sont point pour nous, et c'est toujours la faute de celui qui meurt. Enfin le bon de cette profession est, qu'il y a parmi les morts une honnêteté, une discrétion la plus grande du monde, et jamais on n'en voit se plaindre du médecin qui l'a tué.

MOLIÈRE. LE MÉDÉCIN MALGRÉ LUI, Act 3. Sc. 1.

THE first time that Mr. Pounder met his new servant in the surgery, he questioned him on a variety of subjects that seemed to have but an indirect bearing on his new duties; as, for instance, his exact age, and whether he were particularly fond of marbles, and at length came to the subject of reading.

"Now, my boy," asked Mr. Pounder, holding up his coat-tails with both hands, and leaning back against the counter, whilst Chrystom held suspended the ponderous handle of the

'large mortar,' "now, my boy, are you fond of reading?"

"Sermons, Sir?" Chrystom very innocently asked.

"No, not sermons, my boy, nobody reads sermons but old maids and parsons; no, no, I mean really good interesting books for the improvement of the mind, books that teach you something worth knowing."

"I never read any but the Bible, and some sermons, Sir," said Chrystom.

"Psha," exclaimed his master in great disgust, "I don't mean that kind of thing—but look here, this is the sort of book I mean. This is one of the very best and most useful books in all England—it is the Pharmacopæia, which means that it is a collection of recipes made by the College of Physicians."

"Yes, Sir," said Chrystom, not comprehending a word that was said.

"This book," continued Mr. Pounder, "is decidedly one of the most useful ever published—indeed we could not go on without it; and I was not much older than you when I had got it all by heart. So, whenever you have got plenty of leisure time that you don't know what to do with, study this book. Now, here is an-

other—a "Practice of Physic," and with these two no man need be at a loss to pass through the world. Capital books—study them well, for there's no knowing what may turn up. Why, I was not older than you when I began to study medicine, and yet you see what may be done by sticking to it. But let me see, I think you don't know latin?"

"No, Sir."

"You must learn latin—yes, decidedly; you will never do any good without learning latin. Now latin is as easy to me as English, and I shall give you some lessons; and I don't care how soon I begin, for I am very busy, and I want you to put up my prescriptions for the paupers. You can write, my boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, now come here, and write down what I tell you. Look at this prescription which I have just written; it is all Greek to you, I dare say, ha! ha! but listen to me, *Misce fiat pil twelve quorum one vel two nocti horus somnæ sumendus.* Now, mind the translation, *Misce*—let them be well mixed up together; *fiat pil twelve*—that is, make it into twelve pills; *quorum one vel two*—take one or two; *noctis horus somnæ*—of these pills the last

thing going to bed; *sumendus*—every night. There, recollect that, and I will give you another lesson to-morrow; but the best thing for you to do, will be to learn the meaning of all these latin labels, so as to be able to make up my prescriptions. For instance, Pulv. rhei. —that means Turkey rhubarb root: but mind, it is jalap in the bottle. Look here again, Pot. sup. tart—that is cream of tartar; but be careful you don't touch it, for the bottle is full of arsenic, enough to poison all Holton; but your best plan will be to study the names by the Pharmacopæia, and you will be soon able to assist me."

Mr. Pounder having left the surgery, Chrystom took the Pharmacopæia, and examined all the labels by it, zealously labouring to gain a knowledge of pharmaceutical nomenclature. While he was thus engaged, a prescription was brought to him to be made up, written by Mr. Pounder for a pauper in a neighbouring village which he attended. The latin directions in this prescription were, of course, similar to those already explained by Mr. Pounder; and, of course, there was no difficulty in that—the great difficulty was in getting hold of the articles mentioned; but Chrystom examined all the

bottles and pots, prescription in hand, until they were found, when he made up the medicine and sent it off.

An hour or two after Mr. Pounder walked into the surgery, and rubbing his hands, said merrily:

"Well, my boy, how did we get on with the prescription?"

"I sent the physic, Sir," replied Chrystom.

"Read it pretty well, eh! ah, I shall make a man of you in time. No doubt you will be first physician to the king some day, ha! ha! But what—eh!—what have you been at with this pot? what is it taken from the shelf for?"

"Please, Sir," answered Chrystom, "I put some of that there stuff in this here prescription."

"Oh! bless my soul—let me see—aloes, I wrote aloes—why this is the opium pot, and you've been and given five grain doses of solid opium—dead, dead as a door-nail—sleep till the day of judgment—how came you to do it?"

"It is the same name on the pot as on the prescription, Sir."

"Ah! I see, wrong label. But what is to be done? You must run off directly, and fetch the pills back, for I dare say they have not begun

taking them yet. But no, that won't do, they will suspect something's wrong, and let it fly all over the country. It won't do, must take its chance. Fortunate it was only a pauper, for if it had been one of my rich patients I don't know what I should have done. Must take its chance, perhaps the pills will only make him sleep three or four hours, and if the worst happens there will be no examination and bother about it, so that it will not be of much importance. But, my boy, you must not send off any more medicine until you know something of the look of drugs as well as their names in latin."

CHAPTER VI.

Natura et pater meus
Hominem me habent factum ;
Mais vos me, ce qui est bien plus,
Avetis factus medicum.

MOLIÈRE. MALADE IMAG.

CHRYSTOM did not want brains, and being anxious to make himself of importance in his new profession, he soon acquired a knowledge of the names of medical substances, and a pretty clear idea of the external appearance of such of them as were on his master's shelves, if he were ignorant of their internal effects. He was accordingly pretty frequently employed by his master in preparing medicines for the poorer classes of persons, which he did to his master's great satisfaction, the few trifling blunders he made being on a class of patients that it was not worth while to trouble about. But after he had been engaged in this work a few weeks, Mr.

Pounder suggested that it would be as well for him to make up his mind to follow out the study of the profession, as future opportunities might arise to engage in practice for himself. With this view, Mr. Pounder recommended to Chrystom the study of anatomy—comparative first, as most convenient, and human afterwards, as he might find opportunities. He advised the dissection of both tame and wild animals—both the bipedal and quadrupedal, and to make notes of the distinguishing features of each, and in what manner one individual differed from another.

"You have got a fire in the surgery, you know," said he; "and you can dissect on the marble slab—any knife that will cut will do for you at present, and if you lock the surgery-door you can easily put every thing out of the way when any body wants to come in."

Chrystom followed this advice, and set a variety of traps for sparrows, robins, cats, &c., and all that he caught he carefully anatomized, making out of them very pretty osteological preparations under the care and with the assistance of Mr. Pounder and his books; but the most intimate examination of sparrows, robins,

and cats is not sufficient to create a very extensive knowledge of comparative anatomy, and therefore Mr. Pounder suggested an attempt at procuring larger and more important animals, such as dogs, fowl, &c. Now Chrystom's salary was not quite large enough to allow him to afford the expenditure of large sums of money on science, and consequently, like many other shining characters before and after him, he was compelled to make up by his genius for the deficiencies of his pocket. His school-boy reminiscences, however, assisted him in his present pursuits; for recollecting certain spots in which he had formerly found eggs, it was not unreasonable to expect to find fowl in the same place; he accordingly made a proper examination of the spot, and soon laid hold of a couple, which he killed, took home, and duly anatomized. So far this was pleasant enough; but a few days after the capture of these subjects for anatomical study Chrystom was rather surprised, and by no means delighted, at seeing on every wall in the town a notice to the public, printed in a very large and plain type, offering five guineas reward to any person who would give information which should lead to the con-

viction of the evil-disposed person or persons who, on such a night, took certain fowl belonging to, &c.

Now it happened that Mr. Pounder had assisted in the dissection of this couple of fowls, and on seeing this notice, it struck him that it would be as well to ask Chrystom for the history of them. He did so, and although Chrystom did not tell the whole truth, but rather suggested that the fowls had been given to him by a friend, Mr. Pounder cautioned him very earnestly against either taking other people's fowls, or receiving them from persons whose honesty was not as certain as his own. But on the whole, whether Mr. Pounder suspected Chrystom was the delinquent or not, he certainly admired the boy more than before, and praised him for his indefatigable exertions to master his profession. But Chrystom was not so earnest a follower of science as to be willing to run his head against the laws for her sake, and in future, all the fowl in the country were, with one exception, safe enough for him—this exception was his master's own fowls. Mr. Pounder had a very pretty stock of the feathered race in a little meadow and hut at the back of the premises. Now when he recommended the

science of anatomy to Chrystom's notice, he laid no restriction on him respecting the method of procuring subjects, with the exception just mentioned; and, therefore, Chrystom was by no means certain that his master would be displeased at his helping himself on the premises. He accordingly took subjects occasionally out of his master's hen-roost, and dissected them carefully in the surgery. Indeed this came to be a very interesting study; for not only was knowledge acquired for the mind, but the body was gratified also; for with a good fire, a fat fowl and a knife, it would be curious indeed if the greatest philosopher, or the smallest, could not find something to amuse himself with. It need not be said, that Chrystom did not now invite his master to assist him in his studies; for besides that he might be considered to have become a pretty good master of the anatomy of the gallinaceous tribe, he thought it possible that some disagreeable remarks might be made, which it was as well to avoid. He now often found the advantage of his master's recommendation to shut the door when he was pursuing his studies, that he might be able to clear every thing away before persons were admitted; and, doubtless, he would have con-

tinued to act on it, but for the fact that Mrs. Pounder finding the neighbourhood was growing so dishonest, as to make, as she said, a very serious diminution in the number of her fowls and eggs, the chattering establishment of female feathered bipeds was entirely broken up.

CHAPTER VII.

Puissent toti anni
Lui essere boni
Et favorabiles
Et n' habere jamais
Quàm pestas, verolas
Fievras, pleuresias
Fluxus de sang, et dyssenterias.

MOLIÈRE. MALADE IMAG.

THUS passed away several months, Chrystom gradually acquiring a knowledge of the way in which Mr. Pounder carried on his practice, as well as a practical acquaintance with what are called the minor operations in surgery, such as bleeding, cupping, tooth-drawing, &c. These latter, Mr. Pounder was so kind as to teach Chrystom not only by personal instruction, but also, by furnishing him with subjects on which to test his nascent abilities. It has been mentioned that Mr. Pounder attended the poor of

a neighbouring parish; now when any of these brought their ailments to the surgery, what was more reasonable than that the young man, who prepared the medicines, should also perform the necessary operations! Accordingly Mr. Pounder constantly recommended bleeding and cupping, and Chrystom handled the weapons of his art so frequently as to become master of them. The next thing was to acquire the practice of medicine, and this he was in the direct way of doing by his habit of preparing prescriptions for his master's patients; but besides this, Mr. Pounder allowed him to prescribe the less expensive medicines to the poor people, of course advising him to make remarks on their effects for future improvement. But what most assisted him was an ingenious course of practice certainly not suggested by his master, which was to test the strength of all the medicines on his master's horses, dog, and cat. Many a mixture did the horse swallow with his corn, and many a pill was concealed in the dog's meat, and after ascertaining the operation, of course he went to work safely on the pauper. But owing to his little experience in comparative prescribing, he made the mistake of not sufficiently considering the different

power of pauper and horse, and a few of his earlier doses were rather too strong; yet this did not much matter, as paupers cannot afford to expend their money on post-mortem examinations, and such kind of troublesome inquiries, and the result of Chrystom's practice was on the whole, tolerably successful.

Even in surgery, that crowning branch of medical science, the young student made respectable progress, although it must be confessed that his surgical knowledge was more theoretical than practical. It will, however, be readily understood that he acquired a great deal of manual dexterity in the use of surgical instruments by his practice of cutting up his master's fowls, as it is certain that by frequently experimenting on these and other animals he acquired a very steady set of nerves. But all this, though it laid a good foundation for scientific operations on the human subject, was not like practising on man himself; and the enthusiastic student devised many a plan to accomplish that great end. In the course of time a female pauper, who lived a couple of miles from the town brought several times to the surgery a child with a bad finger. The disease seemed of little importance, a slight eruption,

or something of that kind; but the child being sickly was for ever complaining. Mr. Pounder at these visits of the woman generally directed Chrystom to give the child a powder, and put a bit of ointment on the hand, and then ordered her off; but one day she sent to say that the child was much worse—so bad indeed that it could not be taken from the house, and requested Mr. Pounder to come over and see the child immediately. Without losing a moment Mr. Pounder looked over his list to see if there were any paying patients that way, and as there were not, he told Chrystom to step over and see the child, just to quiet that "bothering woman." He went, of course, shook his head, and prescribed as any other doctor would have done; but, what was strange, the medicine did the child so much good that he was sent for again. The child, however, afterwards becoming gradually worse, he decided upon an operation; and it is understood, that like other doctors, he had with him a case containing lint, plaster, and some of those cutting instruments which one would think surgeons cause to be made of such hideous forms, to make the world regard their profession with that awe which their skill would fail to accomplish.

On Holton's return from one of those visits he took from his handkerchief, and exhibited to Mr. Pounder a very small and delicately amputated finger. Mr. Pounder took it, and said, "Oh, this is that Hodge's finger, is it? —upon my word very capitally done—a beautiful operation, it does you a vast deal of credit—you'll be an honour to the profession. But, I say, my boy, there was nothing the matter with this finger, eh!—as sound as my own. It don't signify, to be sure, for nobody'll know it; but we must be careful, and you must not operate unless I tell you. I shall soon let you see a little sport, I promise you."

CHAPTER VIII.

> Hail sympathy, thy soft idea brings
> A thousand visions of a thousand things.
>
> BYRON.

CHRYSTOM thus continuing to improve himself in the various branches of knowledge belonging to medical practice, his master of course was delighted with him: and as he was very smooth-tongued and obedient, his mistress also favoured him with her approbation. Every thing, in short, seemed to promise in Chrystom an useful accession to the somewhat numerous body of medical practitioners. But as the Persians say, no life can be called happy until the end of it is seen; and even Mr. Pounder's increasing practice and cheerful disposition could not preserve him from trouble, nor Chrystom's caution keep him free from unexpected vicissitudes. One of Mr. Pounder's children, a boy about six years of age, fell

sick, and died almost immediately, when Chrystom had been with him about two years. Now there was a certain Mr. Samuel Jackson attending the London Hospitals at this time, a former apprentice of Mr. Pounder, who had been very fond of the little boy, and to him Mr. Pounder sent information of his death, and an invitation to the funeral. Mr. Samuel Jackson arrived, presenting to the astonished eyes of his former master a complete contrast to the plain methodical looking person he had sent off some two years before. The countenance of Mr. Jackson had never been distinguished for beauty of form or elegance of expression; but two years of medical study in London had completely filled up all vacancies of expression with those forms of independence and self confidence, which are commonly termed swagger and impudence. And these qualities were not a little set off and adorned by a hat of monstrous profusion of brim, and narrowest economy of crown, and a pair of green spectacles as inseparably attached to his face as his eyes themselves. For the rest, he was a short young man inclining to be fat, and wore a dress belonging to every, and peculiar to no rank in society, not even to that of a

gentleman: it was a kind of undress worn equally by a hunter and his groom, by a tapster and his potboy; and it was evident, indeed, from his conversation, that he had spent more of the last two years in the tap-room than in the drawing-room. But Mr. Pounder having himself been a student, his surprise did not last long; and the still affectionate disposition of the young man displayed by his coming so far to attend the funeral of their son and to give them his company, soon made them look on him with the greatest confidence and affection, and Mr. Pounder at their very first sederunt gave him an account of all that had taken place within the last two years; that is, all accidents, illnesses, &c., in the course of which account he often mentioned his boy Chrystom; and of course related his very great fondness for scientific pursuits.

The child was buried, and in the evening of that mournful day, when Mr. Pounder was gone out to pay his professional visits, Mr. Jackson walked in to the surgery to pay his respects to Chrystom, and examine his preparations of animal remnants; and after expressing his approbation, and suggesting some improvements in the methods of tying the bones together, he

asked Chrystom if he had ever dissected a human subject. Chrystom, of course, answered that he had not, and Mr. Jackson said, "To be sure you've not—too young, and subjects are d——d dear; why I give as much for an arm, as would keep me in porter and beefsteaks for a fortnight. D——d expense in London, where you can't help yourself for the Charlies; but I say, old fellow, what do you say to my helping you to a subject!" Chrystom expressed his pleasure, and Mr. Jackson continued, "When I was pupil to your governor, I got many a subject on the sly—took a room at old mother Jenkins's—used to keep it locked, and walk up at any time and dissect. I'll bet a dozen I can get the room again—and d—m me, my buck, I'll give you a lecture on anatomy, I will by G—d." Chrystom expressed his thanks, and Mr. Jackson continued, "But mind, mum's the word, say nothing about it—I'll manage it. But you must help me to get hold of the subject. Can you get out at night?"

"No, Sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"Over the surgery."

"Just the ticket, my trump. That's where

I used to sleep, and many a time have I done what you are going to do. Well, bring the coal-shovel into the surgery to-night, and about one o'clock in the morning, I'll give you a signal, and then you must get up and follow me."

Chrystom being young, and not particularly bold, did not much like this offer, but, muttered out the excuse, "Suppose master should find me out?"

"Master be d——d; only follow me," promptly ejaculated Mr. Jackson, "only follow me, and nobody'll find you out, for the sexton's my particular friend, and as for any one besides—there will be nobody about. Don't funk, get up as I tell you, and I'll make you as good an anatomist as myself."

Chrystom being naturally a very obedient lad, secured the shovel before the house was locked up, and at about one in the morning was roused from his first slumber by feeling in his mouth the mouth of a brandy bottle. Mr. Jackson was dressed and prepared for the enterprize, and Chrystom rapidly springing up and dressing himself, this pair of followers of science, accompanied by a man employed by Mr. Jackson, went forth into the darkness.

In the latter part of the day just begun, Mr. and Mrs. Pounder were taking their wine after dinner,—Mr. Jackson having just asked for and obtained a holiday for Chrystom, with whom he had gone out to employ him, as he said, in a little private business of his own,—when the servant opened the door, and showed in a person whom both very well knew, and who was in fact the sexton. This person was not possessed of the most delicate taste, and accordingly he told his business in the most straightforward manner, which was, that he had observed the grave of their child had been disturbed, and he had no doubt some resurrection-men had been there. Mrs. Pounder immediately fainted, and Mr. Pounder having given her into the care of the servant, put on his hat and hurried off to Mrs. Jenkins's house, where he expected to find Mr. Jackson, whose assistance he calculated on for discovering the miscreants who had violated the sacred precincts of the church.

Now Mr. Jackson had instructed Mrs. Jenkins not to allow any one to go up stairs without first giving him due notice; but Mr. Pounder had, in former times, been very familiar with his room, having often assisted Mr. Jackson

there in his anatomical studies, and he now went directly up to the room, opened the door, and walked in. A sight met his eyes which he had by no means calculated on. Mr. Jackson was seated in a high chair at the head of the table, talking in a very loud and authoritative tone to Chrystom, who was standing at the opposite side of the table, while both intently regarded an object extended thereon, respecting which I say no more than that this was a meeting the most unpleasant that could have occurred to all parties.

Mr. Pounder was a man of good sense, and made little noise about this discovery; he merely desired Mr. Jackson and Chrystom to walk home with him, and when they left the room, he locked the door, and took the key with him. Probably, if he could have followed his own inclinations he would have hushed-up the matter entirely; but Mrs. Pounder was in such excitement, that he was compelled to inform her of the whole affair; and the result was, that Mr. Jackson left for London the same night, and Chrystom was ordered into the parlour, where he was addressed in the following manner by his master, "You know very well what I want you for, my boy, I dare

say; and I must add, considering all things, that I wonder you did not ask me about it, before you went out with Jackson, for I told you I would provide a subject for you as soon as possible. I could have easily managed it with the sexton, or procured you one of the paupers. Now see what you have done; I don't much mind these things myself, for I know what young people are; but my wife will not hear reason, and insists on my not keeping you any longer. I have no fault to find with you, you have been a very good boy, and I have, therefore, looked out for another situation for you. Mr. Hardman the ironmonger wants a boy, and I have mentioned you to him. But mind, never say a word about this affair, for no one knows what idle tales might be made up; and I may as well tell you, that if you say any thing about it, I could at any time put you into prison for last night's work; and now, my boy, take a glass of wine, and then walk to Mr. Hardman." And this was the way in which Chrystom left Mr. Pounder.

BOOK THIRD.

The Shopkeeper.

Religious, punctual, sober, and so forth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth;
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's.
Constant at church and 'change, his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

POPE. EP. TO BATHURST.

CHAPTER I.

I would go fifty miles on foot, for I have not a horse worth riding on, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

STERNE'S TRISTRAM SHANDY. p. 56.

I HAVE been often amused at people's reasons for not liking to read novels and romances; and perhaps the objections brought against this kind of literature are more absurd than any other made against anything in the world. One man objects to works of imagination, because they are not true; that is, because the adventures or conversations did not actually take place as reported. This man cannot believe that there is a truth of reflection as well as of observation: he considers that to weep at fictitious pathos, or to laugh at unauthenticated humour is beneath the dignity of truth; but he

forgets how many important things he has taken on trust from his cradle to the present moment. —he ought to learn that the human heart is as good a judge of truth, as the senses of man themselves; and that what draws tears or excites laughter is as true as the plainest truism, whether it has really happened or no.

Many people, when they take up a novel, expect to find the characters so sugared over with virtue, and peppered over with vice, as though mankind were divided only into two classes—angels and devils: and if they are disappointed in this, and find them neither very good nor very bad, they throw away the book, because it contains "no moral." I have known a good-hearted man of this kind, into whose brain a temptation to dishonesty could never possibly enter, read a narrative of some fictitious thief of universal and notorious wickedness—the sole intent of the volumes being to shew that a man ought not to steal. Another, a man of the greatest purity of life, has patiently read a long and wearisome work to show the evil of profligacy and dissipation, as though any man living wanted a volume or even a sermon to prove that stealing and debauchery are wrong. These readers do not consider that it is the duty of

the moralist to shew merely how vice steals upon the heart, and to leave vice itself to the natural feelings of man.

But even so far as this the Novelist is not bound to go: and a specific moral might be safely taken as evidence of an imperfect work. For when a moral is made the main object of a work, all the incidents of the tale, which are not in direct relation with this moral, must be considered excrescences; and if this relation be preserved, then every person of the tale must be supposed to act constantly in direct relation to one particular virtue or vice—a thing which evidently never happens in human life. The Novelist ought to take for granted, that every one can distinguish between good and evil: and without reference to one or the other he should exhibit men and women moving and acting in society and in public, while he lets us know the inner workings of their hearts: for by this means, while he amuses, he gives us useful lectures on our own nature, inasmuch as every contrast of the inner workings of a disposition with its outward developments is capable of a thousand useful applications. Yet so much respect does the world pay to decent exterior and virtuous professions, that if the Novelist

in the exercise of his art sometimes shews that the eloquent advocate of universal liberty is a tyrant to all dependant on him, that the public patriot is offering himself for sale, that the loyal adorer of his king is merely fond of his pension, that the public professor of religion is steeped in private vice; the said world is up in arms against the Novelist for ridiculing sacred things. But the Novelist must have done his work very ill, or his readers must be very stupid, if they consider him to teach that professions must be false, and that outward and inward decency cannot exist together. The grand effect of his writings should be to shew that professions may be contradicted by practice; and this lesson may be of essential benefit to every man through life, when it is considered that no man confesses a fault which is not an honour to human nature.

CHAPTER II.

La gravité est un mystère du corps inventé pour cacher les défauts de l'esprit.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. 265.

MR. HARDMAN was the shopkeeper in the High Street to whom every body went to buy thread and stoves, and quack medicines, and writing paper—he was in truth a general dealer, in the widest sense of the term. After leaving the charity school where he had received his education, he had been apprenticed to the father of his present wife in the very house which he now occupied, and as he turned out a very steady and pains-taking apprentice, his master consented to the marriage with his daughter, and in a few years gave the business up to him. And there had he been, in all but age unaltered, for thirty years the plodding master of that shop, and throughout the whole of that time

might he have been seen from seven in the morning till ten in the evening, behind that counter, or in that little counting-house, always the same busy, constant, civil attendant. Not a day did he ever pass from home, nor a night from his own bed. Pleasure was to him a monster, the description of which made him tremble; relaxation a folly that he laughed at; for as getting money was such perfect happiness, how could he see the sense of relaxing from it? Oh! that eternal white apron, white cravat, brown coat, and pen in the ear! As constant as the sun from day to day were they to be seen amid that multifarious assemblage of articles. As constantly too was he to be seen in the parlour of the George from twenty-five minutes past nine until half-past ten every evening, during which portion of time he always drank one jug of ale, smoked one pipe of returns, and finished with three-penny-worth of gin and water, warm with. So constant was his attendance with three or four brother-tradesmen of a similar constitution, that if a person came to the bar to ask if Mr. Hardman was there, the landlady merely looked at the clock, and answered yes or no, according as the well-known minute was or was not come; and if

the landlord had disposed of the inn, he would doubtless have sold Mr. Hardman and his fellows as part of the fixtures.

It is scarcely worth while to describe the person of the man; for all the regular old general dealers in all country towns were pretty much alike. The words *general dealer* is universally suggestive of a shortish man, rather too wide to be in exact proportion, and about fifty years of age. Mr. Hardman was no exception to this rule. His face was of that particular shape and colour which indicate great exposure to the good things of the table. His face was surmounted by formally-cut grizzled hair, and that by a hat, which in the house had covered his brains for the last ten years. The remainder of his costume consisted of a too-large coat of a snuff-colour, with large metal buttons, a stout broad-striped waistcoat which gradually increased in circumference from the double chin to that part of his body which nature meant to be waist, and an inexpressible article extending to the knee, where it met a covering of grey worsted, or occasionally, the very brown mahogany-coloured tops of a pair of boots, the change from which to a pair of shoes was the only alteration ever made in the external man.

The above description applies, of course, only to the man of the shop. On Sundays, and grand occasions, such as vestry meetings, the articles above described were exchanged for others of the same kind, but of more recent manufacture. He made a point of having a new suit every two years, which he wore on Sundays and grand days during two years, when it was taken into common use, and worn until another suit had become ready to take its place. Mr. Hardman could not be called a very close follower of fashion; for in fact, he was now thirty years behind that quick-moving goddess. His dress was in fact made in the country fashions of twenty years back, since which time he would have no alteration in the cut of his garments. "Make," said he to his tailor, "my new coat like my old one: I don't like none of your damned new skip-jack fashions, not I."

In the town of Holton, Mr. Hardman was one of the greatest men. In the course of twenty years he had filled all the important offices of the little state in which his greatness lay; and no man ever filled the office of constable so actively, of overseer so economically, of churchwarden so dignifiedly as he. In the first he suffered not his staff to be idle; ale

could not create a quarrel quicker than he could quell it; even the most quarrelsome dog slunk away from such a determined keeper of the peace. As churchwarden no man ever looked graver in the parish pew, prayed with a more audible voice, made longer speeches at church-rate meetings, or reproved the sexton with more signs of condescending but determined authority. As overseer he had gained the applause of all parties, with the exception of the poor. He had materially lessened the usual allowances to beggars, and those other persons in distress who are obliged occasionally to throw themselves on the mercy of the overseer; for having read a good deal concerning the wickedness of the lower classes, which the richer he grew the more earnestly he believed, he made a point of assuming, that in the poor no distress could be unavoidable or unattended by personal demerit, and considering that it was both wrong and unpopular to support the assumed wicked poor people out of the parochial funds, he narrowed the usual payments down to the smallest possible amount, and very generously made up for such reduction by furnishing them out of his own stores with plenty of good advice.

Mr. Hardman was eloquent, and knew it, and considering the rarity of that precious gift, was ever ready to gratify the humblest individual with proofs of his genius. It was delightful to see him with a parish coin in his hand ready to give to a poor famishing wretch, and for a whole hour before the coin left his hand, giving his decided opinion on the stranger's past life, and his advice as to the future, the hungry man gazing upon him with the utmost interest and eagerness until the speech was ended and the coin given;—such was the power of his genius.

"My good woman," he would say to another, "you tell me that your husband has just died in the hospital, and left you very ill with those five children, and that you have eaten nothing to-day; all that is very well. I give you credit for speaking the truth. I have no doubt that you are in great distress, and therefore I will give you my advice. You must admit that if you had not got married you would not have had these children—that is—I mean, you must see that you have acted with the greatest impropriety in bringing these children into the world to live in such distress, for surely it cannot give you any pleasure to see

your children starving. What *are* those children making such a noise for?"

"They are hungry, Sir."

"Well, then, let them listen to me; as I said before, a mother ought to love her children too well to have any in such circumstances; and I consider, therefore, that you have acted with the greatest imprudence. But as what is past cannot be helped, I will give you some good advice as to your future conduct. Now you say, my good woman, that your children are starving. Very well: you see this sixpence—it belongs to the parish funds—it is public money, and must not be wasted; you must therefore spend it carefully for necessaries, and not for extravagancies, and not apply any more, but get out of our parish as soon as possible. But let me give you this piece of good advice that may be of use to you all through your life; and it is this—get yourself well as soon as possible—directly, my good woman, and enter into some respectable line of industry to support yourself and children in comfort and repute."

This substitution of his own advice for the public funds so touched the hearts of the Holton people, that Mr. Hardman held the office of overseer longer than any man before him. In-

deed, his conduct was highly admired, as I have said, by all besides the poor; but the opinions of these last were, of course, unworthy of consideration: for, as Mr. Hardman often very correctly remarked, "The poor, Sir, are a very ungrateful and ignorant set, and never show a proper value for good advice."

When Mr. Hardman was a young man, and had been but a few years in business, he professed to feel very strongly, as he spoke very eloquently on the "rights of man," as poor Mrs. Hardman might have borne witness: for so exalted and engrossing were the rights of man, according to him, that he quite forgot that a woman had any. As I said, he was rather inclined to a democratic shade of political opinion, and about the time that the new stove was put up in the church by Brasstap, the other ironmonger, he was seen several times to attend the Methodist meeting: but a long conversation with the vicar on religious subjects at a time when he was furnishing some rooms for him, happily made him hesitate, and a succeeding rumour that the office of churchwarden would soon be open to his ambition, succeeded in making him examine his opinions very narrowly: and the result was, that Mr. Church-

was one cause of his pursuing his ambitious course through the various offices of the town, and cultivating eloquence and good-living; for probably if his heart had been touched by the weakness of paternity, his sympathies would have been more extensive, if not stronger; but stronger, I suppose, they could not be, for I never heard of a sympathy more powerful than that which fastens a man's heart to money, and roast beef and plum pudding.

CHAPTER III.

> Great is the blessing of a prudent wife
> Who puts a period to domestic strife.
>
> POPE'S WIFE OF BATH.

SUCH was Mr. Hardman as he appeared to the world—home, perhaps, may show him in a somewhat different light: for it is by no means uncommon for the hero of the tap-room, or the blood-thirsty patriot of the hustings, to have his ears soundly boxed by his wife when he gets home. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet—the meaning of which is, I suppose, that as so material a part of the hero consists of his feather, scarlet, and buckram, it is not likely that the valet who keeps them in order should be struck with any very great degree of awe in beholding them, unless he be so idolatrous as to worship the work of his own hands. But Mr. Hardman's greatness of character consisted not in dress,—every thing by which he kept the

lower order of people in their proper places proceeded from the qualities of his mind. He had heard that "Familiarity breeds contempt," and so impressed with the truth of this remark was he, that familiarity was a thing he never endured from any living soul out of his shop. Even when taking his pipe and glass with his half-dozen fellow-tradesmen and ex-churchwardens at the George, he preserved the proper gravity due to office; and if moved to any thing approaching a laugh, by the heavy levity of one of his companions, it was a laugh suited to a great man, in which you could deliberately count all the convulsions of the diaphragm.

Mrs. Hardman herself never presumed to step within the charmed circle which her husband's gravity and importance had thrown around him. She was a quiet, kind-hearted, industrious woman; and considering her husband one of the greatest men in the world, she was thoroughly obedient to every one of his commands, and would as soon have doubted the truth of the Bible, as the wisdom of any opinion of his. She had no sentiment until her husband had expressed his; nay, she dared not smile even at his wit, until his smile told her it was really a smiling matter. There was,

therefore, no familiarity on the part of the husband which could possibly lead to contempt on the part of the wife, for indeed they seldom met save at meals, Mrs. Hardman passing nearly the whole of her existence in the kitchen with the servant. On Sundays, indeed, when Mr. Hardman had eaten the dinner which his wife had stayed from church to cook, and swallowed his usual glass of wine, and was taking his usual nap, she would make up the fire for him, tie a handkerchief over his head to prevent his taking cold, and retire to array herself in the hebdomedal silk; and then came the glory of her life. She walked out with Mr. Hardman to church, and sat with him in the churchwarden's pew. Those were the bright spots in her otherwise uniform life: she remembered them through the first three, and anticipated them the last three working days of the week, and those two or three hours of sunshine gave a glimmer of pleasure to all the other hours of her existence; and this was nearly the whole difference between the life of her maid Kitty and her own.

Thus Mr. Hardman had honour not only in his own country, but, what is more rare, in his own house. He had no children, which, perhaps,

was one cause of his pursuing his ambitious course through the various offices of the town, and cultivating eloquence and good-living; for probably if his heart had been touched by the weakness of paternity, his sympathies would have been more extensive, if not stronger; but stronger, I suppose, they could not be, for I never heard of a sympathy more powerful than that which fastens a man's heart to money, and roast beef and plum pudding.

CHAPTER IV.

Mais comment voulez-vous, après tout, qu'une bête,
Puisse jamais savoir ce que c'est qu'être honnête.
MOLIÈRE. L'ÉCOLE DES FEMMES, Act 1, Sc. 1.

ABOUT the time that Chrystom left Mr. Pounder, Mr. Hardman had lost an apprentice; and, as he could not immediately procure one that would suit him, he wanted an active, intelligent lad as a substitute, until a suitable apprentice offered. Chrystom was engaged, being about fourteen years of age when he thus exchanged the science of medicine for the pursuits of trade; and threw off the disguise of livery which had deformed his beauty, to allow his nature to re-assume its natural grace.

Now did Chrystom learn to make a bow to ladies and gentlemen, and acquire the art of making a profit by buying and selling—an art which no one was better qualified to teach than his master.

"Now, attend to me," said Mr. Hardman to Chrystom, when he put on his first white apron, "mind the advice I shall give you; shops are kept to sell goods in, and therefore we must sell all we can. If all people were alike, this would be managed easily enough; but as it is, you must suit yourself to different people. The cost price is marked on all articles with our private figures, so that you can always ask as much as you like over that, and if a person gives you what you ask, it is his fault; and if he will not give it, you can either reduce the price, and make him believe it to be a great favour, or you can show him another article of the same kind, and offer that at the price he mentions. And mind, whenever an article is damaged in the shop, you must endeavour to put it off before the better articles, because things get worse by keeping. But you must mind and sell the worst articles to the poor—always let the rich have the best articles, because they are the best customers, and would be more likely to make a noise than the poor. And never exchange an indifferent article when it is brought back by the poor. One thing in particular you must be careful about, and that is honesty. Dishonesty is wicked, and sure to

lead to disgrace and to be found out; and I dare say Mr. Elphinstone told you that if you steal you will go to the devil, and be turned out of your place."

Mr. Hardman's caution on dishonesty might have been very safely dispensed with, as it was very rarely indeed that any body had an opportunity of stealing from him, he being a man who always stood in the midst of his property with his eyes open. But the former part of the advice, Chrystom had constant opportunities of putting in practice; and many compliments were paid to him by his master for his skill in the shop. But what most assisted Chrystom in remembering and improving his master's instructions, was a slight disagreement which took place between them when Chrystom had been with Mr. Hardman about a couple of months, and was as follows:—

Mr. Hardman and Chrystom were behind the counter, when a stranger came in, and asked to be allowed to look at a kettle.

Mr. Hardman handed one to the customer, remarking, "That is seven shillings, sir."

"Seven shillings!" remarked the stranger, "surely you are mistaken; I lately bought such a one for five."

"Oh no, just the same size," said the customer.

"Seven shillings is the lowest price, I assure you," replied Mr. H.; "it cost me six shillings, besides carriage."

"That must have been smaller than this," said Mr. H.

"Please sir," interposed Chrystom, "you make a mistake; it wasn't them that cost six shillings, but these here bigger ones. They are down in the invoice at four shillings!"

Mr. Hardman looked black as thunder. "You young rascal," said he, "get out of the shop this minute; d'ye think to correct me? I tell you it was six shillings."

Chrystom slunk away, and Mr. Hardman expatiated on the merits of the kettle, until the stranger was nearly convinced that he must have been mistaken. But while they were still bargaining, Chrystom returned with a brightened face, holding the invoice in his hand.

"Look here, Sir," he cried, "it is four shillings, as I said—here is the invoice."

Mr. H. took it, examined it, apologized to the gentleman for the mistake he had made, when the stranger paid four shillings for the kettle, and departed.

"Follow me, Kit," said Mr. Hardman, leav-

ing the shop as soon as the customer departed. Chrystom followed him to a warehouse at the back of the premises, into which they entered, and the door of which Mr. Hardman fastened.

"Now, you rascal," said he, taking up a stick of considerable diameter, "I'll teach you to contradict me (thwack went the stick on Chrystom's shoulders); I'll teach you (thwack) to know better than me (thwack); I'll see which is the best tradesman (thwack); I'll give you (thwack) handling invoices (thwack), you dog; I'll lose two shillings by you again (thwack)."

By this time Mr. Hardman was nearly tired of his exercise; and Chrystom having got a counter between him and his master, and being a little recovered from his surprise and fright, cried, "Oh dear, Sir, I thought, I thought you had made a mistake."

"You thought! you young villain—let me get at you—"

Chrystom retreated. "Oh, Sir," said he, "if I had known you said what you did on purpose, I shouldn't have spoken: I won't do it again, Sir."

"You had best not," was the reply; "for if you ever think I make a mistake again, I will break every bone in your skin, I will, you vil-

lain; do you think I took you into my house to lose money by you?" Mr. Hardman here raising the stick, Chrystom cried, "Oh, pray don't, Sir," managed to open the door, and ran frightened into the shop, where a customer being waiting, saved him from any further correction at that time.

When the shop was closed for the night, Chrystom was ordered to go into his master's sitting-room, where, being arrived in great fear and tribulation, Mr. H. snuffed the candles, looked very grave, and said, "I have sent for you, Kit, to give you some good advice."

"Thank you, Sir," said Chrystom, doubting whether or no it would be enforced by arguments of the baculinum kind.

"The correction which I administered to you this day," (Chrystom's shoulders felt as sore as ever) "I hope you will not forget;" (Chrystom was quite sure there was no danger of his forgetting it); "for if you do contradict me again, I shall not let you off so easily." (Chrystom wondered at what some persons called easy.) "The wisest of men says, spare the rod and spoil the child." Chrystom thought his master was in no danger of falling into that error, which means, "that nothing

does a boy so much good as a proper chastisement." (Chrystom thought his and his master's ideas as to the propriety of the thing were altogether different)—"I sent for you in, to give you some good advice; and first I ask you why you contradicted me in the shop to-day?"

Chrystom thought it would have been as well if the question had been asked before application to the stick: he almost believed that the question alone would have been sufficient; but he modestly replied, "Please, Sir, Mr. Elphinstone told me that I should never tell lies."

"Very good advice too, Kit. Well?"

"Please, Sir, you told me that if I told lies you would give me the stick."

"And so I will."

"Please, Sir, when you told the gentleman that the kettle cost six shillings, I thought you told a——what you said wasn't according to the invoice."

"And do you dare to think that because I won't have you tell lies——but there, I forgive you, I see your mistake, it was only your ignorance; and you will do better after I have given you some good advice. Listen to me. When I told you that I should correct you

for lying, I meant for telling *me* lies; and that was what Mr. Elphinstone meant when he said that lying was sinful—he meant lying to your master."

"Please, Sir," said Chrystom, modestly, "he only said lying, he did not say any thing about any particular person."

"Then he was very much to blame, Kit; but there, he was never in business, and consequently could not be able to give proper instructions to a youth. But I will make up the deficiencies of his ignorance. It is undoubtedly a very great sin for a servant to lie to his master, because it is an attempt to deceive him, which is very wrong. But in a shop, to tell to, that is, to do as I did this morning is quite different; for shops are kept to make money in, and therefore it is every man's duty to make all he can. Mr. Elphinstone ought to have pointed out the difference to you; for, consider what a pity it would be, if telling lies in a shop were sinful, when they are so useful in business that it could not be carried on without them. Now, Kit, I advise you to remember, and act on the advice I have given you; and I have no doubt I shall some day see

you as good a man of business as myself. Go in to supper."

Chrystom humbly thanked his master, and left the room, with many fervent resolutions to regulate his behaviour by the wholesome admonitions he had just received.

And here it may be remarked how unreasonably apt we are to complain when any trouble or distress falls upon us; we think of nothing but the present hardship, when we should particularly consider the good effects that may spring from it. Troubles, it has been remarked, are only blessings in disguise, and this truth was very powerfully exemplified in the experience which Chrystom passed through on this day; for had he not felt the power of his master's arm, which then seemed exceedingly grievous, he probably might not have received those excellent pieces of advice and instruction which were so well calculated to be of benefit to him through life.

CHAPTER V.

Nec tantûm veneris, quantùm studiosa culinæ.
HOR. 2 SAT. 5, 80.

BEARING continually in mind the reward he had received for his intrusive honesty, and for daring to contradict his master's word in the shop, Chrystom was particularly careful to avoid a repetition of such conduct in future. By dint of constant practice he became as clever as his master in praising and putting off any damaged article to the poor, in procuring as high a price as possible from all classes, and in gracefully withdrawing when a complaint was made too vigorously to be withstood. He was also taken into the counting-house, and initiated into the mysteries of book-keeping in double entry—in short, he became a servant exactly after his master's heart, and doubtless might have retained his situation for many years but

for an accident which happened when he had been with Mr. Hardman about two years. This accident seemed not to bear immediately on Chrystom's prospects; but like the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, it was the forerunner and producer of an important storm. It has been observed, that Mr. Hardman was fond of good living, and as his wife had been brought up to habits of domestic industry, Mr. Hardman had gradually accustomed her to superintend the cooking and brewing departments; and at the date of this history, the only difference between her and an upper servant was, that she received no wages.

Now in the latter part of September was Holton fair, which about a hundred of Mr. Hardman's country customers attended, and always went to his house to dine, to settle their accounts and give fresh orders. It happened, however, this year, that a contagious fever had been prevalent, and Mrs. Hardman had not been so fortunate as to escape it. She had been laid up a short time, and her sick-bed was not rendered more endurable by her husband's complaints of the cooking. When the fair-week came she managed to crawl down to the kitchen and superintend

the roasting and boiling, which lasted several days and nights, and with the satisfaction of knowing that every thing was done as well as it could be, she went to bed worse than ever. Her husband did not leave her in this state to the weariness of solitude, indeed he was very frequently in her bed-room, inquiring if she were well enough to come down, and several times took up, in his own hands, doses of Epsom salts which was one of the thousand articles sold in his shop. Some days passed on in this way, Mrs. Hardman improving in health very slowly, and her husband becoming very fidgetty, when about the middle of October the following conversation passed between man and wife:

"Well, Mrs. Hardman, are you any better to-day?"

"I feel a little better, thank you, Mr. H."

"Are you well enough to come down?"

"I will try, Mr. H., if you wish, but I don't think I can stand, I am so giddy."

"I wish to heaven you would get well as soon as possible."

"I will, Mr. H."

"It is a most annoying thing that you should be took ill just at this busy time."

"Ah! it is indeed, but it can't be helped, Mr. H."

"I don't know. You must have been standing about in the draft,—let me advise you never to do so again at such a busy time."

"I will not, indeed, Mr. H."

"I advise you not. I have not enjoyed my dinner once since you have been up here,—the meat was done to a chip to-day. What am I to do, Mrs. Hardman, if my meat is done to a chip?"

"Well, I'll try to get up to-morrow morning, Mr. H."

"Perhaps you have forgotten that it is time to brew, and we are two days later than we were last year. I am sure we shall not have any beer fit to drink this year."

"I'll try to get up, Mr. H."

"If the beer isn't brewed before November I know it will be as thick as hog-wash, it has always been so."

"We have always brewed in October, Mr. H., I am sure."

"And we ought to brew in October this year, Mrs. Hardman; what am I to do if the beer is thick?"

"I'll get up, Mr. H."

"I don't think you are so bad as to prevent your brewing; it won't take more than a day and a half, and you can lie a-bed as long as you like after."

So ended this conversation, and the next morning Mrs. Hardman was assisted from her bed-room to the brewing-kitchen. The operations commenced under her superintendence, but the methodical and industrious creature could not sit by quietly to see other people do her work, unless they did it exactly as she had done it so many years. She thought of her husband's particularity about his beer, and his awful anger at every failure in the kitchen department, and she was soon as busy as the rest. Throughout that day and night was she laboriously employed, and what with the many sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, and the exhaustion from the forced strength which the excitement of anxiety had produced, at the end of the brewing she was taken to bed alarmingly ill. Kitty, the maid, sat up with her, and did all she could to assist her, but her incoherent language and altered countenance so alarmed her, that before morning she sent to Mr. Hardman and begged that Mr. Pounder might be called in.

Mr. Pounder attended, and saw the patient; and when he came from the sick-room, Mr. Hardman questioned him in the following manner:

"Well, Doctor, what *is* the matter with my wife?"

"She is very bad, Mr. Hardman," was the reply; "have my doubts—should have been called in sooner—contagious pyrexia."

"But what is the matter with her?"

"Intermittent pulse, my dear Sir, languor, feeble respiration, anxiety, delirium, redness of eyes, flushed cheeks, throbbing arteries—should have been called in sooner."

"But what is the matter with her?"

"Oh! nothing particular, my dear Sir—should have been called in sooner; subsultus tendinum."

"How long will she be up stairs?"

"Can't say, my dear Sir, muscular debility, impeded deglutition—should have been called in sooner."

"Will she want any doctor's stuff?"

"Oh! my dear Sir, I must send some medicine this minute—dangerous case, but don't be alarmed—should have been called in sooner."

"But, Doctor, what need you go home; I

sell Epsom salts, and Senna and Daffy's, wouldn't they do?"

"Oh! no, my dear Sir, I must prescribe properly—aperient diaphoretics—tonics. Antim. tart. Acid sulph.; must have them properly dispensed in my surgery."

"I don't know; I sell a good many Hunt's pills and Daffy's, and don't see why they shouldn't do her as much good as other people."

"Ah, my dear Sir, we of the profession, know nothing about them—not in the Pharmacopæia—don't admit them at '*The Hall*'—send some medicine directly, and call again in the afternoon," and he departed.

CHAPTER VI.

Toinette. Il faut que je me trouve à une grande consultation qui se doit faire pour un homme qui mourut hier.

Argan. Pour un homme qui mourut hier?

Toinette. Oui, pour aviser et voir ce qu'il aurait fallu lui faire pour le guérir.

MOLIÈRE. MAL. IMAG., Act 3, Sc. 13.

MR. POUNDER, as he promised, called on Mrs. Hardman, and said she was better; repeated his visit the next morning, and although she was evidently sinking, assured Mr. Hardman she was improving; and so he went on for a couple of days, sending her plenty of medicine, and talking of her convalescence, when, to Mr. Hardman's great disgust, he suggested further advice—"Not," he said, "that he had any doubt as to the result, or felt any fear about his competence to manage the case, but that it would be more satisfactory to all parties to have another opinion." Now even setting aside the

state of the patient, the doctor was not altogether disinterested in giving this advice. Mr. Pounder was clever in his profession, and was a very good kind of man, but business is business. A certain physician in the next town, and indeed the only one for a considerable distance, had lately sent several prescriptions to him to be dispensed, and he thought this a good opportunity to show himself not ungrateful, besides that it was probable the giving the physician a job might produce other prescriptions. Mr. Hardman was perfectly satisfied with the skill of Mr. Pounder, frequently observing, it was his opinion, that if a person was to die, all the doctors in the world couldn't save her; but as the nurse frequently urged him to have further advice, and he was quite out of patience with the cooking, he at length gave way, and sent Chrystom for Mr. Drench.

Now Drench was a young spark not long let loose from Apothecaries Hall, and had begun to practice in Holton—of course, opposed to Pounder. He was a gentleman far above the profession he practised, if you would believe his own account of his origin; but the very man that ought to practice the profession, if you would believe his own account of his cures.

He was a dasher in appearance, a dasher in manners, a dasher in conversation, a dasher in living, and even a dasher in practice; for he kept up the good old medical custom of always starting off on horseback just as all the other persons in town were going to church; he kept up the privilege confined to doctors, bishops, and other great men, of breaking the sabbath with impunity. Or, if he ever went to church, he made a point of being called out in the middle of the service, and being heard, after a few minutes, rattling by the church like a tempest, although he was engaged in that peculiar branch of the profession, termed bleeding the milestones.

Mr. Drench, although he did not abound in money, was very liberal in orders, and the elegance with which he had furnished his house, made his success in life a matter of interest to many a tradesman in the town. He was a man of very active habits, and of very strong feelings, for he would have gone ten miles to save a person whom he liked, and fifty to injure one that he had a spite against: but he was so pleasing in exterior, and spent his credit so liberally, and was such a universal flatterer, that if he had not been a liar, and had been more

honest and less treacherous, he would have deserved the name which was given to him by those that knew but little about him—that of a very good kind of fellow.

Now, as Pounder received notice to meet Drench at six, he was at Mr. Hardman's by half-past five to remonstrate with him.

"Really, Mr. Hardman, I don't see that it can do any good for me to consult with Mr. Drench; I thought you would have sent for Dr. Feewell, or I should not have advised a consultation."

"No customer of mine, Mr. Pounder," answered Mr. Hardman; "never laid out a shilling with me in his life."

"But, consider, my dear Sir, in such a case as this, what good can Mr. Drench do—what experience can he have had?"

"Can't say; a doctor 's a doctor."

"Dr. Feewell has attended the whole country round, for many years."

"But I say, Doctor, I never employ any one that don't deal with me."

"Well, Mr. Hardman, Mr. Drench is doubtless qualified, and as he has been invited, I do not decline meeting him; but I do not calculate on any good in it—he is too inexperienced."

"Mr. Drench is a very good customer of mine," replied Mr. Hardman, "and 'tis my opinion, that if I pay a doctor, I do my duty, and 'tis his fault if he is not skilful."

Mr. Drench here came in, and with his very best bow, said,—

"Good morning to you, Mr. Pounder, good morning to you, Mr. Hardman; I am sorry that I could not be exact to my appointment; but the fact is, I was sent for by Lady Strutwell, with whom I was detained until a very few minutes. I assure you, I rode ——— "

"Nay, no apologies," interrupted Mr. Pounder, "you are in good time."

"You have seen my black mare? well, I give you my honour, as a gentleman, that I rode from her Ladyship's to my own stables in fifteen minutes and a half, upwards of six miles."

"Let us go to the patient," said Mr. Pounder.

"I assure you," said Mr. Drench to Mr. Hardman, who was accompanying the doctor, "that I could not prevail on her Ladyship to let me leave her until I promised her and Lady Sarah to breakfast with them to-morrow morning."

"Lady Sarah!" said Mr. Hardman in sur-

prise, "why she has been in my shop twice this afternoon, she has left only this ——— "

"Oh! Mr. Pounder did you hear of the accident I attended at the factory?" interrupted Mr. Drench; "I assure you the arm was almost gone, the ulna broke in two places—double compound fracture—the integuments, Mr. Hardman, so lacerated that the bone protruded through the cuticle. I was compelled to take off about two inches of the bone, and the man is getting well, but the most wonderful thing is, that the arm is not at all shortened."

"Very wonderful," drily muttered Mr. Pounder; "but here is the patient."

The two medical gentlemen saw the patient, felt her pulse, examined her tongue, asked about her appetite, and retired into another room for the consultation.

"Do you know the honourable Miss Strutwell?" asked Mr. Drench at the commencement of the consultation.

"No," said Mr. Pounder.

"Oh! the most exquisite creature, sings divinely, plays, draws, without exception, she is the most splendid woman I ever saw. But don't tell any body, Mr. Pounder, and I will let you into a secret, and I pledge you my

word of honour as a gentleman, that I have never mentioned it to a soul before. There is something wrong going on between her and Mr. Percy. I am very sorry, for I am a great friend of hers—she gave me five guineas the other day for taking out a tooth. I am very sorry for her, for you know what a shocking thing it is, and Percy a married man."

"But," said Pounder, "I dare say it isn't true."

"Not true! oh I assure you it is too true. I had it from the best authority. Lady S—— told me."

"What! her mother tell you such a thing as that!"

"Oh yes! *me, me* you know, she would not of course tell any one else, so I beg you will not mention it. Do you want to sell your pony?"

"Not at present—but respecting our case—"

"Talking of bad cases, you should see the testimonials I have at home from all the first physicians in Europe respecting Lady S. Dr. Baillie had pronounced her dead when I was sent for. I found the pulse gone, the eyes dim and fixed, both upper and lower extremities cold, and the blood of course, congealed.

I caused a draught to be poured down her throat that I knew would restore her, and I assure you in two or three days she was able to see company. By the bye, did you see the verses I wrote on her recovery?"

"No," quoth Pounder.

"I'll send them down to you, they begin thus—but I won't repeat them; I won't praise my own verses; but I know you will like them as well as any thing you ever saw."

"Thank you," said Mr. Pounder, "but really let us come to some conclusion about this case."

"Why really, Mr. Pounder, you have had so much experience in general practice, that I should not presume to advise you; but, perhaps, I might suggest that it would be necessary to reduce the system."

"Why, Mr. Drench, the patient is already so reduced, that if she be not materially supported, she cannot possibly live twenty-four hours."

"Well, Sir, as I said, you know best—I give way—but really, I have stayed too long. Sir Thomas Blunder is to dine at my house at eight. I wish you a good evening, Mr. Pounder."

The members of the consultation shook hands, Mr. Pounder returned to the sick-room, and Mr. Drench went down.

"Well, how is Mrs. H.," asked Mr. Hardman.

"Why, Sir," said Drench, shrugging his shoulders, "she is in no kind of danger from her disorder, and with proper attendance, I have no doubt, she would recover. But you know a disorder may soon put on an unfavourable appearance, if improperly treated, and certainly the medicine she has been taking is such as I should not have given her."

"Shall I be forced to pay for it then?" asked the husband.

"I am sure you ought not, for it is quite clear to me that Pounder has mistaken her case. You heard, of course, of the people on the hill?"

"No, what people?"

"You must give me your word not to mention it again, for I pledge you my honour that I never mentioned it before. It is quite the town talk—be sure you don't mention it. Pounder attended farmer Higgins and his wife who were taken ill, and mistaking a certain eruption on them for the itch, which was in

fact small-pox, instead of antiphlogistic treatment, he prescribed unguentum veratri cum sulphure, and consequently they both died, I say of the small-pox, but the rest of the world of the itch ointment."

"Well, I thought Mr. Pounder a clever fellow," said Mr. Hardman in some doubt.

"Did you hear of the case of tumour which I extracted from Lady Mary Barry's heart?"

"No."

"She had been ill a long time, tried all the first physicians in the world, and nobody could explain the case, until I, by listening to the pulse, detected an impediment in the sound which I conjectured to arise from a tumour on the aperture of the auricle—you know the structure of the heart, of course?"

"No, not exactly," said Mr. Hardman.

"Well, Sir, the heart is composed of two organs of antagonist powers, the auricle and the ventricle, the difference in which—but I'll explain all that another day. Now the great difficulty was to discover whether the tumour was in the auricle or the ventricle. That difficulty I overcame, applied the bistoury, penetrated the cuticle, laid bare the auricle, and excised the tumour, applied adhesive plaster,

and the next week drove her to court, where I went to introduce my friend, Lord Walleye."

"Well, Mr. Drench," said Mr. Hardman, charmed with the array of unintelligible words, "I was going to have you sent for, but the nurse and my wife would have Mr. Pounder, whom they have got used to. For my own part, I never took a dose of physic in my life, but I shall be sure to employ you when I want a doctor." Mr. Drench departed.

CHAPTER VII.

Come l'alma gentile uscita ei vede
  Rallenta quel vigor ch'avea raccolto;
E l'imperio di se, libero cede
  Al duol, già fatto impetuoso e stolto.
TASSO. GERU. LIB. Canto 12, 70.

ABOUT three hours after the consultation, Mr. Hardman and Chrystom were seated opposite to each other in the counting-house, very busily engaged in posting the books, when Kitty ran in, crying, "Missis is worse, Sir, nurse says she's dying."

"God bless my soul," said Mr. Hardman, "is it possible! Is the doctor come?"

"Ye—es, Sir," replied Kitty sobbing.

"Then run in, and tell him I am coming directly." The girl ran off, and Mr. Hardman, turning to his books said, "Cast up page forty-five Chrystom;" and the pair were again intently engaged in the books.

"Twelve pounds fourteen shillings and twopence, Sir," said Chrystom.

"Right," replied Mr. Hardman, and while he was entering this sum, Kitty came again towards the counting-house, but creeping now on the point of her toes, as though she was afraid of awaking some sleeper, or awed by the deity of the counting-house, that temple where Pluto is worshipped in such silence, "Missis is gone," she whispered to Chrystom.

"Where?" he replied.

"She's dead."

"You don't say so—who'd have thought it?" said he, as she crept away again. Chrystom very narrowly watched Mr. Hardman as he went through some calculations necessary to the making up of the page, and looked for an opportunity to inform him of his loss, not daring to interrupt him. These calculations were finished, and Mr. Hardman looking up said, "Turn over, Chrystom."

"Please, Sir, Kit says missis is dead," were the words by which Mr. Hardman's misfortune were conveyed to him.

"Is she! I am very sorry—carry over forty-seven pounds nineteen shillings and five pence halfpenny—very sorry indeed. Give me the

day-book, and go into the shop—there's a customer—coming directly, Sir."

Chrystom went into the shop, and presently returned saying, "'Tis Doctor Pounder, Sir."

"Tell Doctor Pounder to walk in." The doctor entered. "Well, Mr. Pounder, how is my—oh! dear, how bad my memory is—so it's all over, Sir."

"Yes, very unfortunate case, Mr. Hardman, called in too late by five minutes—very pretty case—very—never saw better—five minutes sooner would'nt have died—prescribed the very medicines would have saved her—too late—very unfortunate—died before I could put them up."

"'Tis what we must all come to Mr. Pounder."

"Why, Mr. Hardman, it is certainly a very common thing to die—but I don't know—have my opinion about death—nothing like being called in, in time. If Mrs. Hardman had had time to take my medicine she wouldn't have died."

The doctor went away, and soon after Mr. Hardman left the counting-house to take his usual pipe at the George, but before he went, he muttered, "I knew how it would be. A

damned long bill from Pounder for no good. I'll follow my own opinion in future. Drench wouldn't have charged half so much. A doctor's a doctor. Chrystom, make out Mr. Pounder's bill. Have Drench in future."

CHAPTER VIII.

Here I and sorrow sit.

SHAKSPEARE'S KING JOHN.

In about a week Mrs. Hardman was conveyed to her supposed permanent residence in Holton church-yard—a circumstance not in itself important to this history; but as the ceremony contained one little incident which tended to open Chrystom's eyes to the all-important duty of incessant attention to business, I relate it. The tressels having been duly placed at the door, the coffin brought out, and Mr. Hardman called from the counting-house to take his place as chief mourner, the procession moved on; but when it reached about half way to the church Mr. Hardman was called out of the train by Chrystom, who had been left at home to take care of the shop.

"Please, Sir," said Chrystom, "Mr. Thomson has called for his bill."

"You 'll find it in the ledger, Kit," replied the chief-mourner.

"Yes, Sir, I've got the bill, Sir, but 'tisn't cast up, and the cask of soft soap isn't reckoned, Sir."

"I was doing it when the nurse called me out to follow; but I have finished it as we came along. Now mind: twenty-six pounds gross two pound three quarters tare is twenty-three pounds and a quarter neat, at ninepence a pound. That's seventeen and fivepence farthing, Kit; and the bill comes altogether to seven pound, eleven and threepence halfpenny —don't forget."

"No, Sir," said Chrystom, as he turned to run back.

"Chrystom," said Mr. Hardman.

"Yes, Sir," replied Chrystom.

"Don't throw off the threepence halfpenny unless he asks you."

So saying, the afflicted widower hastened after the procession, which he reached at the church-door.

The bereaved man returned from the mournful ceremony so oppressed with grief and eti-

quette, that he went immediately to the counting-house, saying to Chrystom, "Attend the shop by yourself this evening, and mind you don't go out on any account. I can't help you this evening; but if I am wanted step into the little parlour." And Mr. Hardman took day-book and ledger under his arm, and walked away to his private room to indulge his grief, and make out his bills.

It certainly shewed a highly-becoming sense of propriety and respect for the memory of an amiable wife, that he would not on that evening have any thing to do with the money-getting affairs of the world in public, but transacted his business in a private room. Whoever required to see him that night was taken to his retirement, where he sat surrounded by grief and documents, and received the condolence and orders of his visitors.

Mr. Jenkins came in.

"How d'ye do, Hardman?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"Sorry to hear of your loss."

"Ah! she's gone."

"I hope you will bear it with resignation."

"I hope I shall. What can I do for you this evening?"

"I want a few dozen of coffin-plates and children's corals, if we can agree."

"They're the same price as last invoice."

"But I hope you'll not be cast down; for you know we must all go when it pleases God."

"A sad loss indeed; but I hope what pleases God won't displease me. Is there any thing else I can do for you this evening?"

CHAPTER IX.

O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel: O what learning is.
SHAKSPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET, ACT 3.

An hour or two after, Chrystom was sitting in the kitchen when Mr. Hardman's bell rang. He answered it, and his master told him to send in Kitty. Chrystom went back to the kitchen and told her.

"Master wants you, Kitty."

"What for?"

"Don't know."

Kitty took the candle, and was going up stairs, when Chrystom cried,

"Kitty."

"Well?"

"Master's in the little parlour."

"Well, I'm going, stupid."

After about a quarter of an hour, and another peal of bell-ringing, Kitty came down.

"Lord, Kitty," said Chrystom, "are you going out? Master's bell has been ringing again."

"Going out!" quoth Kitty, "Why?"

"Cause you're dressed up so smart."

"I ben't dressed up so smart neither. I only just took off my cap."

But there was indeed some reason in Chrystom's remarks; for Kitty had put on a fresh gown as well as cap; spread her hair out into the daily show of curls, which she had begun to put in paper; and in short, had made the best possible use of the quarter of an hour: for having performed those thousand little embellishments which a woman is so ready to do at her toilet, Kitty looked altogether a very bewitching and dangerous handmaid for a bachelor or widower.

Casting a sidelong smile into the sixpenny looking-glass, which hung in the kitchen for convenience of the Master and Chrystom at their morning ablutions, Kitty went to the little parlour. After a low rat-tat with her knuckles, and a gentle "come in" from the gentleman within, Kitty opened the door, and

went in about two inches beyond the door-sill, keeping the handle of the door still in her hand.

"Come in, and shut the door, Kitty."

Kitty gently closed the door, and drew back with it.

"Take a seat, Kitty."

Kitty leaned forward, and drew a chair close to the door, and seated herself.

"Bring your chair up to the table, Kitty."

"Thank you, Sir," she replied, "there is no draft."

"Come hither, Kitty," said Mr. Hardman gravely, and pointing to a chair on the other side of the little table at which he was sitting.

Kitty thus pressed, walked very demurely across the room, and seated herself by the fire, when her master said—

"After our severe loss—nay, don't cry,"—seeing Kitty preparing the corner of her white apron to be ready to poke it in her eye, "don't cry, Kitty, for it won't do any good. Grieving is the most unprofitable article in the world; for it is my opinion, founded on long experience, that no one was ever brought to life by crying. But as I was going to say, there is

nothing we miss so much as what we have been a long time used to; for as you may have heard me remark, habit is second nature. Now the loss of my wife is a very distressing thing to me: for my time is so much occupied in the shop that it is quite impossible for me to see properly into the kitchen, because I can't be in two places at once. Cooking and brewing are articles I know nothing about, being things I never meddle with; and let me inform you, that people do no good by meddling with things they are not used to. I should be in an awkward situation unless I took another wife, which I don't mean to do; for God knows I had enough of—I mean I have so much respect for my late wife that I will never venture on another. Well, Kitty, I have a good opinion of you"—

"Lord, Sir, how can you say such things!" exclaimed Kitty, pushing back the chair nearly half an inch.

"A very good opinion of you," continued Mr. Hardman; "for though you are a good-looking girl," Kitty raised her head just enough to get a glimpse of her blushing face in the looking-glass over the fire-place, while Mr. H.

went on, "though you are a good-looking girl, yet I know very well that you are not one of the young"—

"I am sure," whimpered Kitty, "that I am not old. I was only twenty-five the Michaelmas before last."

"What I was going to say, Kitty, was, that you are not one of those flighty gadding creatures that get a lot of sweethearts and idle fellows after them."

Here Kitty tossed her head, and sat very upright in her chair, as though she did not assent to her master's praise: yet from some inexplicable motives she did not say that she had a sweetheart; and this was the more remarkable, as besides a woman's natural love of contradiction, it must have been a very grievous charge against her, that she had no sweetheart, when every body knows that this is the very indispensible thing to all women. "Bad speculations are sweethearts, Kitty, no profit from them. I commend you very much for having nothing to do with them: and now what I was going to say is this, as Mrs. Hardman is gone, I shall put you in her place."

"Lord, Sir," exclaimed Kitty arranging a

curl that was not out of its place, "what will the folks say?"

"What folks, Kitty?" asked Mr. Hardman innocently, and added, "It is no more than you deserve; and as my housekeeper, I shall expect you to see into things, and keep every thing right about house."

"Yes, Sir," said Kitty, coldly.

"I shall get another servant to-morrow, and make her obey you as if you were my —— that is, as if Mrs. H. were living. That is all I have to say at present; and now go and tell Chrystom to come to me. Good night."

So saying, Mr. Hardman rose, as did Kitty; but as Mr. Hardman approached to shake hands with her, as a kind of testimonial of their being on a more equal footing than formerly, Kitty drew back with great precipitation, exclaiming, "Oh, Sir, consider my character—suppose any body should see."

Mr. H. looked rather surprised. "Your character, Kitty! why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I thought—I thought—"

"What did you think?"

"I thought you was going to—to be—Oh! I can't tell you, Sir."

"I understand you, Kitty," said Mr. Hardman, with a benevolent smile, "you thought I was going to be rude to you. I commend your modesty very much; I was only going to shake hands with you. I wouldn't take a greater liberty with you for the world. Good night."

"Modest girl!" he ejaculated, as she left the room; and she also had her ejaculation, for she muttered something, of which the only audible words were "old," and "stupid;" but whom they were applicable to could not be ascertained; for, of course she could not apply them to so excellent and considerate a man as her master.

It was strange that Kitty seemed not pleased with this interview, although it had exalted her from housemaid to housekeeper. But whether, like other people of humble minds, the sudden falling on her of what might be reasonably supposed an object of ambition, or whether she considered the exaltation to the higher station merely an increase of responsibility and trouble, or whatever were the cause, certainly her good humour was gone; for, when on opening the parlour door to return to the kitchen, she banged Mr. Chrystom to the other side of the passage, and he ran off as fast as possible, she followed

him with equal speed, and first shutting the door, demanded, in no gentle tone, "What were you listening there after, you young rascal?"

"Listening?" replied Chrystom, drawing back, "I wasn't listening."

"You young liar, what business had you at the parlour door, then?"

"Why—I—heard, Kitty," he stammered, dreadfully, "I thought somebody was at the shop door, so I went in, and was coming back when you came out; I am sure you have broken my arm—oh, dear!—oh, dear!"

"You lying young dog, I'll break your head, if I catch you again, mind that."

"I'd a right to listen, if I chose," replied Chrystom, very reasonably, and his arm seemed suddenly cured; "for master told me I should keep my eyes and ears open, and said I should be a better servant by knowing every thing that goes on."

"Don't let me catch you again, that's all, or I'll pack you off out of the house that minute. So saying, the new housekeeper walked very majestically up to her bed-room, and Chrystom went into the little parlour, to post the books with his master.

CHAPTER X.

No fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly grownd.
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boastes in beautie's chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight.

SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE, 1. Canto 9. 11.

HARMLESSLY seemed to fall the darts of Cupid from the heart of the churchwarden; but alas, for masculine eloquence and dignified authority, powerful though they be, what are they, opposed to the determined tenderness and cunning enchantment shining out of the bright eyes of a pretty girl? Inexpressible was Mr. Hardman's sensation of relief and comfort when the funeral was over. Oh! that time of sickness and death, of nurses and sextons, of

doctors and undertakers—how had it confused the economy of the table, and deteriorated the excellence of the cooking! But now it was all over—the golden age was come again. Now had Kitty full time to put in practice her late mistress's theory of cooking, and well too she did it.

Those two most shining female virtues, modesty and industry, were also her's in excess. It was really delightful to see how she would dispatch all the offices preparatory to dinner, and yet contrive to have a half hour to herself before she sat down; and then what excellent use she made of that half hour! As housekeeper, she of course dined with her master; and really, all the perils of Bunyan's Pilgrim, from the Slough up to Giant Pope, were nothing, compared to those of poor Mr. Hardman, at every meal; for just opposite to him, looking right at him, observing his every movement, and lying in wait for an assault, sat one of the most mischievous and bewitching imps ever created for the special perdition of old bachelors and widowers. That *tête-à-tête* dinner was indeed perilous. Talk of the splendour of the ballroom, of the silks, and the plumes and the jewelled richness of the undress full dress!

What are they in fascination compared with the scrupulously white close cap, that gives archness to a countenance in itself sufficiently pretty to drive you mad, and the tight simple dress that hides every beauty, save the rich gracefulness of the outline, which imagination in such a *tête-à-tête* is but too ready to fill up.

Kitty knew her charms, for she was a woman; and she knew how to make the most of them, for she was unmarried. Those black ringlets, which the purest muslin had concealed through the busy morning, were now let down to float at their own sweet will, and every separate hair seemed a cord, behind which a lurking Cupid was pointing one of his keenest arrows. And then those lips—they were the very bow of Cupid itself, improved in miniature. It was one of those mouths which, as you look at it, you cannot tell whether it contains a sweet smile or frown—one of the intelligent and eloquent mouths, of the expression of which you are never sure—a mouth, of which you can tell nothing, but that whether frowning or smiling it must be beautiful.

To have such a creature opposite to you day after day is dangerous enough; but when you

observe that all your commands are listened to with respect, and fulfilled with smiling obedience; when you know that the greatest object in the life of such a creature is to foresee and accomplish your wishes; to gratify your inclinations—in short, to make you comfortable; when you feel that you are regarded as a demi-god by a being you consider almost an angel, you must fly or submit. Alas, for the widower! Could he help observing these things? No, he did observe them, and perhaps thought of the many years in which he had not been used to say "good night," to the lady that presided at his table. Perhaps he thought of the many temptations a single man is liable to in the world; and perhaps he thought—but God knows what thoughts come into the mind of a middle-aged widower, while he is looking into the pretty face of a young maiden who happens to be his servant. The result of Mr. Hardman's speculations was as follows.

CHAPTER XI.

Un fat est celui que les sots croient un homme de mérite.
LA BRUYÈRE.

About the time of Mrs. Hardman's death, Mr. H. had succeeded in inducing the parish to add to the uniformity of the town, by fixing a pump at one extremity of it, as there was already one at the other. Many eloquent speeches were delivered on the occasion; Mr. Hardman's generally tending to show the humanity of such a thing towards the beggars and such persons coming into the town on that side, as well as its convenience for watering the streets at the end of the town during the dust of summer. Some of his radical and revolutionary opponents indeed made some caustic allusion to a certain meadow, in which Mr. Hardman kept certain cattle, which meadow

was very close to the proposed site of the pump. But the latter persons were voted to be disaffected and dangerous persons, and therefore all they said was unworthy of consideration.

The pump was carried; and a number of tradesmen at that end of the town held a meeting, at which it was agreed unanimously that a supper should be given to Mr. Hardman, at the George, on the evening of the day on which the pump should be opened to the public.

The pump was fixed, and opened with the forms usually observed on the completion of public structures. The shoulder of mutton and leg of pork were bought by the eight tradesmen who gave the supper—the landlord of the George agreeing to cook them gratis, in consideration of the liquor likely to be drunk after. In the evening the party duly met. It consisted of the before-mentioned eight, besides the guest, in whose honour they were about to eat, and a reporter from "The Telegraph," who was specially sent to inform the world of the proceedings.

We will imagine Mr. Wicks, the tallow-chandler, called to the chair, the mutton and

potatoes very fully discussed, the cloth taken away, and relate the interesting proceedings as reported in "The Telegraph," and which were, indeed, a very favourable specimen of modern oratory. The respected chairman arose, and having ordered all the room to fill their glasses, addressed the assembly in the following manner:—

"Gentlemen, I rise—I rise, Gentlemen, with feelings not only of the utmost delight, but also of perfect satisfaction. When I look round the world, and upon things in general, Gentlemen, I am sure you will bear me out in what I am going to say, that our worthy guest as sits on my right is, Gentlemen—that is, no man that I know in this assembly but what would drink his health. I know my friend's modesty, or I could say more. I will be silent on his great merits, Gentlemen; but this I will say—that there is not a man in this room, nor in all the town, that's more ready to come forward on all occasions. Respecting our new pump, Gentlemen, I must observe, that there is a party of—Gentlemen, I will not call them evil-disposed persons—I will not call them snakes in the grass—I will not call them traitors; but I will say, fearless of contradiction, that opposing as they did the proposition for a new pump, if

their opposition had been successful we should not have had it. No, Gentlemen, we should not have had it; and I say, therefore, that the meeting met here has the right to give our approbation; and I beg to propose the health of our worthy guest, Mr. Hardman."

The proposition was followed by loud cheers, which continued several minutes, amid which might be heard, "damned clever fellow is Wicks, good speech, eh!" "Wicks knows what he is about," and Mr. Hardman arose, and after describing an oratorical figure with his hand, said, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, it is with the greatest pleasure I rise on my legs, but I feel entirely unable to do justice to my (the latter part of the sentence was inaudible amid the cheers), I have held many important offices, and been in many interesting situations, but never in the whole course of my life did I rise to address a meeting with such (hear, hear,) yes, Gentlemen, when I look around me, and see this respectable, this highly respectable assembly (vehement cheering) met to give a supper to an individual like myself, a tradesman like one of you, a humble (no, no, no) well, Gentlemen, I say that there is no man as is a man, but what would feel—that is, Gentlemen—

thatmy feeble attempts to express the feelings of my heart will I hope be met with your—(the exact word was lost in this applause) Gentlemen, with respect to this question about the pump, I am free to confess that I am sorry, very sorry, when the eyes of the whole world were on our discussions, that we should have our town disgraced by the undermining work of a set of (cheers.) As the worthy chairman said, I will not call them evil-disposed persons, I will not call them snakes in the grass, I will not call them traitors: but I *do* say if they were evil-disposed, why did they not come forward and unite with us for the welfare of the town? If they were snakes in the grass, why did they not stand up like men, and tell us what they thought, and let us answer them? If they were traitors, why did they not come forward, like true patriots, and show their honesty and loyalty? But I leave these—these—I will not use harsh words of any body, especially the absent, because they are not present to defend themselves; I will only say, I leave these contemptible and malevolent miscreants to what they most richly merit—your most unspeak—(the remainder of the sentence was undistinguishable through the cheers.) I will not take

up your valuable time by entering into particulars—(cries of go on.) But I must tell you what brought into my mind the idea of improving this end of the town by means of a pump. Gentlemen, most people like to hide their faults; but in my opinion that is wrong: for how can any man know what you are if they are mistaken in you? I do not wish to hide my faults—take me as I am; and I confess, Gentlemen, if I have a fault, it is that I have too much humanity! Yes, sometimes when I have been on business at your end of the town, I have met poor wretched beggars, both men, and women, and children, who appeared to have walked a great many miles under a burning sun, and seemed scarcely able to drag one leg after another, and I have thought they would actually drop in the road, and become chargeable to the parish. And it struck me what a refreshing thing it would be to have a nice pump to go to, at their entrance into town, which would very likely give them strength to go on, and get beyond our parish! (Hear, hear, hear.) Some people, I know, object to charity, and make out that it tends to increase beggars; but for my own part, I love these public institutions!

"The Bible, Gentlemen, teaches us to be kind to the poor; and I own I look forward with pleasure to the thanks and blessings of hundreds of hungry and thirsty wretches, when they are refreshing themselves at this pump! (Hear, hear, hear.)

"I am afraid I have taken up too much of your time—(Go on, go on)—but I cannot conclude without giving you my decided opinion on those persons—men I will not call them, who by a side-wind have made such a handle of the pump; and I do say, that people who endeavour to knock down our most ancient and excellent institutions, who advocate every thing that is bad and dangerous, and oppose all that is good, I consider very far from being good subjects; and my serious advice is, that you should have as little to do with them as possible; for, though God forbid that I should be prejudiced against any man, or set of men, yet there is no doubt, that these radicals and methodists are no better than atheists; and I shall be supported by every man here, if I say they are but little better than papists, or the pope himself—(Hear, hear).

"I return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have done me—an honour which,

till the last hour of my life, will be deeply fixed in my—(hear, hear)—and beg to drink all your good healths."

A variety of speeches followed; but though good, they were decidedly inferior to the above in eloquence and point. I refer my readers to "The Telegraph" for them; informing them, however, that the conviviality was kept up by several songs, which would have been fit even for the celebrated Nightingale Club itself; and that the party separated before midnight, highly gratified by the attentions of the worthy host, and altogether pleased with the evening's entertainment.

CHAPTER XII.

No crafty widow shall approach my bed,
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
But young and tender virgins ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

POPE. JANUARY AND MAY.

When Mr. Hardman reached home, the only person up was Kitty, who was sitting in the easy chair, before a good fire, in the comfortable-looking parlour. She did not rise when her master came in, although his movements were by no means unaccompanied by noise, and on looking at her narrowly, he saw she was very fast asleep. It was a dangerous moment for gravity. A very neat foot and ankle peeped out from the slightly disarranged drapery on the footstool, and that Hesperian fruit, her lips, was unguarded by the fiery dragons that lurked in her waking eyes.

The grave churchwarden was but a man—he was, too, a single man—he bent over her, and kissed her; when, like the sleeping beauty when the handsome prince dissolved the charm that bound her in a century's slumber, Kitty sprang up, wide awake, and blushing. Mr. Hardman, too, blushed, and trembled at his own boldness; and, if Kitty had not been as kind as she was pretty, he would have sunk into the earth at the thought of the stain he had brought on the dignity of his character. But Kitty did not scream, or faint, or rage—she only blushed, and looked prettier than ever in her slight confusion; and a man would have been unworthy of his name, if he had not repeated the act which had produced so beautiful an effect.

Mr. Hardman, contrary to his usual custom when his late wife was living, who, indeed, was always tired out and in bed before he came home, now sat down by the fire, put on his slippers, and made a glass for himself, and another for Kitty. The fire was warm—the toddy was warm—they made Mr. Hardman warm; and as Venus looks never so beautiful to us as when Bacchus has clapped a pair of spectacles across our nose, Mr. Hardman unconsciously

drew up his chair unusually close to Kitty, and waving his hand gracefully, said—

"You are a good girl, Kitty, a very good girl. There is no better servant in the town."

"Ah!" said Kitty, "any body would be a good servant to you, Sir—you're such a good master."

"Well, I flatter myself that I do know my duty to those under me. But as I was saying, you are a good servant. That leg of mutton was done famously to-day; it shows a good heart—it does Kitty, to take care that victuals is properly cooked; and I won't forget it. I will, therefore, give you ——

"Thank you, Sir," interrupted Kitty.

"My opinion," continued Mr. Hardman. Kitty was silent. "I am getting old, Kitty, and can't expect to live long."

"Oh! Sir," Kitty cried, putting the corner of her apron into her eye, "don't talk so, Sir, I can't bear it, you'll kill me."

"What!" asked Mr. Hardman, pathetically, "should you be sorry to part with your old master, Kitty! I will remember you in my will."

Kitty's heart was tender, and she burst into loud lamentations at this kindness—she seemed

inconsolable at the picture of separation that her master had conjured up. She looked so sad, and so pretty, that—how could he do less? —he took her hand and pressed it: she did not withdraw it, but—unconsciously, of course—returned a faint pressure, which ran at once to his heart, and then shot out a thrill that reached the highest phrenological development on his cranium, and down to the farthest podal extremity; and he said very softly:

"I tell you what it is, Kitty—hand me the hot water, my—hem—my dear; I will go up to Mr. Elphinstone to-morrow, and get a license; you are such a good girl, and look so well after the cooking—and we will be married the day after."

"Law," cried Kitty, "married! what! marry me! Oh! what a dear good master!"

And she was so overcome by her feelings that she sank back in her chair, and her head dropped on one side, falling by the merest chance on his shoulder. His fate was sealed—those lips and cheeks were so temptingly nigh, and the necessity for encouraging her so apparent, that Mr. Hardman gave way to his raptures, and in a few minutes he and the fair Kitty were sitting, side by side, in the closest approxima-

tion, arranging the particulars of the delightful ceremony that was to transform them into a pair of legitimate turtles. But I leave them to their innocent endearments.

CHAPTER XIII.

Puisque nous nous marions ensemble, il faut se mettre du bel air.

BRUEYS. LE GRONDEUR, Act 2, Sc. 2.

Six and thirty hours after the declaration —alas! we say declaration of war, not of peace, and it is a suspicious word to use with love, for it seems as if a declaration of love had in it something ominous of war!—Six and thirty hours after Mr. Hardman and Kitty first talked of love, they had got to the end of it, even to matrimony. What a joyous peal rang from the old church-tower!—and what a long peal! No wedding in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had been so honoured; but then no churchwarden had been married within such a memory. The bride's pretty face looked blushing and modest behind her thick veil, but the bridegroom's face was redder than ever, and

was beautified by a knowing smirk, which expressed to the very life a feeling of intense self-satisfaction.

It was a delightful moment in the lives of the affectionate couple: but it was not allowed to interfere with business; for Mr. Hardman, when he returned from church, went into the shop as usual, and Kitty cooked her own wedding dinner. But Chrystom, even on this day of love, earned Mrs. Hardman's eternal hatred, for in his hurry and thoughtlessness he once called her "Kitty."

A few days rolled on much in their accustomed manner to all parties, although Mr. Hardman was observed to have acquired a smile much more flippant and less authoritative than the smile of olden times. But, gradually, the old plain-cut brown coat was supplanted by a blue one of a fashionable make, and what no one ever saw on his limbs before, he wore trowsers. A month had not passed over the marriage, when Mr. Hardman was observed to have twice driven out his wife in a gig, and three times to have absented himself from the infallible meeting at the George. And now he began to speak of the charms of domestic life, and the civilities that spring from a loving heart,

compared with those purchased at an inn-parlour—nay, he actually passed a lightish joke on one of his old bachelor friends present, respecting a certain blooming damsel that formed part of his establishment—a thing never heard from the decent lips of the churchwarden in all his former days. A few weeks afterwards, it was remarked, that Mrs. Hardman accompanied her husband to church on the Sunday morning; and a friend, from a distance, who accidentally called on him, was heard to remark that the remains of Saturday's joint had been served up for Sunday's dinner. Then the venerable dinginess of the old house, in the High Street, was beautified by all that could be accomplished with stucco and paint; and the same beautifying process was, at the same time, performed on Mrs. H., with all that could be done with lace and satin. The climax soon came. Mr. Hardman was smoking his pipe one evening in his old chair at the George, and when some very curious specimens of wit had been launched at him on account of his absence on the preceding evening, he took his pipe from his mouth and said:

"I'll tell you what it is, Gentlemen, I have seen a good deal through life; and I have come

to the conclusion, that too much of a good thing isn't good for nothing. I defy any man, that is a man, to say I don't like my pipe and glass as well as any man; but what's one's meat 's another's poison. It is all very well for single men, and such to go to public-houses of evenings, and smoke, and all that; but when a man is married, and got a wife, he ought to look at home. And it is my opinion, therefore, that the less a married man goes to public-houses the better."

Never was a body of radical patriots more astonished at the first speech of their favourite member, after taking office, than were the gentlemen present at this public avowal of desertion from a twenty years' custom. But Mr. Hardman acted up to the opinion he had thus openly expressed, and was seldom seen afterwards in the old chair at the George.

The change that thus passed over the spirit of the churchwarden may seem not to have much connexion with, or to be of much importance to our history; but it did in reality indirectly lead to some important events in Chrystom's life. Mrs. Hardman, like most people in her circumstances, was not fond of seeing about her persons who had been intimate with

the former Kitty, and as she had a nephew, or cousin, who was about the age to be apprenticed, she managed to procure him admittance behind Mr. Hardman's counter, and sentence of dismissal was passed on Chrysostomos Holton.

BOOK FOURTH.

The Lawyer.

It is the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case
You see it with a double face,
For scepticism's your profession
You hold there's doubt in all expression.

GAY'S FABLES. BOOK 2, 1.

CHAPTER I.

> Some desperate deed he'd undertook—
> To take a wife or write a book.
>
> ANON.

THE man would be said to have a great genius for trifles who should discover an analogy between making a book and making love; but if these two dissimilar operations were narrowly examined, they would be found to contain many more points of resemblance than a casual observer would suppose. In the first place, there is a fatality about them both from which the unfortunate individual cannot escape; for by his own confession a man becomes an author or a lover for no other reason than because he cannot help it. It might be supposed too that the maker of a book should possess intellectual ability, and the maker of

love, merit in person or manners; yet the silliest person writes a book, and the most uncouth and disagreeable makes love. There is also the same curious modesty about the person that requires the public to be his reader, and the person that asks a woman to be his wife; for hint to a man your suspicions that he is making a book or love, and you will see with what blushing and acknowledging eagerness he will deny the soft impeachment,—but this modesty is not long troublesome: for let a man only have had the fortune to publish or marry two or three times, and you will see him in future rush to the press or altar with the courageous indifference of the most positive hardihood. So when a man offers his book to the world, it is with an overwhelming sense of his own inability to deserve the plaudits of his enlightened readers, and when a man offers his heart to a woman, he does it with the most intense profession of its unworthiness of the honour of her acceptance. But when the book is gone forth, or the wife is obtained, this convenient modesty vanishes—the author becomes a great man for ever—in his own opinion; and the husband—but I leave any wife to say how long the husband's sense of unworthiness con-

tinues to be expressed. Besides, the ties of authorship between a man and the public, and of marriage between a man and a woman are alike indissoluble and eternal-authorship and husbandhood becoming as essentially part of the nature of the man, as chattering is part of the monkey, or spitefulness of the cat. The only chances are that the marriage or authorship may be very happy or very miserable. When the first very rare case happens, of course every thing is well, but in the other, the only hope is that death may take away the wife, or that the book may be utterly damned into oblivion, for in marriage and authorship there can be no mediocrity—a book or a wife that is moderately good, must be moderately bad; and very generally, a thing that is moderately good, is infinitely more disgusting than a thing entirely divested of good.

Now, as I do not see much cause for shame in either making books or love, if I were to offer my heart to a lady, I believe I should state my true reasons to her; and now, when I am only writing a book, I see no reason why I should make an hundred excuses, as though I were charged with obtaining money on false pretences. I assure the reader, therefore, that

I do not engage in this book as a mere employment for odd idle hours, as a relaxation from intense daily labour, or to pass away the tedious hours of lingering sickness. I will not appeal to my reader's forbearance by a description of the rawness of my youth, or to his manly feelings on the ground of my extreme age; I do not claim my reader's indulgence by telling him that I have composed three volumes in less time than the most active copying clerk could transcribe them in, or attain his respect by saying they are the odds and ends of a long life's lucubrations; for all these reasons go to prove rather that the work ought not to have been written, than that it ought not to be criticised. I will say nothing about this being a first attempt, and that nothing but the urgent entreaties of particular friends would have induced me to undertake it; but if I must give a reason for writing, I confess that I write because I like it, that I will write as well as I can, and that I hope my readers will like my book.

CHAPTER II.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullin mind;
His griesly lockes, long growen and unbound
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His rawbone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

SPENSER. FAIRY QUEENE, 1, 9, 35.

ALTHOUGH there is no person living who has not direct or indirect cause for lamenting the existence of lawyers, yet as some persons may not have come in direct contact with them, I shall jot down a few observations for their information.

A lawyer, then, is a member of the oldest profession extant; for as he lives upon the rottenness of human nature, the first human crime made room for a lawyer. He was one of the

most universal miseries created by the fall. He would have been employed by Adam and Eve to draw up a deed of separation, if a third person had existed on the earth.

As laws are made necessary by human vices, and bad laws are convenient to the powerful, the lawyer is loved by the powerful wicked; for he is the instrument necessary to enable them to carry safely into operation the tyranny of bad laws. The lawyer is, therefore, like a watch—every man thinks his own the only one that goes well; and this not from any benefit received from him, but because a man's own vices are dearer to him than those of other people, and consequently the instrument by which he gratifies them is dearer.

The lawyer is a mere instrument, and therefore pretends to no principles political, moral, literary or domestic. He is a follower of Malthus as to preventing the lower orders from marrying: because they require no settlements. He takes no pleasure in births, but rejoices at deaths, especially of persons intestate. He is not pleased when his most intimate acquaintance unexpectedly receives a large fortune, unless it be in farms badly tenanted, or what is better, mortgaged; but his bankruptcy under any cir-

cumstances delights him, because his effects must be administered. He knows no friend, and his nearest approach to the idea of one is, a hired person to speak to character; but he is impartial; for he is willing to be employed for or against any man or thing in the world, saying that his talents are public property, by which he means that they are for public sale. And all this prospers with him; for he is always well to do in the world, though his principal property is down in his books. Indeed, as he never allows a person to become indebted to him without giving security, he is not anxious to have his debts paid. If, however, the money be offered with a witness, he takes it, because it is a legal tender; but when he crosses off the debt in his book, he does it with a sigh, for he reflects that he has put a certain termination to a possible law-suit.

The lawyer despises Homer and the poets; for he says, they are full of assertions without a particle of evidence. All works of imagination are to him so much waste paper; for they contain nothing but exparte statements. An anonymous work he considers the most monstrous folly ever perpetrated by man; for he asks, what is the use of an opinion, if the

authority be not attached to it. He considers the "Statutes at large" to be the finest human composition; and he has very great genius in writing and comprehending a kind of shorthand which consists in concealing a very minute quantity of sense in a gigantic parchment full of sesquipedalian verbiage unintelligible to all the world besides lawyers. He has great respect for the laws, because he gets his living by them; but he studies them only to find a flaw in them, or to discover a safe method of evading them. He considers that an undoubted murderer, who escapes punishment on a point of law, is a man of unquestionable purity; and he holds that magna charta ought to be considered utterly void, having been signed by King John in bodily fear.

The lawyer has no very distinct idea of justice. He has hunted the word out in several dictionaries; and believes it to be nothing but a mischievous invention to rob lawyers of their bread. The only idea he has of mercy, is that of "giving time," which he is always ready to do for a proper consideration. His liberality, like his conscience, is part of his stock in trade, and consequently is at the service of every one that will buy it. He speaks morally against

lying and drunkenness, but he rejoices at perjury and seduction, because the latter may be prosecuted at law.

A lawyer thinks very meanly of Moses as a law-giver, because in his court, a man pleads his own cause, and how should any man out of the profession be able to confuse witnesses, purchase safe evidence, and draw up a brief. He thinks Coke's institutes superior to St. Paul's, the latter being no authority in any of the courts. He does not agree with the general opinion of Pontius Pilate, for he says we do not know all the facts of the case: but he must allow that Pilate was wrong in deciding without citing the "statute in that case made and provided;" and wonders why the prisoner's attorney did not move for an habeas corpus to avoid the popular prejudice. He disbelieves in the scheme of christian redemption on professional grounds, for he says that to allow that there is a good case against a man, and yet that he is to be acquitted without offering a single personal plea, is contrary to the practice of every court. He does not think much of the day of judgment; for he says, that from the very nature of the jurisdiction, it must be a criminal court, and not a

court of equity, and, therefore, every man ought to be tried by a jury; and I question whether he would not object, as a lawyer, to go to heaven, because there was no precedent applicable to the case.

Such is a correct representation of the eidolon, the abstract idea, or the intellectual personification of a lawyer; but no man is so merely a lawyer and nothing else, as to be fully and perfectly described by it. Various passions, in different quantities, unite with the grand characteristics to form and distinguish the individual. Thus was it with Mr. H. H. Prior, of Holton. He was all that is above described; but he was more. He was considered to be miserly; but that is generally said of careful people. He was called shabby; but that term is always applied to people that will not be cheated. Nobody spoke well of him, but nobody related anything notoriously bad about him. Nobody spoke of him with enthusiasm, but every body spoke with caution, for he was rich. He was never known to quarrel or to threaten, he was so gentle and meek; and yet it was noticed that his punishments were as certain as death, and the ruin he inflicted, inevitable, total and eternal.

He was, besides, member of a dissenting body, and apparently one of the most sincere and fanatical; but his piety did not command universal respect. It will be evident, from this description, that Mr. Prior had no prominent virtues or vices. He was one of those persons who live within the decencies of conventional morality: and if we would fully understand his character, and lay it bare before the world, we must go deeper than the surface, we must follow him into his own family, and into that deeper solitude where he gives freedom to, and communes with his own thoughts.

The person of the individual may be described in a few words, which will undoubtedly assist the imagination in seizing those points of his character which I am about to lay before the reader. He was a middle aged man, short, and of a spare habit of body, which was slightly bent, and he was generally dressed in a suit of rusty black. He seldom allowed you to look in his face, but sought opportunities to dart his small piercing eyes through the countenance into the very soul of the man with whom he was transacting business. But when you did see his face, you would say "that man

has no heart," and undoubtedly that was true in a moral sense; for he was free from all those weaknesses and tendernesses which prove the possession of a heart. But in a physical sense it might be said, with great probability, that he had no heart; for, considering the heart to be the fountain of the human blood, it seemed absurd to suppose that any blood could be flowing under the cadaverous and unwholesome looking skin, which was as yellow and old-looking as the most ancient parchment in the recesses of his iron chest.

CHAPTER III.

To God and you I recommend my children deare this daye,
But little while be sure we have within this world to staye;
You must be father and mother both, and uncle all in one,
God knows what will become of them when we are dead and gone.

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

At the time when Chrysostomos Holton left Mr. Hardman, Mr. Prior's family consisted of himself, a young man and girl who called him uncle, and a girl that did the dirtier and more laborious work of the kitchen; his niece performing the office of upper servant, and his nephew that of clerk. Mr. Prior's father had had two sons, the elder of whom entered young a merchant's counting-house, and by dint of honesty, industry and intelligence, in the course of years, gained so

firm a hold of his employer's confidence, as to induce him to secure his services by giving him a certain share in the concern, with an opening for increase if affairs should prosper. The young Prior had, in early youth, formed an attachment to a young lady, somewhat his superior in life, and, although convinced of the perfect willingness with which, at any time, she would share his lot, he abstained from enjoying that most delicious pleasure that fortune could give him, until he had accomplished another object, which an almost excessive sense of filial and paternal duty made him consider imperative. He laboured hard, and by denying himself every thing but the commonest necessaries, succeeded in making his father independent, and in giving his younger brother a profession, and then he married.

The marriage in itself was a happy one; but when Mr. Prior became the father of a beautiful and affectionate daughter, it seemed that the greatest blessing fortune could give him, would be to leave him to the quietude of enjoyment, so impossible was it that any fresh gift could add to his pleasures. If, however, there were any objects to which

he might be forgiven for looking forward, they were the perfection of his daughter's accomplishments, of which her docility and talents gave ample promise, and the securing to her such a fortune as would place her beyond the possibility of pecuniary anxiety. But whether, as sometimes happens, a long course of continual prosperity blinded him to the necessity of perpetual caution, or whether even the practised and cautious man sometimes meets with circumstances that bring inevitable ruin, it happened that when his daughter was in her twelfth year, her mother died, and shortly after, a sudden accumulation of misadventures fell upon him, causing great embarrassment in his affairs, and much mental anxiety, under which he sank, leaving his daughter to the care of her uncle, whom he appointed executor of his entangled affairs.

It may seem strange, considering the affection I have described as shewn by the elder Prior to his brother, that after the marriage, the brothers never met. But such things happen every day. Two dear friends, both prosperous, both engaged in sedentary professions, both forming fresh associates, both hearing from each other frequently, may look forward year

after year to a meeting, as something very sweet to be enjoyed at some delightful time of ease, and let the better part of a life slip away without the accomplishment of the enduring hope, still preserving in the heart all the charms of the youthful affection, which a meeting would have inevitably and instantly dispelled for ever. It is not to be wondered at then, that, remembering his brother as the junior and helpless boy whom he had loved and put in the way of fortune, and judging him by himself, he gave up his daughter to his trust, without an instant's speculation as to whether his child would be received with joy and watched over with tenderness. Feeling his own unbounded love for his child, he made the mistake so common to parents, of imputing his love to her own inestimable charms and excellencies, rather than to the natural relationship between them. It, therefore, followed as a matter of course, that every one who saw enough of her to be able to judge her fairly, must love her as fondly as he himself did. This was a mistake; and it was a pity that it was so, for it was a disgrace to universal humanity, that one individual of the mass could be insensible to such moral and physical

qualities as she possessed, the admiration of which is one of the most essential attributes that separate the man from the brute.

She was twelve years of age when her father died—the saddest of all ages to become an orphan; for the thoughtlessness of childhood is past, and the self-dependence of maturity not yet come; the heart is sufficiently ripe to ascertain the magnitude of its loss, and the habits are too unformed to be a shield against such a crushing calamity. And she—what was she?—the gentlest, the most obedient, the kindest-hearted creature, in which was ever enshrined the spirit of an angel. Ripe too, for her age, was she in all feminine accomplishments, but bashful, and to be drawn forward, not brilliant, and struggling for preeminence. No happy retort from her lips had ever set her father's table in a roar, but no self-will had ever given her mother's heart a pang. She was not one of those dazzling and precocious intelligences, over whose cradled sleep an anxious and far-seeing mother, in her dying hour, would bend with a fearful heart, and sigh.

"No middle path will be thine, my child, thou wilt carve out thy path through the world,

and very dark or very light it must be;—would that I could stay with thee!" But how often did her dying mother kneel beside her cradle, with a heart beating more with love than fear, and exclaim, "How very happy thou mayest be my child! thou never wilt be long miserable, for the first unkindness from one thou lovest will break thy heart—would I could take thee with me."

Her person was not an unsuitable casket for the intellectual jewel—I have seen very beautiful children—children of great intellectual readiness and activity, with features as finished, and an expression as decided as those of a full-grown woman; and however charming may have been the light carelessness and innocence of childhood playing over the finely-marked and intelligent features, yet they always gave me the idea of woman in miniature, of children with faces of unbecoming precocity; and I question whether a child whose features are as fully elaborated as those of a mature woman, will not, when a woman, be of too masculine or imperious a visage—I doubt whether her riper years will be adorned by those soft and winning graces which are the very essence of female beauty. Womanhood

that beautifies the frame, will not leave the face untouched: and if that be already formed, the alteration will not be a beauty. Clara Prior was tall for her years, and slender; but she gave promise of a woman intensely to be admired and dearly to be loved. Her eyes were bright as the sun, but her cheeks were somewhat pale, and her nose and chin wanted somcthing of prominence which made her appear a child. She was looked at with pleasure, with tenderness, with love, but with hope; for the simple and infantine expression of her countenance made you think of the time when her face and form would be, as the heart was now, all that love could desire—all that love could worship.

Mr. Prior's clerk, Henry Courtenay, was the son of a half sister, who in early life had married an officer in the East India company's service on leave of absence: and when he returned to India, had accompanied him thither, where Henry and several brothers and sisters had been born:—he, however, alone survived to anything like mature age, and this might be partly imputed to his having been sent while young to the parent country to be educated. Captain Courtenay had applied to Mr. Prior

to watch over the youth, and as plenty of money was sent to make the labour pleasant, he had undertaken the superintendance of him. But about two years before the present date, information was brought to England, that the Captain and his lady had suddenly fallen victims to one of the pestilential fevers of the country, and Mr. Prior immediately took his nephew from school, and placed him at a desk in his office. Here he executed all the laborious drudgery of a clerk, and, at the same time, not only saved his uncle the misery of paying a salary, but put him in the way of acquiring the convenient reputation of a man of charitable feelings.

CHAPTER IV.

Non copre abito vil la nobil luce
E quanto è in lei d'altero e di gentile :
E fuor la maestà regia traluce
Per gli atti ancor dell' esercizio umile.

TASSO. GER. LIB. 7. 18.

HENRY was a handsome open-hearted youth of fourteen when he was taken from school, and accustomed as he had been to look up to his uncle as a protector, it was not with any very great pain that he left school to live with him. There were many things, however, in his new mode of life particularly annoying to him; but he was of a cheerful disposition, and annoyances pass so very lightly over the mind of a boy, that he had diligently performed his appointed labours rather more than a year, when his cousin was brought to form part of the household.

Up to this time the cousins had scarcely even heard of each other, and had never met, so little intercourse had been maintained among the individuals of the family. Henry was now at the age when the passions begin to teach us the beauty of the divine arrangement of the human race into sexes. He was sufficiently a man to feel the power of Clara's beauty, and he had sufficient discernment to be aware what claims such a feminine character as hers had on every one who called himself man. With such a companion—a child so pretty and so affectionate, his uncle's house and employment, as far as himself was concerned, were all that he could wish. Little as he had been used for years to be addressed in tones of personal kindness and words of relationship, there was a charm in every word and action of his cousin, that made all the lighter troubles of his life appear utterly unworthy of a moment's consideration. It is not, however, to be supposed that there existed between them anything like love, as that passion is known among persons of mature age. Theirs was merely the affectionate attachment which must necessarily spring up between a youth of fifteen and a girl of twelve, of amiable dispositions and persons,

thrown together as they were, and attracted by a kind of relationship, but more closely united by common misfortune.

It has been said, that Clara's presence made his employment and everything about his home delightful to Henry, but that lasted not long. He was acquiring the feelings of manhood, and learning the nature of his own taste, and his uncle's habits and commands; and the result was not at all pleasing. If he could have put his own wishes in operation, Clara should have been the pet of the family—her employment nothing more laborious than music, drawing and dancing—her dresses the most beautiful that the loom could supply or wealth command—her food the most delicate dainties that the culinary art could invent—nothing less seemed worthy the etherial beauty of that beloved creature. But he was compelled to observe that her personal appearance was altering for the worse—that she was gradually accustoming herself to clothes entirely different from those she formerly wore—clothes inferior altogether in make and material; and on inquiring, he found that her uncle had disposed of her wardrobe, and insisted on her wearing such clothes as he should provide for her—clothes, as he said, such as a hum-

ble christian ought to wear, and more suitable to her present circumstances and his own poverty. Before Henry had reconciled himself to this conduct of his uncle, he had assisted his cousin in several little employments which he thought little less than profanation for her to be engaged in—he had surprised her in the midst of occupations, which nothing but the most vulgar taste would choose, and he felt somewhat displeased with her. But on his remonstrating with her, she told him with evident shame, though without a single expression that could reflect on her uncle, that he had taken away her piano and sold it, saying that such an employment was too trifling for a serious christian; that he had taken away her books, on the plea that they served merely as snares for the evil one; and had ordered her to do what Henry had seen her doing.

Henry had never yet been thrown upon his own resources; he had always had some one to fly to, but now, he knew not what to do. He had not a friend in the whole world to assist him, and had no money. He was afraid to injure Clara by expressing his opinion to his uncle: but all cordiality between them was gone for ever, and every soothing word he whispered

into her ears, was accompanied by a thought of vengeance on her persecutor. But any expression of this kind, Clara forbade in the most urgent manner; and yet if she had had as fair an opportunity of judging Henry's situation, she would have been ready to join in his feelings of abhorrence; for his uncle kept him at his desk and supplied him with work to a degree much greater than any hired clerk in the kingdom would have borne. Labour, however, Henry cared not for, for he felt that he was not laying himself under any obligation—that in fact he was more than repaying the cost of his living. It was only on Clara's account that he had begun to dislike his uncle; and this dislike was heightened to the utmost intensity of hatred by observing on her account what he had not observed on his own; that the food provided for the family was of the coarsest kind—that the quantity even of that was not sufficient for them; that, in short, no individual of the family was at liberty to eat freely. Clara like the rest as limited, not that she wanted more of the kind of food, but the filthiness of the idea of limiting her! she was limited to a certain quantity!

CHAPTER V.

— Eripe turpi
Colla jugo, liber sum, dic age.
HOR. 2, SAT. 7, 92.

THE debts belonging to the estate of a certain bankrupt had been placed in Mr. Prior's hands to be collected, and on looking over the list, he found the name of a small tradesman, who was a zealous member of a dissenting body, different from that to which he himself belonged, and who happened never to have availed himself of Mr. Prior's professional services. This man's character was decidedly good, his honesty was unimpeached, and his eventual capability to pay all he owed was undoubted; but a long illness, and other domestic troubles, had caused a slight temporary embarrassment. To this man Mr. Prior instructed Henry to write, signifying that the debt must

be paid by eight next morning (which was the time for the delivery of the London Post), or a writ would be issued against him, Mr. Prior having himself sent to London the previous evening for the writ, which was his common method of doing business. In the evening, he gave instructions to Henry to take some documents early the next morning to a gentleman in the town, for the purpose of being read over and signed. Accordingly, between seven and eight in the morning Henry departed, and Mr. Prior locked the office-door, went to the Post-office, received the writ, and returned to his house just as the unfortunate tradesman was leaving it. He went into the parlour, and to his great surprise, met Henry there. He rang the bell, and on Clara appearing, told her to send for Hoppy, the bailiff, immediately, then laid the writ before Henry, ordering him to copy it immediately. Henry glanced over the writ, and starting in great excitement, exclaimed—

"A writ! a writ for Wilkins! why the money is paid."

"Paid! what money," shrieked Mr. Prior.

"Hopkins's debt which I wrote for."

"Paid! paid! oh dear! oh dear! when was it paid?"

"This morning."

"Oh dear! I'm cheated, I'm robbed; I shall die in the workhouse."

"Cheated! Sir, he sold off part of his stock yesterday at a great loss, and paid the debt and letter before eight."

"How dare you be at home when I sent you out?"

"Mr. Wilson was in London."

"Oh dear! ruined in every way—every thing is against me; did Wilkins bring a witness?"

"What need of it? I took the money and gave him a receipt."

"Never do it again, Henry—never, never, if you would not see me dying in a workhouse—two guineas lost!—oh dear! what shall I do! every body robs me! Why Wilkins could not prove that he had offered the money—he had no witness; why, why did you take it!—such a nice case—oh! you will never learn the practice of the law—two guineas lost!—two guineas lost!"

"Am I to understand," said Henry, hurrying across the room close to his uncle, and looking him fiercely in the face; "am I to understand that you wished me to keep out of the way, or find some means of preventing this poor man

from paying at the time you fixed, that you might have the writ served on him by Hoppy?"

"To be sure, to be sure, that was the very thing. So well as you understand it, why did you not do as I wished!"

"Yes!" furiously exclaimed Henry, "I do understand it—I see the whole scheme—the whole plan of the robbery. And how did you dare contemplate making me a partner in such villany?"

"Young man," meekly remonstrated Mr. Prior, "use not evil language, consider what an injury you have done me—two guineas lost! —use not evil language—remember, we are accountable creatures, and violent passions are sinful."

"Infamous hypocrite, I ask you how you dared to think I would be an instrument of your villany?"

"Nephew ——"

"Call me no longer a relation of yours, if you value your wretched life."

"Well, Henry, my dear Henry, I don't know why you should be thus angry. I have done nothing without observing the strictest forms of law."

"Yes, you cowardly robber, the forms of

law, indeed—you send me out of the way to prevent your own conditions from being complied with, and contemplate robbery at the moment you make me offer the conditions; and I ask you again, what you see in me to make you believe I could be so infamous as to join you in it. There is no man on earth should stand upright before me, one moment after such a thought; and your niece alone protects you from my indignation."

"Ah! well, well, if you will not learn the profession, if you are wiser than I am, there is no help for it—I am too poor to keep you in idleness."

"Wretch! do you dare to insinuate that I am under an obligation to you?—have I not, for the last two years, worked sixteen hours a day for you without a single idle minute—and for what?—for a morsel of food that a beggar would scarcely touch?—keep me!"

"Yes, you have been very industrious. I don't deny it; but you have lost me more this morning than you would earn me in half a day. Two guineas!—Two guineas lost! I shall die in the workhouse."

"You shall never lose or gain a farthing by me any more."

"No, no, as I said before, if you will not do my work, I cannot afford to keep you."

"Keep me, devil, do you think I would live on you—or put in my lips a morsel procured by such execrable means!"

"Oh, come in, Hoppy, glad you are come," cried Mr. Prior in evident delight, as the individual who bore that name entered the room, and Henry quitted it.

This Hoppy was the man who served all Mr. Prior's law-processes, vulgarly called a bum-bailiff; and so notorious was he for the evident delight with which he undertook the most cruel offices, and the gross publicity and barbarity with which he carried them into execution, that every man, woman and child in the county hated him. His person did not disgrace his mind and calling: for if he had stood among a million of ruffians, a stranger would have pointed him out at once as the man formed by nature to do a violent and cruel deed with alacrity. He was nearly six feet in height, and about a yard across the shoulders: his limbs of enormous size, fitted ungracefully to his unwieldy trunk; and altogether he seemed the abortive attempt of an apprentice of nature to form a giant. His head was large, his hair

straight, his eyes small, sharp and wicked, his nose richly studded with those peculiar gems, termed grog-blossoms, his mouth large and savage, and his cheeks mottled with brown and blue; his whole countenance seeming chronically inflamed by liquor and bad weather.

The man's dress, on all days of the year, consisted of corduroy breeches generally untied at the knees, ribbed worsted stockings hanging loosely about his legs, and high-lows which had never been polished, save with oil; a waistcoat of thick woollen, striped, generally having the two middle buttons fastened; a coat of fustian, with huge metal buttons—the coat itself of an antique shape, resembling an ill-made modern great-coat, but too large for him or any man of woman born; a shirt without buttons, fastened on the breast with a pewter harp-brooch, surmounted by a coloured cotton handkerchief tied very loosely about his neck; and his hat, that finish to the appearance, that set-off to the man, was brown, and seemed as though it had been used for the last twenty years to be beaten down over his eyes every evening, so broken were its sides, and apparently so unable to support the crown.

Such was the man whom Mr. Prior expressed so much pleasure in seeing.

"Sad boy this, Hoppy; he will not do my business—he must go. He has robbed me of two guineas this morning, and you out of seven shillings. Look, here is Wilkins's writ, and this evil-minded young man has given a receipt for the money. He must go—in justice to myself he must go—my charity must no longer be imposed on—come with me, Hoppy."

They went into the kitchen where they found Henry with little Clara in his arms, and she with her arms around his neck, sobbing and beseeching him not to leave her. Henry was just whispering to her that he would go to London and make a fortune, and then come and take her away, when Hoppy cried out—

"Come on, young fellow; march out, and give us none of your snivelling nonsense here. Cut, cut my man, or I shall soon be about you."

Henry made no reply, but set the weeping Clara on the chair, and went towards the door of the staircase, when Mr. Prior immediately sprang before him, crying,—

"Come here, Hoppy, and guard the door; he must not go up stairs."

"Where then, Sir," asked Henry, "am I to receive my linen."

"Linen! oh dear! Henry! what extravagance," answered Mr. Prior, "I can't afford it—it cost me a great deal of money. Indeed I cannot afford to give it. I shall want it when I have another clerk."

"Now just mizzle, young gentleman, quickly, or I shall put you into a road you won't like to travel," cried Hoppy.

Henry kissed his cousin, cast a look of contempt on Hoppy and Mr. Prior, and left the house without even a change of clothes, his whole property consisting of ten shillings.

CHAPTER VI.

> Resolve me reason which of these is worse,
> Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
>
> POPE. EP. TO BATH, 318.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Prior really wished to part with Henry. He, perhaps, was not capable of feeling any affection for him; but Henry had been a laborious and patient servant, and Mr. Prior considered his services would be invaluable, if he could be brought to act as was necessary in that office; the relationship between them too would be a benefit, as it might be a source of mutual confidence, and tend to make Henry feel their interests to be common and indivisible. Mr. Prior had never before seen Henry in a violent passion, and he thought that when it was over he would return to his situation. But he was mistaken—Henry had been before engaged in the same kind of

transactions, but without suspicion, looking up to his uncle with confidence, as children do to their elder relations. But when the conviction of his uncle's dishonesty came palpably before him, and was openly acknowledged and justified—anger, the first emotion, was immediately succeeded by disgust and contempt, and a sense of personal injury that could never be eradicated. He left the town immediately, and Mr. Prior, on all occasions, spoke of him as one who had done him an irreparable injury, though his accusations were couched in the mildest tones and humblest terms that could suit the public character of so pious a man.

This separation took place when Chrysostom Holton was about sixteen years of age, and about a week after he left Mr. Hardman; and as Mr. Prior happened to know that he wrote a good hand, he offered him the vacant clerkship without making a single inquiry as to character: but that to be sure might be considered superfluous: for what could any man, whose testimony was worth having, say that would recommend a man to the good opinion of a lawyer!

The prospects held out by Mr. Prior were very fair, and such as greatly to delight Chrystom.

"I shall take you a month on trial," said he, "at the end of which time, if we approve of each other, I shall give you wages. The grand things will be for you to obey me strictly in everything, without making any remarks, and never to mention out of the office anything you have heard or seen in it. The hours for work will be from seven in the morning until nine at night, or thereabouts, unless when very busy—when, of course, we must be guided by circumstances. I shall give you higher wages than you ever received: five pounds a year—only think, it is nearly two shillings a week, and out of that sum you will only have to provide yourself with clothes and washing; for, of course, you will live with me. You will be very comfortable, I have no doubt—for I don't keep two tables—no, it does not become man to be proud. I consider my clerk as good as myself, and, therefore, we shall take our meals together. Yes, I like my clerk to live as well as myself."

Mr. Holton was at the office by seven the next morning to commence the duties of his new calling. He had just time enough to observe that the furniture of the office consisted of two desks and stools close under the dirty walls, some niches full of bundles of

papers tied with red tape, a couple of large tin boxes, inscribed respectively with the names Thomas Thickhed, Esquire, and John Hogson, Esquire, and a dozen or so of plethoric books, the backs of which were a mixture of brown and crimson, commonly called law-calf. His eyes had just taken in these particulars, which they did in twenty seconds, when Mr. Prior, who was already at his desk, handed him a huge mass of papers pinned together at the corner, and a skin of parchment, and told him to copy it as quickly as possible in a large legible hand. Mr. Holton worked away lustily until the clock pointed at nine, when Mr. Prior told him it was time to go to breakfast.

They went out together, Mr. Prior locking the door, and leading him into the kitchen, saying, "We breakfast and tea here this cold weather, you see; it is very cold in the parlour, without a fire."

So saying, he took a key from his pocket, and handed it to Clara, who unlocked a cupboard in the room, and took out bread and butter, tea and brown sugar. By her uncle's orders Clara made tea, but he stopped her at the third teaspoonful, and told her to put it back, for strong tea did not agree with him.

The small remnant of a very dry loaf was cut into slices, and as soon as Mr. Prior had said grace, they fell-to. Holton thought with regret of the golden times of Kitty's slices of bread and butter, and rich tea and coffee—for Mr. Hardman, if he himself loved good living, like tradesmen in general, he did not stint his servants.

Holton thought how easily he could have eaten all the bread and butter, if it had been better: and as for the tea, he doubted whether, if the whole strength of the monstrous potfull had been concentrated in one cup, it would have been likely to make any one nervous. But little time was left to eat, drink or think, for in about five minutes after they first sat down, Mr. Prior, having set aside the last two bits of bread and butter for the servant, and returned thanks, arose, and having seen everything but the teapot and cups and saucers put into the cupboard, he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and walked with Holton to the office. Here they again took their respective seats and wrote on in silence unbroken save by the rattling of parchment when a full skin was exchanged for an empty one, or the occasional dropping-in of a client for con-

sultation, which, of course, was not allowed to interrupt Holton.

Dreary and uninteresting was all this to him, and gladly would he have exchanged this dull copying of unintelligible jargon for the variety of Mr. Hardman's counter, Mr. Elphinstone's kitchen, or Mr. Pounder's surgery—nay, taking the medicine itself seemed not worse than this present employment—that monotonous, deadening activity of the fingers alone; and he rejoiced when dinner was announced.

Again was the office-door locked, and Mr. Prior and his clerk went away in company. But now they went into the parlour, where the whole dinner was set out, with the exception of the eatables. Mr. Prior again gave Clara a key, with which she unlocked a cupboard in the parlour, and took out some very dark-looking beef, and drew about a pint of thin-looking beer, which she set on the table, Mr. Prior watching all her movements. He then rang the bell, and the servant came in, bringing a saucepan full of potatoes in one hand, and the kitchen-fire in the other: for her master had had made a little moveable case to fit into the grate and hold the fire while cooking, which this was always taken into the parlour-grate when they were about to dine,

and of course carried back afterwards; for as one-half of the family lived in the office, and the other half in the kitchen, it would have been a sinful waste to have a fire in the parlour. Mr. Prior poured out about half a glass of the thin sour beer to Clara, Holton, and himself, helped each to a delicately-cut slice of the coarse-looking meat, together with two or three large potatoes, said grace, and ate what was before him. As soon as that was done, having cut another delicate slice, which he put on his own plate, with a couple of potatoes, he rang the bell for the servant, to whom he gave it. He then ordered her to put the rest of the provisions into the cupboard, which he afterwards locked, and securing the key in his pocket, again he took Holton with him to the office.

Here master and servant wrote till seven in the evening, when Mr. Prior took his new clerk into the house to tea, advising him, as they went, to drink plentifully of the tea, as they never took supper—he considering it an unwholesome meal. The tea was a verbatim copy of the breakfast; and, however, heartily Holton might have been vainly disposed to eat of the bread and butter, he could not feel quite so eager about the tea.

They went back to the office, Mr. Prior unlocked the door, and Holton walked in, but just as he was turning, he saw Clara coming towards her uncle, and overheard the following short conversation :—

"Uncle, I want the key of the linen chest, if you please."

"What do you want it for?"

"I want a pair of sheets for Mr. Holton's bed."

"Oh dear, dear me, let me see, Clara, do you want to ruin me!—'tis only a month since the sheets were put on the bed for that good-for-nothing young man, your cousin. I can't afford it—indeed, I can't—'tis a waste. Nothing wears linen so much as washing; and then the price of soap—no, no, I can't afford it."

He went into the office, and again he and his clerk seated themselves at their desks and wrote until between nine and ten, when he locked up the office, and telling Holton to follow him, went up into the garret, and opening a door, told Holton that was his bedroom, wished him a good night, and took the candle away with him, saying that he never allowed candles up-stairs, for fear of fire. Chrysostomos looked about the room, and by

the moonlight saw a bed and a chair, and shivered as he felt the north-wind cutting through the broken panes of the tremulous casement. He, however, had done a good day's work, and even that hard bed did not prevent his sleeping.

CHAPTER VII.

A frugal swain,
Whose only care was to increase his store.
HOME. DOUGLAS.

SUCH was the domestic economy of one day in Mr. Prior's house: and a description of one day is a description of all the days that Holton passed there, making due allowance for individual acts of economy on the part of Mr. Prior.

On the second day of Holton's engagement, he was at his desk in the office when Mr. Prior hearing a scratching noise near him, sprang up suddenly, and running to Holton's desk, exclaimed—

"Ah, I thought so, making your pens, cutting the quills to waste, I can't afford it—I can't indeed. I always mend the pens myself. Look here—here are an hundred made ready for

use, an hundred, mind. Now when you have done with a pen you must put it by in this drawer, and I will keep them mended. Be careful, be careful, I pray; it is a sin to be wasteful, and you ought to be as careful of your master's property as your own."

Holton received the pens, and began to apply them vigorously to the parchment, when his master again rushed forward, fell on his knees, and exclaimed:—

"I saw you, yes, I saw you; you must not, you must not; I shall be ruined."

He then bent his face close to the ground, and touched the floor in various places with his finger. At length he arose, and extending his finger, on which was a small black spot, he exclaimed:—

"Look here, look here, it is still wet; you cannot deny it; never let me find you do it again; never, never. What, shake the ink on the ground! Ink is dear, very dear. My nephew—the extravagant and disobedient young man—he would waste the ink on the ground; but don't you do it, I pray, if you would have me good to you. Always shake your pen into the inkstand, there's a good young man."

Thus Chrysostom, in this short time, had learned two lessods of professional economy, and very careful was he in future not to mend his pens or throw ink on the ground.

In the course of this day, however, he learned something more. A person, whom he had occasionally seen in the town, came into the office: it was a tradesman, and he might be known as one of the elect, by the peculiarly straight and shining hair which surmounted his very solemn face.

"How d'ye do, brother Prior?" said he, on entering.

"How d'ye do?" repeated Mr. Prior, in a tone which expressed *what d'ye want?*

"A very pleasant—that is, a very cold wet day, brother Prior."

"Very wet," said Mr. Prior, with the same look of inquiry.

"Ah! brother Dammer was very faithful on Sunday, wasn't he? how many there is in the world that might have found it a word in season!"

"Very," quoth Mr. Prior, inquiringly.

"Surely the riches of this world are vanities, as brother Dammer proved. The wilderness, brother Prior, has nothing but thorns."

"Nothing," said Mr. Prior.

"I've got a little bill which I want you to cash for me."

"Oh, brother Hawkins."

"It is for fifty pounds, and accepted by Mr. Johnson."

"Ah! I see, I see; but you know, brother Hawkins, money is very scarce. And Johnson, bless me, Johnson! you know what difficulties he is in; his acceptance is really not worth a farthing."

"Yes, I know that; but we of the brotherhood must assist one another; and I am sure I will do as much for you at any time you want it if I am able."

"Ah! brother Hawkins, that is true; and I really should be very happy—but money, money is scarce; and I—no, no, it is impossible."

"But, brother Prior, I thought you were engaged for Johnson, and held writings that would keep you harmless."

"Eh! eh! brother Hawkins; what do you say? To be sure I am engaged for Johnson, and, as you say, we should assist each other; but really, brother Hawkins, money is very scarce, and you know I am very poor."

"It would be a great convenience if you could do it."

"Have you been to the bank?"

"Yes."

"Is there nobody you know of besides me that you could ask to do it?"

"I am afraid not."

"Ah! you should not have taken a bill. Always make sure of the cash."

"I tried to get it, but there was no cash to be had."

"Ah! and is the money of much importance to you? Could you not wait?"

"No, no, Sir. In short I must have the money somehow."

"I am very sorry. I wish I had the money. Fifty pounds—'tis a great sum. I should like, however, to oblige you. Let me see: suppose I should be able to get the money for you from another person, what interest may I pay for it?"

"I want the money directly, and of course expect to pay the usual discount."

"Ah! brother Hawkins, such christian feelings are not to be met with. Five per cent! oh no, I am afraid you will find that people

would rather embark their capital in trade, or invest it in the funds, than lend it in christian charity on bad security at five per cent."

"Well, Mr. Prior, what do you think I ought to allow?"

"Why, I certainly will do the best I can for you, as though I were doing it for myself; but I fear, considering the risk, that not less than ten per cent will be required."

"Ten per cent for two months, brother Prior, seems rather high; but I want the money, and must give it."

"It is all the same to me, you know, only I should like to help you out of any embarrassment, and should be happy to do it with my own money, if I had it. But—but, well if you will call in this afternoon, I will let you know how I have succeeded."

Mr. Hawkins had no sooner departed, than Mr. Prior sent Holton to the bank, to procure cash for a check for forty-three pounds. In the afternoon Mr. Hawkins returned to the office, when Mr. Prior said, as he laid the gold on the table in the most conspicuous manner,

"Well, brother, I have managed to procure

the money; but really it is a very hard thing now to get hold of it."

"I am obliged to you," said Mr. Hawkins, eagerly, as he stretched out his hand to take the money.

"Stop, stop a minute—don't be in a hurry," replied Mr. Prior, getting between him and the money. "As I told you, money is very scarce, and I could not procure it under ten per cent. As we are brothers of one community, I shall not charge you anything for my time and trouble; my expenses alone I shall receive from such a friend as you—you are quite welcome to the rest."

"What expenses are those, Mr. Prior?"

"My expenses amount to two pounds odd, but say pounds. I don't care, of course, whether you take the money or not; but here is the forty-three pounds, if you like to give me the bill with your endorsement."

Mr. Hawkins did not quite relish the paying seven pounds for cashing a bill of two months for fifty pounds; but his wants were very pressing, and the gold looked tempting, and he endorsed the bill, and handed it over to Mr. Prior.

Chrystom Holton, as he filled his parchment, calculated that fourteen per cent for two months, was eighty four per cent. per annum; and he thought it was very strange that his master should be poor with such a delightful method of making money.

People who can understand how a man of Mr. Prior's piety could engage in such transactions as these, might doubt that a man of such care and caution would do it, as there was a certain usury-law under which he might have been severely punished. But it must be considered that Mr. Prior did not transact business in this way with the unconverted: and if one of the converted had turned restive, by hesitating to pay the money, or threatening to make any disclosures, Mr. Prior had only to apply to the parson, and the offender would have been expelled from the congregation, and his prospects in life utterly ruined, so far as they depended on that religious body.

CHAPTER VIII.

> Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
> Auri sacra fames ?
>
> VIRG. AN. 3—56.

CONSIDERING Mr. Prior's disposition, it will not be doubted that he bore as much animosity against poor Wilkins as it was possible for such a good man to feel. He had calculated on getting, at least, two guineas for the writ, and as he had been but very seldom deceived in his expectations in similar circumstances, he considered that Wilkins had defrauded him of his right; and accordingly he lay on the watch for an opportunity to force him to make restitution, or to punish him for his misconduct in paying his debt too soon. Now it happened that the house in which

Wilkins lived, belonged to a gentleman at a considerable distance, who, about this time, engaged as steward, a man with whom Mr. Prior had transacted several snug pieces of business; and soon after the appointment, this man procured Mr. Prior the agency for whatever property his master had in the town. Of course Mr. Prior had to receive the rents, and he was determined to pay off Wilkins his debt of revenge, if he could find him in arrear. But that was not the case, as Wilkins had never failed to pay his rent when he received the customary notice of the day when the agent would attend for payment. Mr Prior, however, gave him no notice, and the rent was, of course, not paid on the day when it became legally due, and consequently Wilkins was in his power.

On the day after the quarter day, Mr. Prior sent for his "fidus Achates," Hoppy, and when they and Mr. Holton were safely locked in the office, the following conversation passed between them:—

"Hoppy," said Mr. Prior, "you know Wilkins the grocer."

Hoppy laid his finger at full length by the side of his nose—a hieroglyphical figure which

signified assent to the question, and comprehension of the motive of the questioner.

"This Wilkins, you know," continued Mr. Prior, "robbed you of seven shillings a few days back."

"D——," ejaculated Hoppy.

"Hush, Hoppy, hush; do not swear, it is a sinful practice. This Wilkins robbed you of seven shillings; well, there is another case against him, Hoppy—rent."

"Execution—distress, by Heaven!"

"Hush, hush. He cheated me out of two guineas, and although we are commanded to return good for evil, I don't see that I am required to put myself again in his power."

"When shall I seize on the fellow?"

"To-day, Hoppy. It goes against my heart to do it, and he with so many depending on him; but the laws must be obeyed, and I am determined that he shall have the full benefit of the law."

"Ah, ah! I understand, I'm not to give notice."

"Oh, no, it is no part of proceedings; and mind that, Mr. Holton—notice of proceedings belongs not to law, but is a special favour on the part of the solicitor. And, Hoppy, if you

were to inform him of our intentions, he would find the money, and we should lose our expenses."

"He be hanged."

"Fie, fie, Hoppy, do not sin," interposed Mr. Prior.

"I had better go at once, I suppose, and take an inventory of the fellow's things?"

"No, no, Hoppy, don't be in a hurry; stop till the afternoon."

"But I'm to go, I suppose, when the sneaking vagabond is not at home?"

"No, no, Hoppy, he must be at home."

"I thought you said you didn't want the money paid."

"No, no, Hoppy, he will not pay, he cannot pay, unless you give him some hours' notice. Put in the distress, and bring me the inventory, and then I don't care how soon he pays."

"Well, I'm hanged if I understand this move; but I suppose I'd better go at once; and may I be hanged if I show any mercy, for he's never given me a job since he's been in the town."

"Nor me, Hoppy. But put off proceedings till the afternoon, when he will be sure to be

at home: for he has got a dinner-party, ha! ha! a very grand and pleasant dinner-party, no doubt. It is his wedding-day to-day, and as he has a few old acquaintances of his own and his children's to keep it up, I am sure, I hope he will enjoy it."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" chimed in Hoppy, with a grin of rapturous enjoyment.

"You must be sure," continued Mr. Prior, "to take the inventory of the dining-room first. I shall give Mr. Holton full instructions, and send him to you at the very moment you are to distrain, so be careful to keep at home."

Promising this, Hoppy went away.

At the proper time in the afternoon, Mr. Prior gave Holton the necessary papers, ordering him to proceed to Hoppy with the utmost speed, and make him distrain immediately, which he did. Hoppy and Holton went together to Mr. Wilkins's house, and on inquiring in the shop if he was at home, were informed by the boy in waiting, that he was at dinner, and the boy moved towards the parlour to call him. But Hoppy, winking at Holton, stepped quickly to the parlour-door, opened it, entered with Holton, and very coolly sat down and looked around him.

The dinner had evidently been just removed, and on the table were placed a large bowl of hazel nuts, a few apples, a foaming jug of not very dangerous-looking ale, and a decanter of wine, that very forcibly reminded one of the gooseberry season. The entertainment was not of a very luxurious or expensive kind, but those that were partaking of it were as humble as the provision; and the throng of happy faces in the room was enough to make a crust of bread and a drop of water inviting. On either side of the comfortable-looking fire-place, sat Mr. Wilkins's father and mother, an old couple in the last stage of decrepitude, but bearing in their faces, on this day, a dim and wandering expression of pleasure. Next to the old woman, sate Mrs. Wilkins, sick, but happy, and across their two laps lay the youngest child, laughing and playing with the grand-mother's apron-strings. Farther away from the fire, but forming a semi-circle in front of it, were several respectable small tradesmen and their wives, old acquaintances of Wilkins, and members of the same dissenting body; while the hollow between them and the fire, was filled up with their children on little stools of various shapes and sizes; the little crea-

tures, all red in the face from the fire, and looking happy, while the eldest of Wilkins's children was reading aloud a chapter in the bible. All this Hoppy took in, in an instant, and exclaimed,

"Dammy, Master Wilkins, I've got summut better for you to listen to than that. Mr. Wilkins, debtor to Sir John Hunter, Bart. one year's rent, forty pounds. And fork out, my man, in less than no time, or I shall go to work, by G—d," and he handed the bill to Mr. Wilkins.

The poor man looked at it in wonder, and said, mildly,

"My good man, there must be some mistake."

"Mistake be d—d," bellowed Hoppy, "Isn't your name Wilkins, isn't this house Sir John Hunter's, and don't you owe a year's rent? give us none of your d—d cant."

"It is not necessary to use this violent language," said Mr. Wilkins, "my wife you see is very ill, and violence of this kind will greatly agitate her. I don't deny that this demand is just; but I am an old tenant, and have always received notice of the time for paying my rent."

"Well, that's neither here nor there,—you acknowledge the debt, and you know that nobody is obliged to give notice; and the long and the short of it is this—will you pay the money?"

"I have not so much in the house—but I will engage to pay it to-morrow."

"That be d—d—too old bird to be caught with chaff. And so you would like to remove all your goods after sunset, eh?—No go, my boy."

"But, my good man, I have no intention to leave the house. I cannot leave it. Where should I go to?"

"Never mind, never mind. You canting hypocritical rascals have always got some trick or other to do a honest man out of his rights; but it won't do with me. Will you pay the money?"

"I tell you I cannot before the morning."

"Well then, I shall distrain. Here Mr. Holton: write down, one table, one bible, eight chairs, one cradle."

At this point Mrs. Wilkins fainted, and the children who had crouched fearfully together in a corner of the room ran out in a body for the maid; when the poor woman was carried up to bed.

The party, it may be supposed, was broken up by this untoward event. Mr. Wilkins's friends were glad to escape from the scene of domestic misery; and he remained almost broken-hearted, while Hoppy completed a list of all the goods in the house, which he took to Mr. Prior, leaving Holton in possession.

It may be remarked that the distress was paid off the same evening; but Mrs. Wilkins never recovered from the shock she received on this occasion: and her husband, as honest a man as ever lived, fancying now that every one was ready to pour on him the reproaches which he had endured from the bailiff, felt himself disgraced and suspected, and remained ever after a miserable and embarrassed man. So complete was the punishment inflicted by Mr. Prior on the persons he disliked.

CHAPTER IX.

Le jour même qu'il aura sacrifié aux dieux, au lieu de manger religieusement chez soi une partie des viandes consacrées, il les fait saler pour lui servir dans plusieurs repas et va souper chez l'un de ses amis.

THEOPHRASTE, 9.

As Mr. Prior was of such pious repute, kept such serious company, and made such holy professions, Mr. Holton during the labours of the first week, looked with the most earnest hope towards Sunday as a day of delightful ease and relaxation from his present unceasing and monotonous occupation. In the service of Mr. Hardman he had had Sunday pretty much to himself, and certainly had had nothing to do with the shop; for the churchwarden was very particular in keeping Sunday and Christmas-day. At Mr. Pounder's, to be sure, Mr. Holton had worked as hard on Sundays as other days of the week; but then

the doctors are the only persons, besides bishops and lords, who are privileged to break the Sabbath. But neither Mr. Pounder nor Mr. Hardman set himself up for a saint; and Holton hoped that the first saint he lived with would be a good christian, at least, as far as Sabbath was concerned.

So far as his own labour was concerned, however, he was deceived; for on the very first Sunday that arrived, Mr. Prior called Holton up pretty nearly as early as usual, and as soon as they had taken an early breakfast, and read a chapter, the pious solicitor said, "We are commanded, Mr. Holton, to keep holy the Sabbath-day, not only in our persons, but also in our servants; and from the very nature of the command as a means of obtaining rest which is absolutely necessary in all kinds of labour, to say nothing of the divine origin of the command, we are called on in the most authoritative manner to pay to it the strictest obedience. But while it is a sin to do any secular work on that day, there are works of piety and humanity—works even of human necessity which it would be sinful to abstain from. Now I should not dare to engage in any common occupation on this day, such as walking out

into villages or fields, or visiting any but religious friends; but works of necessity sometimes fall to my lot. For instance, all wills and papers respecting testamentary proceedings are works of necessity, and must be performed at any time. Now look here—this will must be fair-copied immediately, as it is quite doubtful when it will be required to be signed." So saying, he handed a bundle of sheets of foolscap to his clerk, who went into the office, and wrote throughout the greater part of the day.

This was a grievous disappointment to Mr. Holton, for he had made some very pleasant arrangements in his own mind for spending the day. Not the least disagreeable part of it was the wound his honour must receive in failing to fulfil an engagement with a certain blooming young lady of the town; for it must be related that in his public life, behind Mr. Hardman's counter, he had embraced the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of several damsels of the mature age of twelve or thirteen, who were almost as much in want of lovers as he himself was of a sweetheart. But there was no help for it, and he was obliged to swallow the mortification of having extra polished his shoes, extra brushed his hair, and pulled up

his particularly stiffened shirt collar to no purpose.

It might be supposed, however, that Mr. Prior's practice could not embrace so many persons who had anything worth the formality of leaving by will, as to keep his clerk constantly occupied on Sundays; but the clever solicitor had always some excellent reason for giving him a job. At one time he told Holton, that as copying wills on Sunday was sanctified by its necessity, so all documents and proceedings that related to wills were sanctified also; and if nothing of a testamentary nature was in the office, there was sure to be something which if its secular nature was undeniable, was yet rendered sacred by its being against some sinner, or in favour of some saint; and in short, Holton's employments on the Sabbath were so various, that he began to consider his master's rule that working on the Sabbath was sinful as extremely illogical and absurd, as the exceptions applied to an infinitely greater number of circumstances than the rule.

The only certain cessation from Sunday labour was in the evening, and the relaxation of that was rather doubtful, inasmuch as it involved the necessity of appearing in Mr.

Prior's pew at the meeting-house; for his master had conscientious objections against allowing young persons too much liberty on the Sabbath, knowing how apt they are to sin by playing at cricket and walking into the country. To meeting, therefore, Holton was compelled to go. Yet as Clara was in the same pew, I am ashamed to use the word *compelled;* for I think the drowsiest preacher that ever snorted forth universal perdition would not send me to sleep if I were shut up in a pew with such a girl as Clara Prior. The presence of this young lady was not without effect on Holton, for her beauty was of a kind to strike both the refined and the vulgar; but even her divine presence could not atone to him for the loss of certain enjoyments with which he fancied he could have filled up the time. It may be supposed that as soon as her cousin had left the town, Mr. Holton, being of about the same age, and filling the same situation, would gain the same place in her esteem; but it may be necessary to state that such was not the case. Clara was but human, and, perhaps, she would have felt a little prejudice against any person, however innocent, who had immediately succeeded her unfortunate and beloved cousin;

and besides, as she had taken her cousin as a model of all that was excellent and amiable, to esteem Mr. Holton, whose virtues were of a different cast, was impossible to her. It is to be remarked that Henry Courtenay's virtues were of a kind that strike the romantic, and those but little acquainted with the world; for he was open, straight-forward, generous, and careless of his own interest and advantage; and those diffusive virtues were diametrically opposite to the self-concentrated virtues so conspicuous in the character of Mr. Holton, and which would have made him the admiration of any one who knew the world. For the same person, then, to love Henry Courtenay and Chrysostomos Holton would have been an impossibility; and Clara, although she was polite and attentive to Holton, as a gentlewoman, never gave him the slightest chance of being to her what their situation, age, and appearance seemed to render almost inevitable.

After evening service, Mr. Prior generally entertained a few religious friends, to converse and spend an hour or two with him; and this entertainment he gave with the utmost cheerfulness, as it cost nothing; for, as he considered supper useless or injurious to himself, he was

too conscientious to offer it to others. The company generally consisted of three or four of the oldest and richest professors in the town, who were clients of Mr. Prior, and the preacher, who happened at this time to be a red-faced and red-haired man, who had been lately exalted from the profession of repairing the corporeal understanding, to that of amending the spiritual. In other words, the pastor had originally been a shoemaker, and in that capacity remarkable for his poverty and resignation, which latter virtue he carried so far as to dislike and utterly repudiate the industry which might have raised him above his poverty. With this very great talent for idleness, he possessed what metaphysicians in his case would have called an antagonist principle, namely, a love of drink—two very embarrassing principles to be possessed by a poor man. But it happened that the shoemaker became converted, and took upon himself the office of teacher, which was more adapted to his character, as he could gain more by Sunday's preaching than he could have done by six days' jobbing.

These persons, with Mr. Prior, Clara, and Holton, formed the Sunday evening party, the occupation of which consisted of that

branch of moral statistics, comprised in singling out all persons whose opinions differ from their own, suggesting evil motives for all they do, inventing evil actions for them when they know not what they do, and exalting themselves and followers into beings like unto the gods in incapability of doing wrong.

The Rev. Mr. Dammer was a very faithful preacher—he was one that indeed compelled men and women to come in; and never was there a Pope of Rome who launched more anathemas on individuals, delivered final judgments with more absolute authority, or claimed for himself, and himself alone, a more universal infallibility.

As one of his flock, he had often addressed Clara Prior; and as he had found her answers wanting in the conventional hebrewisms peculiar to the sect, he descended to more earnest objurgations, and more familiar and endearing entreaties, to draw her from her spiritual darkness.

Now, when Henry Courtenay was one of this company, as he was desired to be, and indeed wished to be when she was there, Mr. Dammer had left her pretty much to herself; for Henry

had interfered once or twice, and there was something in his countenance which the Rev. gentleman did not wish to provoke. But now he paid the utmost attention to the young lady —questioned her on her experience—asked her about the books she read—inquired as to her thoughts when she was by herself—suggested and described certain delightful temptations that young persons were peculiarly liable to, and suggested plans of spending her time, which would inevitably lead her to acceptance, kindly offering his personal attendance on her until she were in the right way. All this kindness, the young creature in the civilest manner declined, not from suspicion of the man's virtues, but from dislike of his person and manners; and it was an item in her secret account against Mr. Holton, that he did not protect her as her cousin had done from attentions so disagreeable to her.

Mr. Dammer, therefore, continued to bestow his unwelcome advice on Clara, unrestrained by any thing besides her evident dislike; and to that, and the remonstrances of so gentle a child as she was, he did not possess sufficient sensibility to pay much attention; but one evening, in the warmth of his exhortations,

he presumed to put his arm round her beautiful neck, when she burst from him, blushing and breathless; and hurrying to her uncle, demanded, in an accent of indignation very unusual to her, to be freed from the notice of Mr. Dammer, or to be immediately sent from the house.

It might be supposed that Mr. Prior would not pay much attention to a creature so utterly dependent on him; but, strange to say, Clara's request to be sent from the house evidently alarmed him; and he immediately made such arrangements with the preacher as to protect her from a repetition of his attentions, and to allow her to absent herself from those meetings; which conduct of Mr. Prior is not to be understood, without a more particular acquaintance with circumstances which this history will unfold.

Holton being now the only person in the assembly not decidedly pious, was honoured with the marked attention of the pastor, who having one evening asked Mr. Prior if the root of the matter was in the young man, and learned that this was doubtful, demanded of him whether he knew that he was a child of wrath. Now Mr. Holton did not exactly under-

stand the question; and on making that fact known to the Rev. gentleman, he exclaimed, "Oh, blindness! Egyptian blindness! not to know that you are going to the place of destruction! Are your eyes shut so as you can't see the impenetrable darkness that surrounds you? Are your ears stopped up against the weeping and wailing of the pit? And your nose stuffed up against the brimstone and fire? But I will break your stubborn heart in pieces, and make you whole."

"The young man has been thrown into perilous temptations," suggested an old professor; "he has been taught by one spiritually dead. He has had the bad example of Mr. Elphinstone before his eyes, and nothing but a miracle could have kept him from being corrupted."

"Elphinstone!" exclaimed the pastor, with disgust; "ah, the blind leading the blind—an unfaithful steward. What an account then will he give in! What will signify his alms-giving, his visiting the sick and poor, his sobriety, his morality? Morality! the accursed word that has taken more souls into hell than all the murders, and robberies, and debaucheries ever committed! Rather, ten thousand times, would

I see a man living in the open practice of every wickedness, than a moral man!—so difficult is it to make them see their own depravity. These are the filthy rags that hide and adorn their spiritual deformity; but their beauty shall be stripped away, and all these men shall go away into condemnation."

"Has the young man learned the mystery of faith," inquired a pious tailor.

"Young man," said Mr. Dammer, "few are the numbers of the elect—not one in a million can be saved; but those few are blessed on earth beyond all men, for unto them is given to see into the mysteries hidden from the rest of mankind. But woe unto them that shut their eyes against the truth. Good works! The very name is an abomination; for misled by them, men turn their hearts from the truth, and neglect the privileges, the inestimable privileges of faith."

"Holiness is the privilege of the elect," suggested a long, lean, cadaverous, skeleton-like professor of religion and leather-cutting, who was so saintly, that the very street in which he lived must be sanctified by the name of one of the modern saints.

"Yes," continued Mr. Dammer, "the wicked go to and fro in their sins; and every sin sinks them lower and lower into the bottomless pit; while the saint cannot sin, since what would be sin in the reprobate is merely exercise of his faith, and proof of his buffetings with Satan, &c."

Such was the theology Mr. Holton learned at Mr. Prior's; and no doubt it was a very convenient system, carried out as it was into practice by the gentleman that taught it. The natural deduction which Holton first drew from it was, that it was a sin for a thief to steal, but harmless for an honest man to do it; and he had, therefore, a very great inducement to be virtuous, as it would give him impunity in vice.

There was a novelty about the fact that could not fail to interest; and Holton imagined many circumstances in life in which this superiority of faith over works would be found useful: he listened with the most respectful attention, and thanked his advisers with such apparent sincerity, that he became a great favourite of the party, and the object of great hopes to Mr. Dammer. But such is the

inconsiderateness of human nature, that even this religious instruction could not prevent a conviction in his mind that he could have spent Sunday evening more pleasantly.

CHAPTER X.

Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

G. A. STEEVENS.

It may be thought that the class of persons above-mentioned would not be likely to make a lucrative practice for Mr. Prior, but it is to be considered that they belonged to a large congregation, embracing persons of all classes, and it will not appear wonderful to persons acquainted with such communities, and the despotic and inquisitorial power exerted by the richer over their poorer brethren, that Mr. Prior, standing well with the superiors in the congregation, secured to himself, for many years, the business of every individual in it, as well as perfect impunity in his method of doing

it. But his practice was by no means confined to that circle; he made, like the rest, large professions of religion, and as most people look no deeper than the surface of things, he was considered as trust-worthy and good man as any one may who makes large professions, and keeps out of the bar of a criminal court.

Now, although Mr. Prior, when he first began to save money, extended his practice widely beyond this connexion, as all lawyers can easily do, and could have safely given up the saints, yet the habits of the time, when religious phrases were necessary, still clung to him, and he was as pious as ever.

Allowing, therefore, that Mr. Prior made professions of piety, as a tradesman does of disinterestedness, or a coquette of modesty, for the advantages of business, it will not be supposed that he was very earnest in endeavouring to accomplish the conversion of his clerk; on the contrary, he discouraged Holton from employing his time on religious polemics, and took the most effectual method of preventing his transformation into a fanatic—namely, by giving him plenty of work to do.

Holton, therefore, made greater progress in law than in divinity, and indeed his legal pro-

gress was astonishing: for one would have thought he had studied law all his life, so wonderful was it to remark in the simplest letter he wrote, how many times he could introduce whereas, moreover, aforesaid, notwithstanding, hereinbefore described, and hereinafter mentioned.

Nor only in the technicalities of the profession did Holton make this rapid progress, for being of an inquiring disposition, and wishing to please his master, and to make himself of consequence to him, he carried his researches into the more profound branches of professional practice. For instance, if Sam agreed with Tom to sell him a pig-sty, for a few shillings, out of those simple facts Holton would fill an enormous skin of parchment, with particulars, provisoes and conditions, containing as many hard words and intertwisted sentences as though he was a first-rate conveyancer. He learned also to discriminate between classes of clients, so as to pitch with certainty on the one out of whom it would be safest to make most profit. In drawing up mortgage-deeds, especially if the parties were strangers, he saw the advantage of always making Mr. Prior a party, as it would amount to a certainty

that in any future proceedings on the mortgage Mr. Prior would have another job. Or, if the parties knew but little of law, he invariably drew up the mortgage without giving the mortgagee the power of sale: by which omission the man who lent the money could not, as he expected, get his interest without suing for it, nor his principal without undertaking the tedious and expensive process of an action of ejectment or foreclosure. He also acquired a knowledge of a pretty way of doing business, which had been long practised by Mr. Prior, and which was adapted to give him hints in the art of money-getting, likely to be serviceable to him through life. Mr. Prior had a great deal of money out on mortgages: but as he always said he was very poor, this money was understood to belong to his clients, although the mortgages were in his own name. Now, whenever he was rather slack in business, he would send notice to the mortgagees that the money was suddenly wanted, and must be paid, but if it would be any convenience, he could procure it from another quarter. In these mortgages, Mr. Prior, of course, had covenanted for the power of immediate sale and distress; and as the persons thought him a very honest man, they considered him a

very valuable friend for saving them from the annoyance of running about among their acquaintance to borrow the money, and thereby proclaiming their wants. Of course, a fresh conveyance was always required; and this was managed so cleverly, that in about every two years, Mr. Prior executed fresh conveyances for every person on whose property he had money.

But besides these clever contrivances for creating a fortune, Mr. Holton learned some valuable secrets in the practice of common law. He learned that it was a lawyer's duty to attack the rich for the poor, if the rich man had no immediate influence in the neighbourhood, and the poor man had a certainty of a verdict—because he was sure to obtain his costs. He learned also that it was his duty to attack the poor for the rich, whatever might be the nature of the case, for the same reason—that the costs would certainly be paid. He learned how to suggest actionable wrongs, and insinuate recoverable rights—he became an adept in unobservedly nourishing and cherishing an insignificant quarrel until it carried the parties into court; and he became thoroughly convinced that a man is sent into the world to look after nobody's interest but his own; and that, con-

sequently it is our bounden duty to turn our neighbour's indiscretions, thoughtlessness, misfortunes, or confidence, by every possible means, to our own benefit. He also acquired that ready wit, or self-collectedness, and absolute indifference to the whole human race besides himself, without which no lawyer can succeed in life, and with which he combats successfully against all untoward circumstances, arising from other people's roguery, or his own hurry, illegal practice, or speculation, to say nothing of the accidents that occasionally befall even the keenest and most cautious of practitioners.

As an instance of the practical operation of this quality, wherein Mr. Holton gained his master's applause and respect, the following case may be given, especially as it will serve as a specimen of Mr. Prior's practice, and an illustration of the sharp-sightedness necessary in the practice of the law. At a considerable distance from the town in which Mr. Prior resided, in fact so far off as not to possess any influence in the town, lived a Mr. Tom Howard, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. While very young, this Mr. Howard had been left heir to a respectable property, unincumbered, save by some not very considerable payments to his

mother and sisters. But as he had given early indications of a careless and extravagant, not to say dissipated disposition, the property had been tied up in trust until he should arrive at the age of twenty-five, at which time he might be supposed to have arrived at years of discretion. Now, during his minority, Mr. Howard had found Mr. Prior of the greatest use to him, as that gentleman, having made himself perfectly acquainted with the nature and amount of Mr. Howard's property, was always ready to advance money, to a certain amount—taking, of course, a considerable premium over the interest for the risk, and securing to himself the power of immediate payment when his client came into actual possession of his property. These large sums, with the enormous accumulations on them, were duly paid; but it may be supposed that the habits which required this money had not been eradicated by so easily obtaining the means of gratification;—on the contrary, it led the way to greater extravagance.

Accordingly, in a very few years after Mr. Howard entered into the possession of his estate, he became embarrassed in his affairs; and what with the expense of law processes and

money-raising, his estate slipped through his fingers, and he became a ruined man. But before any publie exposure of his inextricable involvement, it happened that Mr. Prior had been employed by several persons in the neighbourhood to recover debts from him, some of which creditors were persons from whom Mr. Prior was not certain of recovering costs of suit, if unsuccessful with the debtor; but whose causes he had undertaken on the old principle of getting costs out of one side or the other. But having ascertained, while these causes were going on, that Mr. Howard's affairs were in a worse state than he had previously supposed, and that although he might obtain judgment against him for his clients, it was possible that he might get nothing else, and as Mr. Prior, like all lawyers, considered his duty to his clients superior to every other duty besides that which he owed to himself, he devised a plan more beneficial to his clients and himself than all the justice in Westminster Hall, and all the law-learning of all the magistrates' courts in the kingdom.

This plan could not be laid before the reader in a clearer manner than by giving a description of certain adventures of Mr. Holton and Hoppy

in putting it in execution, in which it must be borne in mind, that they merely obeyed the directions previously laid down for them by Mr. Prior.

They started off one morning to the village in which Mrs. Howard and her daughters resided, and having inquired out their residence, Holton knocked at the door, while Hoppy stayed in front of the house, keeping his remarkable person visible from every window. It was a small and humble-looking cottage, but every thing about it was in such order, and the little ornaments in the garden and around the house, and the bunches of fresh flowers in little china vases in the windows, were all in such a simple and elegant taste, that any stranger would have judged instantly that a woman and a lady was the inhabitant. It was a hot day, and nestling as the cottage did in a bunch of thickly-foliaged trees, it seemed such a quiet, peaceful home, and made one reflect so tenderly on domestic ties, and fireside pleasures, that no one could have dared to intrude on it with hostile intent, save a sheriff's officer or a lawyer's clerk.

The door was opened, and when Holton asked if Mr. Howard was in the house, he was shown into a sitting-room, which, in its delicate ar-

rangements answered perfectly to the exterior. Every thing was exquisitely neat and choicely clean, and nothing seemingly out of place, save those elegant litters of knicknacks that make one speculate on the pretty fingers that have been employed in making them, the music-books which were yet open on their stands before harp and piano, and an unfinished drawing on the table—in short, every thing was calculated to make one feel that some of the angels of life were about one.

Holton had scarcely cast his eyes over the objects above mentioned, when Mrs. Howard, a lady-like woman, entered the room, and requested to be made acquainted with his business.

"I beg pardon," answered Mr. Holton, "I wished to see Mr. Howard."

"Mr. Howard does not live here," was the reply.

"Oh! no, Madam, I know that, but I have been to Howard Lodge and as Mr. Howard was not at home, I though he might be here."

"Is your business with him then of great importance, Sir?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, of very great importance."

"If I can be of any service to you in communicating with him, I shall be happy to do it."

"Oh no," said Holton with a knowing smile, "you cannot be of any good, unless you can tell me where he is, for I must see him—can't do anything by deputy."

Mrs. Howard here caught sight of Hoppy, who was parading before the window, and turning to Holton with some agitation asked: "Is that—that person a companion—a servant of yours?"

"Yes, yes, he came with me."

"Oh God, preserve me," she hurriedly exclaimed in the utmost alarm, "I see it all; surely, surely that man is a—"

"Sheriff's officer, Ma'am."

"A sheriff's officer for my son! what is the meaning of all this?"

"Oh nothing, Ma'am, nothing, it is a matter of no consequence. Mr. Prior, my master has five or six actions against him, and we are employed to arrest him—that's all."

"Arrest my son, Sir, surely his circumstances are not so desperate as that!"

"I don't know, Ma'am."

"But do you mean to say that you would take my son into custody—make him prisoner to the man yonder!"

"I must follow my master's instructions, Ma'am."

"Oh my God, how little did I look forward to this," exclaimed the mother, as she threw herself into a chair weeping, "Oh Tom, Tom, my dear boy, and you to be taken to a common prison! my poor thoughtless boy, what will become of you!"

"Well, Ma'am, I must wish you a good morning unless you could direct me to Mr. Howard."

"No, no, Sir, I do not know where my son is—this has taken me by surprise—I did not know that things had gone so far as this. Will you not ask your servant to walk in?"

"No, I thank you, Ma'am. We must be going about our business."

"Excuse me, for God's sake, excuse me, Sir. I am a mother, and this sudden trouble has made me beside myself—I pray you tell me whether there be any way to put off this shame and trouble. I am certain that with a little care

and management every person would be paid."

"Well, to be sure," Holton said hesitatingly, "Mr. Prior is very obliging, and if the money were sure, he might put off the arrest, and execution, and stay the actions, and—"

"Oh, Sir, what can be done?"

"Why, Ma'am, if he or you, or any responsible person were to sign a certain document in my pocket, we could wait."

"What document, Sir? let me see it."

"It is a warrant of attorney, Ma'am, perhaps you know the nature of it."

"Not at all, Sir."

"I will read it, Ma'am,"

And Holton did read it, in the manner that lawyers generally read such things in, so as to render it unintelligible to any one but a lawyer. When he had finished it, Mrs. Howard inquired the meaning of it, and he told her it was a mere formality of the law, the signature to which of a responsible person, would prevent the necessity of an arrest. Mrs. Howard knew nothing of the forms of law, and in the agitation consequent on this unexpected misfortune, having an assurance from Holton that Mr. Howard should not be arrested, she

signed the warant of attorney or judgment-bond, the consequence of which was, that in a few days Hoppy marched into the house, and seized its contents and all the property on the premises, and Mrs. Howard and her daughters were turned out to shift as they could.

CHAPTER XI.

Still, still I hear the voice within
The stirring voice that cries aspire.

ZARACH.

For this exploit so cleverly managed and so effectively completed, Mr. Holton received his master's warmest praises; but Clara's, which, perhaps, he would have more prized, he could not obtain. Mrs. Howard had in former times been slightly known to her, and that little knowledge was entirely in her favour; and this transaction with many others of a like kind, earned for Mr. Holton her unqualified dislike, as she had not been educated to admire sharp practice.

Holton had been taught to respect the opinion and give implicit obedience to the commands of his superiors, and particularly if

they happened to have authority over him; and for nearly a year he so willingly obeyed, and so cheerfully entered into the instructions of his master, that he bade fair to become almost as great an ornament to the law as Mr. Prior himself. His master's opinions of practice, and his wealth had convinced him of what is fully believed by every one who properly practices the law, that the best, if not the only standard of human morality, is to be found in the statutes at large; or what amounts to the same thing, that a man's own interest may be pursued to any extent for which the law offers no penalty: and consequently Holton had acquired the grand principle which is the surest secret of success in the practice of law.

But this success which nature and circumstances seemed to have rendered inevitable, was abruptly terminated in the following manner, just after he had completed his seventeenth year.

He was sent for one evening by Mr. Elphinstone, and having attended on the reverend gentleman, was as usual shewed into the study, where he partook of supper with his old benefactor, for it is to be understood that being now growing towards manhood, and assuming somewhat of the appearance of a gentleman, it

is not to be supposed that Holton any longer condescended to be familiar with the cook. After supper, Mr. Elphinstone opened the business which had caused the present meeting by asking him how he liked the profession of the law, to which he answered:

"I like it very well Sir, it is a good business to make money in."

"You like your situation then!"

"No, Sir, not particularly."

"Why, Chrysostomos?"

"It is the same thing over and over again, too much Sir; and Mr. Prior don't give us enough to eat and drink."

"I would not have you tell me anything reflecting on your master: but I wish you to say whether there is anything in your present situation that makes you desirous to leave it?"

"Nothing but writing so many hours the same kind of thing over and over again, and too little to eat and drink. I am always tired and hungry."

"Well, Mr. Prior is probably a little overcareful; and considering all things, perhaps a man is not very blameable for pushing that virtue rather too far. I have heard, and I dare say you have

also, many reports against Mr. Prior, which I have never believed; but I am still glad to have your authority for asserting that they are unfounded. I have heard that he is apt to push the law to its most cruel extremes; that he is ever ready to take advantage of ignorance and innocence, and is rejoiced to press lower the man whom providence has already smitten with affliction; and all this for the sordid purpose of increasing the wealth which even now is too vast to be applied to any useful purpose. I am glad that these things are not true, and that nothing of this kind makes you wish to leave him. Indeed, it is not strange that all persons connected with the law should be occasionally spoken against: for putting a law in force is inflicting a punishment; and whoever is concerned in that infliction (however just it may be) becomes an object of dislike to the guilty. Mr. Prior, in the course of his professional life, has, I have no doubt, had many disagreeable duties to perform, which have created prejudices against him; but I am glad to find from you that he has done nothing but what his profession rendered necessary. I do not agree with him in religious doctrines; but

so long as his opinions are conscientiously maintained, and his actions virtuous, I shall not think the worse of him for it. I, however, consider the salary he gives you is not sufficient for a youth of your age and abilities; and I have another situation for you in view when you have finished your year with Mr. Prior —that is, if you have no objection to leave him."

"Where is the situation, Sir?"

"In London."

"I should be very glad to leave Mr. Prior," said Holton, who, as he had never been in London, had formed some very brilliant ideas of its excellencies.

"Well, Chrysostomos," continued Mr. Elphinstone, "you must stay with Mr. Prior until your year is out, which will be next week, and then we will prepare for your journey to London. And I may as well inform you, that the situation which I have procured for you is one in which you may be considered on the high road to fortune. Not that this, for its own sake, would be an important thing to me, as I consider a competence as much as ought to gratify a proper ambition; and I mention the possibility of your rising eventually to

fortune as an incidental advantage not to be slighted, as the conduct necessary to acquire a fortune will be the same as that necessary to maintain and deserve a respectable character."

"Yes, Sir. Is it with a lawyer I am going to live, Sir?"

"No, Chrysostomos, I will tell you. It is with a company of very great merchants, of which a younger son of my brother is a member. We have never met since he was a little boy, for I have seldom been out of this town, and he has had no inducement of interest or old acquaintanceship to leave his home to visit me: so that really I know nothing of him, but that is he a member of the firm of Dudley, Elphinstone and Co. I, however, wrote to him a statement of your qualifications, and he immediately accepted my offer of your services with a very handsome salary, and a promise of advancement in every manner that your talent and interest might point out."

"How much did you say my salary was to be, Sir?" asked Mr. Holton.

"A hundred pounds the first year," answered Mr. Elphinstone, "with an annual increase, to depend on your own deserts; out of which you will have to board and clothe your-

self, which latter will be rather expensive in the situation which you will occupy."

Mr. Holton expressed his rapture at the idea of a hundred a year; and Mr. Elphinstone continued, "I have not thought it necessary to acquaint my nephew with the exact relationship you bear to me. The manner in which you were thrown on my care was your misfortune, and ought not to operate to your disadvantage, as though it were a crime. But there are people in the world who might, perhaps, look on you with less respect than you deserve, because you have been unfortunate. I, therefore, have said nothing about you, save as it regards your abilities; and as I am certain my nephew will never ask you any questions, the misfortunes of your infancy need not be injurious to you in your future career, and will not be so, unless through your own indiscretion. You are starting fair with the rest of the world; and the want of parents may not be an evil to you, and shall not be as far as regards protection and assistance while I live."

CHAPTER XII.

> How happy is the youth that hears
> Instruction's warning voice.
>
> LOGAN.

The reader of this history will have perceived that Mr. Prior did, as Mr. Elphinstone observed, push the virtue of carefulness to a rather great extent. But his carefulness or avarice was not of that great and enlightened character, which launches out into the ocean of adventure, and builds up a princely fortune by a mixture of profound caution with adventurous daring.

He trusted to the slower and surer means of gradual and continual accumulation; and although at times his disinclination to spend a shilling prevented the gain of a pound, yet as nothing was ever taken from the stock, continual additions and compound interest worked their own sweet way to fortune. Now such

being his principles, when Holton informed him of his intention to leave his service, Mr. Prior could not bring himself to offer him any very powerful inducement to stay, although fully sensible of the inestimable value which such a servant might be to him. He did, indeed, at first suggest that he would raise his salary from five pounds to six, and increase it in the same proportion every year while he stayed, but when Holton mentioned the one hundred a year, Mr. Prior was struck dumb, and resigned himself to the loss of his servant.

The last week of his servitude with Mr. Prior having passed away, Mr. Holton took up his residence at the Rectory for a few days, until the preparations for his journey were completed; and on the evening before he purposed to start for the great city, being seated with Mr. Elphinstone, the reverend gentleman gave him the following advice:—

"Chrysostomos, my good boy, as you are about to enter the busy scenes of the world, which abound with snares for the feet of the young and inexperienced, I think it necessary to guard your mind against them by a little practical advice; I do not mean advice drawn from my own experience of the practices of

large crowded cities, for providence has kindly laid my lot in scenes of peace and quietness—the advice I shall give you is taken from those best of monitors, the works of learned and pious men. As regards your duty to your master I have but little to say, as you have paid such strict attention to the precepts you learned in early youth. Your industry and attention have received the commendation of all your masters, and on the points of honesty and carefulness I have never heard any complaints. I am very much pleased with your carefulness, for I am informed that although you had but one shilling a week at Mr. Hardman's, you laid by upwards of ten pounds in two years. I don't know how you did it; but it does you great credit, and I must say I wish your example were more generally followed. I shall not now enlarge on those points, seeing that you have already so well regulated your practice by my precepts; but I shall explain to you and caution you respecting some other errors into which a young man is liable to fall from a want of knowledge of human nature, as it is to be found in the works of learned men. With regard to the temptations of London, I must first mention the women: and here I

must inform you, that you are now just of the age in which the society of women becomes peculiarly delightful and dangerous. In short, from all that I have read on the subject, I conclude that there is in women a charm particularly attractive to young men; and, therefore, I would earnestly recommend you to form no acquaintance with them, but confine your companions to the male sex. But you may be thrown into the society of young men who may tempt you to drink, and as I hear that the most delicious liquors are to be had in every street, at very low prices, I recommend you to drink nothing but water or other weak liquids. But if your master should occasionally ask you to dine with him, I think you might just take one glass of wine mixed with water, unless you would prefer a glass of weak ale instead. The theatres will also be a great temptation, set off as they are with the choicest paintings, the most brilliant lights, and filled with the gay and beautiful of both sexes, to say nothing of the exquisite music, and the histrionic representations which doubtless are very interesting, if I may judge by our performance of the Andria and Hercules at school. One danger of these places is that

they become too attractive. I advise you, therefore, not to enter them; but spend your evenings in the reading of useful books, unless you can conveniently attend the evening service of a church. On the sabbath, too, many young men after the week's confinement and labour are too apt to walk into the parks and gardens where the gay world assembles; and though I advocate a proper relaxation from business, yet as those places are not calculated to produce serious thought, I recommend you, instead of entering them to attend church three times, and fill up the rest of your time with the perusal of sacred literature, and any of my sermons you know you are at liberty to have for that purpose. If you observe this advice, I am sure that you will preserve your morals unharmed amid the temptations of the great Babylon. But there is another subject of less, though still of great importance, on which I must touch. You will enter much society in London, and some of a higher kind than any you have yet mixed in; and you might find many things, harmless in themselves, prejudicial to your interests, unless you are guarded against them by me. In the first place, the

error into which young men are peculiarly likely to fall, and which ought, therefore, to be carefully guarded against, is vanity, or the setting of too high a value on one's own person or actions. This error, if it do not lead to shame and misery, is calculated to make a person ridiculous, and is likely to mar his progress in life. I just hint at this now, but I have written largely on it in my work "on human errors," and will take care to send you a copy of the volumes from one of the earliest editions. Another error very disagreeable in society, is prejudice. Never allow your mind to be biassed by it, but endeavour to maintain the truth, especially religious truth; and be, therefore, determined to support those doctrines you have heard from me. And not only this, but a sacred regard to truth ought to lead you to contradict any assertion made against the truth at all times and in all places; for he who is silent when a false assertion is made, or an erroneous opinion broached, gives his sanction to the error. And as we are commanded not to hide our light under a bushel, we ought never to be backward in communicating to our fellow creatures the knowledge which providence has been pleased to impart to us."

Such was the advice Mr. Elphinstone gave to Mr. Holton; but it is doubtful whether the youth were not as fully aware of the ways of the world as the old man. The advice, however, was rendered very palatable by being accompanied by a ten pound note to pay the travelling expenses, &c.

Before the coach started the next morning, Chrysostomos went to say, "Farewell" to his old masters, in which interviews nothing very remarkable happened, save the general good-will they shewed to their old servant. Mr. Pounder wished him success, concluding with "Good b'ye, if at any time you should be sick, just send to me, and I'll attend you." Mr. Hardman, said, "Good b'ye, young man; apply to me if ever you are in want of good advice;" and Mr. Prior said, "Good bye," and offered Holton his hand—which, perhaps, was the only offer he took.

In the same evening he was in London.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO, 13, POLAND STREET.

ELPHINSTONE.

VOL. II.

7

ELPHINSTONE.

BY

ALFRED BUTLER, ESQ.

Quicquid agunt homines.....
..... nostri est farrago libelli.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1841.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO., 13, POLAND STREET.

BOOK FIFTH.

The Merchant.

I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year.

SHAKESPEARE. MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act 1.

ELPHINSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

O Rus! quando egote aspiciam.

HORACE.

O give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

CAPT. MORRIS.

O LONDON, thou filthy excrescence of inimitable monstrousness, what sacrifices of all that is pleasant must a man submit to who lives in thee! with no mountains but of brick, with no atmosphere but of gas, with no valleys but of mud, and with no prospect, save the tip of one's own nose; who would live in London! But how delightful is the country, whether in early morning, before the white smoke curls upwards from the earliest-awakened cottage, when every tree is vocal with the oldest and sweetest melodies of nature unbroken by a sound of mortal

invention, and the whole earth is clear and brilliant in the cold and piercing light of the rising sun;—whether in gorgeous day when every waving leaf glitters like a cluster of diamonds, and every field is busy with its troops of mowers or reapers, and the whole landscape is glowing with the ripening sun;—or in the evening when the old people sit at the cottage-doors talking over by-gone times, when the youthful wander away in pairs through the secret meadow or copse, when the laughter of children on the village-green rings down through the valley, and every pause is filled up with the kindling music of the nightingale, and the crimsoned west scatters its richness over the whole heavens, and tinges the earth with a dim and indistinct richness which awakens in the heart a sense of universal tenderness—exquisite and indescribable.

Whether the cottage in which you dwell be a modern and costly imitation of ancient poverty, a delicate model of a palace, or the most unsophisticated set of mud walls and thatched roof that ever let through the north wind on the shivering limbs of a human being—whether it be perched on the rocky summit of a mountain too high to be reached by the shadow of any thing on earth, down by a singing brook in the green depths of a flowery vale, or in the secret recesses

of a thick wood, whose mysteries are unpenetrated, save by the quiet dove, the timid hare, and yourself—still within a distance travelled in a few minutes by that most indefatigable home-keeper the snail, will you discover forms of beauty which can never cease to delight the healthy heart—either the rude magnificence of ranges of barren mountain-tops rearing themselves in their naked majesty against the sky—or shut up from the world by an amphitheatre of swelling highlands, the general beauty of intermingled meadows and woods with here and there a white cottage peeping out from the trees with its garden ground full of the most brilliant flowers, and its chimney sending out among the leaves a smoke white as snow, and clear as the lightest cloud through which every star is visible, while a shining river creeps through the valley bright as steel and graceful as the cottage-smoke reflected in its clear depths—or in the deepest and thickest recesses of the valley, the minute painting of the primrose that springs up before your feet, the gorgeous enamelling of the myriads of fish that glance to and fro in the stream on whose banks you are sitting, or the ragged picturesqueness of a cottage on which the sun never shone, hidden as it is by the boughs of old trees planted ages before that cottage was built, and to exist ages after it shall have been swept away.

Beautiful are the vales of Old England, so cool, so quiet, so green! and the little woods and copses of hazel where the only sound is that of a rabbit lifting his head from the grass to peep at you with his fearful and innocent eye, or the squirrel leaping merrily away from bough to bough, the most graceful of created beings. Ever and anon, as you saunter through the covert in which the very light is tinged with green, you stop to gather a violet, and recollect the forty centuries of poetry which have dedicated it to the most beloved and beautiful thing on earth—the modest blue eye of a virgin. Then you come to a bed of lilies, and stand awhile to observe the delicate beauty of their tremulous bells, as with every faintest breath of air they waft from their silvery censers perfume of inimitable sweetness that overflows the wood with its luxuriance. Spotted with tufts of primroses like stars, you come to a bed of blue bells colouring the recesses of the copse, so as to make you think on the now invisible sky where there is not a cloud to sully the purity of its cerulean depths. You gaze in rapt silence; but just as you breathe in the most fairy-like tones, "how beautiful!" you are startled by hearing just over head the very sound that it was such delight to mimic in your school-boy days, cukoo! cuckoo! That bodiless voice of the woods you believe is verily the self-same

sound which you heard so many years ago; you forget all that has passed since, all the troubles and pleasures, all the changes and chances, and feel yourself once more a school-boy.

But at the end of the narrow vista in which you are walking you see a stile, and a glimpse of bright sun-shine beyond it; and when you leave the copse, and once more stand face to face with the sun, even the brilliant world seems to have suddenly grown more brilliant than before. You look neither at violet, nor at daisy—neither at green meadow, nor at crystal river;—your eye takes in the vast assemblage of beauties lavishly scattered over heaven and earth, you feel that in the whole circuit of your vision there is not a proof of the ingenuity, the wickedness or the magnificence of man, but that every thing is fresh from the hand of Him that made man and all things, and you exclaim here as you do not exclaim in the haunts of men, "A good man can never be miserable here, for he is alone with God."

So sings the citizen whom an overnight corporation-dinner has given a fit of indigestion and sentiment. So sings the violently-contended courtier whom untoward circumstances have compulsorily rusticated. So sings the country curate of fifty pounds a-year as he takes possession of his London rectory of two thousand. So sings

the descriptive poet in the imaginative attic of his native Grub Street.

But London, thou queen of cities, shall the heel be raised against thee, and no one dare to speak a word in thy behalf! Our rural England is undoubtedly beautiful during the half-hour of sunshine which generally happens once a week; but what is it during the remainder of the seven days! Would any man in his senses walk to the woods and mountains in a brisk shower, or with a black cloud overhead! But even sunshine is deceitful; and when you have gained the glorious summit of a mountain, and gaze on the vast extent of rural life around you, a lively rain comes on without warning, and when you look about for a place of shelter, you see the nearest hedge is about a half a mile down, which by the time you could reach it would be, like yourself, perfectly wet through—the nearest cottage being about two miles off. Even if the day should miraculously continue without rain, the sun becomes insufferably hot just as you have reached the proposed terminus of your ramble, and you find yourself four miles from home, heartily tired, and growing every moment more intensely thirsty, while you know there is no inn within the whole circuit of your walk, and the nearest water you can discover is a beautiful river

sparkling in the sun about half a dozen miles off.

But in London distance is annihilated, and atmospheric change unobservable. The pedestrian, to be sure, beholds no trees, or sheep, or lindsey-woolsey dresses; but he gazes on temples and palaces, the sublimest creation of human genius; he beholds the choicest productions of all nations, and the most elegant of human forms adorned with whatever can embellish the external grace, and meets with minds accomplished with whatever can illustrate the intellectual beauty of humanity. And if the urban pedestrian, rendered unheedful of the lapse of time by the fullness of his gratification, awakens at length to the consciousness that he is fatigued and thirsty, he meets at every hand saloons as elegant and comfortable as his own dining-room, where he can refresh himself with fruit from every quarter of the globe, with the cold of last winter kept for his summer refreshment, with the solemn vintage of Portugal, and the lively juice of France. And who ever took an ice at Hog's Norton, or heard the fizz of champagne at Bumkinton!

If, however, as is not unusual, while the pedestrian is refreshing himself, the rain should descend in the fiercest torrents, he manifests no surprise or uneasiness, but steps from the room into a coach

which lands him within his own doors, every thread of his garment as dry as that of the pretty girl who, if he be a bachelor, opens the door to receive him. Even when winter comes and the river is ice, the wood leafless, the bird mute, and the face of nature covered with snow, or the brownness of desolation, London is still as gay as in the midst of summer. The richest fruit of all nations courts your acceptance; the vintage of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Tagus sparkle in your glass; the finest birds of the wood and the farm yard fly up to London to honour your table; and no obstructions prevent the assemblage of your friends. Merry with the intense enjoyment of the best of sublunary things, you sit not to be chilled by a wind beating from a wood close by against your shutter, or whistling through the keyhole, but if you feel inclined to leave your room which is hermetically sealed against all unwelcome air, you drive down to the Haymarket to behold the finest women and listen to the finest music in the world; and who, listening to the wonders of Mozart and Rossini, thinks with regret on strawberries and cream?—For when did Grisi enchant the ears of bumpkins at Baconham or Taglioni dance away the hearts of the clodhoppers at Stoke Pogeis?

Thus sings the citizen, when the first spoonful

of turtle comes warm and fragrant against his lips. Thus sings the courtier, when he creeps into the palace whence he has been kicked. Thus sings the rector, when he discovers what elements of human felicity are to be found in two thousand a-year. Thus sings the poet, when exalted from the barren domain of his attic to the productive place of clerk to a waggon office.

These two contradictory opinions may be best answered by a sentiment which our excellent friend Mr. Hardman once delivered at a vestry meeting:—

"I tell you what, Gentlemen, I have always found, when one man goes to a violent extreme on one side, and another to the same extreme on the other side, the truth lies somewhere between them."

The truth of this maxim is so undoubted, that there is scarcely a subject in the world which has not been treated on this principle within the last few years. Indeed, the universal method of writing a polemical work on any subject in modern times, is to state all that has been said both for and against it; assuring the reader that the author agrees with neither, but that a midway between the two is probably right. And an excellent plan this would be, if it were not so very difficult to decide as to what is midway between perfect

white and perfect black—between nothing and infinity.

London, to be sure, is not as my grandmother described it to me in my younger days, paved with gold; neither is it, as she said, a place in which every man and woman you meet is sure to waylay and murder you for the sake of plunder. London is not, as I once conceived, the place where my genius would be certain to make my fortune! but neither is it a place in which all a person's actions are seized and distorted by the whisper of envious detraction. London is the best place in the world to let a man alone, and say nothing about either his folly or wisdom.

In London, people do not endeavour to fathom the secrets of a man to defame him; neither do they hunt him out to madden him with good advice; for a man can always jump into a coach, to escape even the best-natured friend: but what can a man do when he is held by a button in the midst of a wood!

London, then, is the place for the man who depends on himself—who loves the good things of this life—who has a true sense of comfort, and can afford to pay for it; and surely no man who could please himself would give up all these, the most perfect pleasures of existence, to look on sheep, to walk in rain, and drink sour beer in a ragged village!

CHAPTER II.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

When the Hampshire coach, which conveyed Mr. Chrysostomos Holton to London, stopped at the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, a plain but elegant barouche drove up, from which a gentleman between thirty and forty years of age alighted, who, after perusing the countenances of all the passengers, accosted Mr. Holton thus :—

"I think, Sir, you must be Mr. Holton?"

"Yes, Sir."

"My name is Elphinstone. Porter, put Mr. Holton's luggage into this carriage. Is that all, Mr. Holton?"

Being informed that the luggage was "all right," Mr. Elphinstone requested Mr. Holton to get into the carriage, which he did.

Mr. Elphinstone followed; and as the carriage

was dashing away, said, "I hope, Sir, you left my uncle well?"

"Very well, Sir, thank you," was Mr. Holton's answer.

"I am glad to hear it. My worthy old uncle! Strange thing that I have not seen him for thirty years—not since I was quite a little boy; but I believe hardly any one of our family has. I have thought hundreds of times of going down to form an acquaintance with him; but there, I have always had a good deal to do, and put it off, so that it was never done; but we all respect him very highly, and should be happy if he gives us an opportunity to prove it. But you will excuse my meeting you at the coach, and running away with you in this manner; for I understood from my uncle that you were quite a stranger to London, and not a very great traveller besides, so I thought it as well to meet you, and invite you to spend the evening with us, to spare you the little annoyances that one sometimes meets with in strange places, and that I might, at the same time, have the pleasure of making my family acquainted with you. Excuse me, though, if I have been too hasty in engaging you this evening; for really I had forgotten that you might have formed other plans."

Holton, of course, assured Mr. Elphinstone of

his perfect satisfaction with the present arrangement; and Mr. Elphinstone said—

"I am glad of it; for, without any impeachment of their understanding, young people, when they first come to London, are very liable to be robbed or imposed upon, in ways that we old citizens are proof against. So you see I take you under my care at first; but no doubt you'll soon be as knowing as the best of us."

This was all said in such an unaffected and good-humoured manner, that Holton felt quite at ease with the great merchant, who, to judge from his manner, was not half so great a man as Mr. Hardman.

"I don't know, though," continued Mr. Elphinstone, "what we shall do to amuse you this evening; for we are generally very quiet people. Mrs. Elphinstone and I can amuse ourselves with the children, and spend an evening very pleasantly with them; but of course we do not expect other people to do so."

Mr. Holton expressed a vehement passion for infantine charms; to which Mr. Elphinstone replied—

"Ah! that is very good of you. You must be introduced to all the little ones, of course, as in future you are to be in a manner one of the family; and as such, you must run all risks of a

dull evening, as we don't mean to make a stranger of you. We have secured some tolerable rooms for you, which you can enter to-morrow; but to-night, of course, you will be so good as to accept a bed with us."

As he said this, the carriage stopped at a large, plain, but princely-looking mansion in Tavistock Square; the coachman jumped down and rang, when a full-dressed footman came to the door; and Mr. Elphinstone putting his arm within Holton's walked with him up to the drawing-room.

With a delicate feeling for a young rustic, who probably was a stranger to society, Mrs. Elphinstone immediately walked in alone, while Holton was conversing with her husband, was introduced, and fell easily into the conversation; so that Holton was perfectly at ease and comfortable, and looked around the splendid room as calmly as though he had been used to it all his life.

It is to be observed that Mr. Elphinstone had not entered into a mercantile life with the full approbation of his father, who would rather have seen him a poor member of an aristocratic profession than a rich member of a plebeian one. But the young man had too much good sense not to perceive the substantial benefit of pecuniary independence, and finally wrung from his father his

consent. Yet his early life had left one impression on his mind too forcibly stamped to be easily erased, and this impression had been made by the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring baronet of a family as old and poor as Job. As soon, therefore, as the young merchant had obtained such a footing in the bank of England as he thought warranted the step, he translated Caroline Montford from the ancient, aristocratic, and starving mansion of the Montfords, to the newer and more comfortable habitation in Tavistock Square.

Very different were the characters of husband and wife; but well were they matched to adorn the station which they had to fill. They were both liberal, both sincere, both open. But in Mr. Elphinstone there was a little of the bustle of hospitality, a rather too evident desire and effort to be hospitable and to make one comfortable; and if he had not been a man of the most apparent sincerity and honesty, perhaps his very anxiety to create comfort would have had the opposite effect. But you could not help seeing that in him there was no attempt at display, no wish to exhibit himself, and the stranger in a few minutes felt like a friend. Mrs. Elphinstone, on the contrary, had been trained in a more artificial politeness; but her politeness was of that excellent kind which becomes but an embellishment of the

best natural manners. She never seemed to put herself out of the way for any one, or altered any of her own ways and customs to suit other people; yet by an observant eye, and a silent celerity of action, everybody found, just at the proper time, the very thing that suited him, without thinking of the means by which it had been effected. So that when you left the company of this pair you felt that Mr. Elphinstone was a very excellent kind-hearted man: but if you thought of Mrs. Elphinstone, you had the recollection of a handsome woman, and felt that you had spent a very pleasant evening. When it is said that they were a fine-looking couple, and very much attached to each other, nothing remains to be said of their character, which the reader might not as well imagine.

Mr. Holton, on this day sat down to a dinner so profuse and elegant in the destructibles, and so superb in the implements, as to excel not only all that he had ever witnessed, but all that he had ever imagined. One half at least of the articles on the table he had never seen before, and of course knew not the use of; but he was a young man not easily put out of his way, and as he did not venture to touch any strange article until he had seen it used by the gentleman or lady, he got through dinner with considerable safety.

As the last round of good things was in course of removal, Mrs. Elphinstone kept back one dish of Lilliputian tarts, at the same time saying something in a low tone to the servant, and within a few seconds the door opened, and in walked an innumerable troop of Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone's in miniatures of all sizes, from the matronly lady of the ripe age of twelve, who walked upright at the head of the procession, down through a staircase-looking line of light-haired beauties, small by degrees and beautifully less, until it dwindled away to a little rogue that had much ado to preserve his perpendicularity, to say nothing of the pouting rogue fast asleep in the nurse-maid's arms. To all these individually was Holton introduced, but without any bother or showing off; for as soon as each child had shaken hands with him, as commanded by the mother, the little one seated itself at table, on a chair marked out, when the whole tribe found plenty of amusement in oranges, apples, and tarts, without pulling the hair of the guests, smacking his face, or greasing his clothes. The children were indeed very orderly, and kept their proper places as children always do when the parents keep theirs, so that Holton was not annoyed by being compelled to shew the impossibility of remembering the names of such a host, or of distinguishing males from females. Yet the little creatures were not so ill-trained as

to leave the guest entirely unnoticed: for occasionally a set of the smallest fingers imaginable presented him with a nut or a glass of wine, and the matronly young lady of twelve, who sat in a very boarding-school-elegant position on the extreme edge of the chair, said in a very elaborate manner,

"I hope, Sir, you left my grand uncle in the enjoyment of health."

Holton, on this occasion, did not follow the advice of the Rev. Mr. Elphinstone, to ask for weak beer in preference to wine, neither did he dilute the pure juice of the grape. He took four or five glasses of prime claret, becoming at every fresh sip more intensely disgusted with the remembrance of the fare at Mr. Prior's, and more content with himself and Mr. Elphinstone; yet the impression made on him by the churchwarden's dignified manner did not fade before this good opinion of himself; for Mr. Hardman's frown would have been still terrible to him, and he felt more at ease and was more familiar with the owner of the vast riches he saw thrown about lavishly and carelessly around him than he ever had been or ever could be with the dignitary that filled the arm-chair in the little back parlour, and sat on the highest stool in the little counting-house at Holton.

"When they had sat a moderate time over their "wine and walnuts," Mrs. Elphinstone and her little ones marched away in a body, and shortly after the two gentlemen, arm in arm, adjourned to the drawing-room, where Mr. Holton was introduced by Mrs. Elphinstone to two or three young ladies and as many young gentlemen, together with a middle-aged man, whom Mr. Elphinstone particularly recommended to his notice.

"Truman," said he, when he and Holton were sitting together in a recess at the end of the room, "Isaac Truman is our principal clerk and man of business; he has been in the house nearly forty years, and of course is a highly trust-worthy fellow. It is a strange thing, though, he has got some odd notions about religion, and believes in Johanna Southcote or Swedenborg, or some nonsense of that kind. I go to church myself, and hope I always shall go, but I don't want to make him do the same. He is a capital servant, and don't bring his religion into the office, so that I no more interfere with his opinions at home than I should with his dress if he chose to wear a red coat there—so long as he wears black at the office."

A profusion of nice things was put on the table; the ladies took their seats at the harp and

piano, Mr. Elphinstone played the violoncello, one gentleman played the violin, and another the flute, and altogether this was by far the most delightful evening that Holton had ever spent.

CHAPTER III.

If knaves were fully awake to their own interest they would become honest through roguery.

FRANKLIN.

After breakfast the next morning, Mr. Elphinstone drove Holton into the city; but before they reached the office in Thames Street, he stopped in one of those quiet narrow streets leading from the neighbourhood of St. Paul's down to Thames Street, and desiring Holton to follow him, went up a short and narrow passage which opened into a little square with a morsel of flower-bed in the centre, the whole as still as the dullest nook of the most stationary country town in England. Mr. Elphinstone knocked at one of the doors in the little square, and when it was opened by a tidy-looking girl, went up stairs with Holton, where they entered a very neat sitting-room on the first floor, and Mr. Elphinstone said,

"These are your apartments, Mr. Holton."

He looked round the room with delight. The easy-looking chairs and sofa, the soft feeling carpet, and merry-looking fire were so many promises of future enjoyment; every thing seemed so nice, that the thought "These are my own," suggested very elaborate and very sincere expressions of satisfaction.

They went to the office, where Mr. Holton was duly introduced to the other partners of the firm, shook hands with Truman, and exchanged glances with a junior clerk, that seemed all the time particularly engaged in writing, and sat down at a desk on which lay a huge ledger and other account-books, and which he was informed was his own especial desk.

The premises were not very extensive, nor was there much bustle in the office and its dependencies, for the hours of labour were few, and those not over-occupied. But if the office itself seemed a place of quietness, a cursory glance over the work done there assured you that it found labour for thousands and thousands of hands in all parts of the globe. In Mr. Hardman's business, full of life as it was, with a connexion that extended into all the neighbouring villages, Holton, in running over the hundreds in his books had formed a very high opinion of mercantile wealth and importance. But now, when he glanced through the

ledger, instead of hundreds of pounds he beheld thousands, and instead of the corals, wedding-rings and coffin-plates, and the intermediate necessary implements of life against the names of the Misters, Squires and Sirs of half a dozen villages, he beheld packets of enormous value and of almost infinite variety, on one page against the name of some great Don of South America—on the next of some Dom of Cuba, some Khan in Persia, some Herr in China, some Monsieur in the Carribean Sea, or some Nabob or Prince on the Equator, or at the North or South Pole. Thus it was throughout the book; and it need not be said that Holton's ideas of mercantile transactions became suddenly extended.

It was about eleven when Holton commenced writing. His work was very straightforward, consisting merely of writing invoices, and copying them in the ledger. At one, a foaming pot of porter, and some biscuits, were brought into the office, of which the masters and clerks made a luncheon, and the writing went on again until about four in the afternoon, when signs of departure became visible. Holton, like the rest, was locking up his desk, when Truman came across to him, and asked if he thought he could find his way home; and when Holton expressed some

doubts of his ability to do so, offered to accompany him.

Mr. Isaac Truman, however, did not leave Holton at the door of his lodgings, but without any invitation, walked up stairs with him, where they found the table already arranged for dinner, and every thing appearing very comfortable.

"Well," said Truman, with an expression of countenance that might have accompanied a very humourous saying; "Well, I declare, Mrs. Brown has put two plates and chairs. So you have company to-day, eh! Well, I am sure you do begin early."

Holton assured him very gravely that he not only had not expected company, but was not aware that he had himself any dinner to eat. The words, however, had hardly passed his lips when Mrs. Brown and her maid contradicted the latter part of his reply, by making their appearance, supporting the burden of a smoking joint and its usual accompaniments, of which they eased themselves by laying them on the table.

"Too bad of you, really, a good deal too bad of you, is this, Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Truman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "a dangerous person you are to have the care of young men. Why here's Mr. Holton has only come to your

house to-day, and I declare if you have not put down two plates, as if you'd a mind to teach him that he must be so extravagant as to keep company."

The servant girl looked with some astonishment at Mr. Truman when he began to speak, but as he went on, her features relaxed into a smile, and as he concluded she went into an open laugh, as though she had never heard any thing so funny before. Mrs. Brown only said, "Law! Mr. Truman, you're such a man!" but there was a look in Truman's face as she uttered the words that spoke of years of familiar acquaintanceship and esteem, and in the manner of both appeared such simplicity and heartiness, that you would immediately set them down as a couple of very honest persons.

"Well really," said Mr. Truman, as soon as Mrs. Brown had left the room, "your beef looks very tempting, and as nobody else seems coming to fill the other place, I think I shall take a morsel of dinner with you, if you have no objection."

And they paid the highest compliment that can be paid to a cook—namely, they eat the greater part of every thing that was set before them.

"Well, now, I call these very nice rooms," said Mr. Truman when the dinner-service was re-

moved, "very comfortable indeed: and so quiet when you want to study. You'll have a good deal to do in that way, I suppose: but I have some very useful and excellent works which will materially assist you. You are a young hand at accounts, I suppose?"

"Not very," replied Holton, "I have been used to a counting-house two years."

"Indeed! so much the better, I was not aware of that. Two years! you're just the young man for our office. You know the whole process and rates of foreign and British exchanges, then?"

Holton confessed that he knew not even the meaning of the words.

"Aware of the course of foreign markets for the last few months?"

Holton shook his head.

"Acquainted with the prices current of the English markets?"

Holton was constrained to confess that his business-information was limited to simple arithmetic and double-entry.

"Book-keeping! oh yes, all that is a very good beginning," said Mr. Truman, "nothing could be done without it, and many firms require nothing more; but book-keeping, double-entry, and all that, won't do for our office. Why, Mr. Holton, we trade with every nation on the globe—we buy,

sell, and exchange every thing—yes, every thing, and how could we do it with advantage unless we knew the prices, and were acquainted with the changes in all markets! Besides, we pay to and receive from every nation in the world their own coin, or what amounts to the same thing, according to their own reckoning; and to do this we must know what goods and what money are worth all over the world. But, as I said before, I have got some very excellent books which you shall read—and, between you and me, they are about the best books ever published, besides the Bible and the Saints—I mean, besides the Bible. One of them is a beautiful work on arithmetic, another on the produce of the various countries of the globe, and a very interesting one on the laws of buying and selling, with accounts of the markets of all nations. Capital reading—very useful, indeed."

Other particulars of the kind of business in which he was to be engaged were related by Mr. Truman to Mr. Holton, and the subject was beginning to suffer from exhaustion, when Holton suggested that he thought Mr. Elphinstone a very nice man, which set Truman's eloquence in a fresh and fertile direction.

"Mr. Elphinstone is a very nice man," said Truman, "a very nice man, indeed—he is not, to

be sure, like our late partner, who was in the office an hour longer than Mr. Elphinstone every day of his life; but then, there are very few like him. Mr. Elphinstone is a good sort of man, a charitable man, and a good master. He is too good a master, in fact, and so are all the firm: the salaries are very handsome, and the duties light, and you would think we should get that done well, but such is not the case: we have too much time on our hands, and it makes us careless and lazy."

"Mr. Elphinstone told me that you were very industrious," said Mr. Holton.

"Oh, me, yes; I didn't mean me. I endeavour to see the business done properly. I meant the young lads of clerks we have had within the last thirty years. Not one has become an old servant; something or other has always led them away."

"I hope I shall be an exception," said Holton.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Holton; it's a good sentiment. I have been in this office about forty years, and never had a holiday in all that time, and I don't think anybody has spent the time more pleasantly than I have done. But talking of Mr. Elphinstone, he desired me to pay you the first quarter's salary in advance, as it might be a convenience to you; so please to

give me a receipt for the amount, and here it is. He engaged these lodgings himself for you; for he has a great respect for his uncle, who I have heard is one of the most learned men in the world. You may trust Mrs. Brown with anything; for she is an old servant from Elphinstone Manor; and indeed Mr. Elphinstone recommends you to let her buy everything you want here just at first, for he thinks you are not yet prepared to encounter London roguery; but, for my own part, I consider the country as bad as the town. I went myself to Greenwich fair forty three years ago, and I have been to Brentford twice, and all I can say is, I had my pocket picked at Greenwich, and was charged two shillings for an ordinary at Brentford, so I think I have reason to consider the country no better than town."

Conversation of this improving nature occupied them during the remainder of the dinner hour, after which they returned to the office, and wrote until seven, at which hour they closed for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

> Sure we're such friends
> So much one man, that our affections too
> Must be united, and the same as we are.
>
> OTWAY.—THE ORPHAN, Act I.

THE next day Mr. Holton dined and spent the evening with Truman, who made the time useful by instructing him in the details of the business. Holton, as may be supposed, with such prospects before him, endeavoured very earnestly to acquire all the knowledge that could be useful in exalting him in his present station, and as the reader must have seen that he was very capable of receiving instruction, he will, no doubt, find that the young clerk soon became very useful to his employers. In fact, the whole of his time unemployed in the office was devoted to the study of business under the superintendance of Mr. Truman, who was so pleased by the sedulous attention of his

pupil to his instructions, and perhaps somewhat flattered by the respect shewed to him personally, that he was never tired of seeing Holton at his rooms. In spite then of the difference of age, and the peculiar religious prejudices of Mr. Truman, he became so attached to Holton, that they dined together several days in the week, at Holton's room on one day, and at Truman's on the next, and even a Sunday or two they spent together, Holton attending at Truman's chapel, but without, as may be supposed, becoming a sincere convert.

Some two or three months passed in this manner, Mr. Holton finding his time so much occupied, as to prevent any dullness or want of amusement. He, in fact, continued pretty nearly as ignorant of London as when he first entered it, since the only journeys he had undertaken, had been with Mr. Truman to his chapel, and to Mr. Elphinstone's house; for it is to be observed, that Mr. Elphinstone still frequently invited him to dine in Tavistock Square, which invitation he accepted once or twice, when he could prevail on Mr. Truman to accompany him. This constant occupation of his time, prevented what otherwise would have been inevitable, a more intimate acquaintance with the junior clerk, Mr. Thomas Parkinson, who was a youth not much older than

himself, and of a smart cockneyish appearance, more likely to attract a country youth than the plain grave Mr. Truman. Mr. Parkinson was always very polite to Holton when business brought them in contact in the office, which, of course, was often, and Mr. Truman was very polite to Parkinson; but it was politeness which wanted the cordiality of his manner to Holton: and the cause of this difference was, that Parkinson was a Londoner, brought up from childhood to office-work, and though he, of course, had good testimonials before he could get into that office, they were not of such an unexceptionable kind as Holton's. Parkinson was treated, therefore, more like a servant than Holton was, and it seemed that only a long trial could induce the firm to treat him or any one as they treated Holton.

Parkinson and Holton, however, finally became acquainted with each other in the following manner, after many times secretly and vainly wishing to bring it about. Holton had some writing to do one evening after office-hours, for which purpose a certain paper was wanted, which Mr. Parkinson had taken to his room, and Holton offered to walk with him and receive it. When the office-hours were over, Holton and Parkinson, for the first time, left Thames Street together,

and when they had arrived at Mr. Parkinson's house, which was somewhere in the borough, of course Mr. Holton was requested to walk in.

There was as great a difference between the persons as between the characters of Mr. Truman and Mr. Parkinson. They were both cocknies to the back-bone; they had never been in their whole lives beyond the range of the golden summit of St. Paul's; they had, therefore, a profound ignorance of every thing out of London, and of course, an ineradicable conviction of the superiority of every thing in it. The class of objects, however, to which London was indebted for its excellence in the opinion of Mr. Truman, were very different from those which Mr. Parkinson considered its greatest charm, as the remaining part of this book will shew. The outward difference between the two clerks, was as follows. Truman's hair was black, shining, and combed down straight over his forehead, while Parkinson's was light, shining, and nicely parted in the middle, forming a very voluminous ornament over each ear. Truman's face was rather long, pale, and solemn; Parkinson's was rather florid and round, looking somewhat like a sundial with the sun full on it, to which a certain upward inclination of the gnomon, gave a sharp

and rather self-satisfied expression. Truman dressed in plain black cut anyhow; Parkinson wore a coloured coat, evidently from the hand of one of those first-rate schneiders who make you a suit complete in the most fashionable style for three pound ten; his waistcoat, that trial of a man's skill in dress, was a complete flower-garden of the most brilliant colours, over which, attached to a suppositious repeater, carelessly hung a massive chain of the finest gold-like appearance. But a truce to description; let any man go into Cheapside between eight and nine in the morning or evening, and he will see hundreds both of Trumans and Parkinsons.

It may be supposed that Mr. Truman's disposition was too grave to suit either Holton or Parkinson, and, in fact, these latter had often speculated on the probability of becoming acquainted; but neither of the two was aware of the other's disposition and inclination, and to discover it without committing himself, was now the object of each.

"Walk in, Mr. Holton, if you please," said Mr. Parkinson, and Mr. Holton followed him into his sitting-room, which, by the by, was very inferior in neatness and comfort to his own.

"What will you take after your walk, Mr. Holton?" inquired Parkinson.

"I am not particular," Holton replied, drawing a chair near the fire, and seating himself on it.

"I am not much of a drinker myself," said Parkinson, "it doesn't do a young man any good to drink much; and besides, one's employer don't approve of young men drinking. It is not to be approved of, it leads young men into company, and bad habits. But I think there's a little gin in the house that I take when I have a cold. Do you like gin?"

"I am not much in the habit of drinking gin; but I like it very well."

"Cold or hot?"

"Hot."

A kettle of hot water was put on the hob; glasses, sugar, and a quart bottle of spirits made their appearance on the table, and the gentlemen commenced operations.

"Here's success," said Mr. Parkinson, raising his glass, "Success to the firm of Dudley, Elphinstone, and Co."

Holton did honour to the toast; and after a moment's pause, Parkinson said, looking very inquisitively in Holton's face, "A very nice man is your friend Mr. Truman."

"Very," said Holton, laconically.

"I have only one fault to find with him," con-

tinued Parkinson; "and that is, I don't see why he shouldn't let other people have a little more of your company. For instance, I lead a very solitary life here; and I should have been very happy to talk over business with you, and to show you about town a bit."

"Thank you," was Holton's cautious reply.

"Mr. Truman reads the hymns at Sion Chapel, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"How do you like the minister there?"

"Pretty well."

"Oh, perhaps you prefer chapels to churches."

"No, can't say that I do."

"Fill your glass again, Mr. Holton. But talking of Sundays, how different some people do spend their Sundays."

"Ah! I suppose so."

"Yes, while we go to church and chapel three times, you have no idea what thousands of people there is as goes to the Parks, and Primrose Hill, and down the river!"

"Yes! so I've heard."

"Heard! Mr. Holton, and don't you know it?"

"No, I never was in the Parks, or on Primrose Hill, or down the river."

"Well, I never! And who told you, then, about them."

"Mr. Elphinstone's uncle."

"What, the parson?"

"Yes."

"Well, my eye, that beats every thing. But I myself was very fond of going, formerly. And did you never go to the theatres?"

"No."

"Well, I used to like to go to them, too; for certainly they are the most beautiful places in the world—such music, and lots of people and fun; but I suppose you don't like such places, and would rather go to chapel."

"I don't think I should."

"Well now, really. Why then I think every body should see a theatre once, just to know what life is; and, upon my word, I shouldn't mind going with you some night, just for once, to show you what London is."

Holton was now considerably warmed with his two glasses of gin and water, and the cigars which Holton smoked, and agreed to go with him to a theatre, just for once.

"I should like you to see the Park, or Kensington Gardens too," said Parkinson; "but there, one can't get out on a week day, and if we could, they're nothing then to what they are on Sundays —such dashing carriages, and women, and horses. Ah! if it were any day but Sunday!"

"Well," said Holton, "I am not going with Truman next Sunday, that I know of; and I should like to see the Parks."

"And will you just go, then, next Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes, if you'll go too."

"Won't I, that's all. I've got a friend or two—very nice young men they are; I'll introduce you, if you like, and we'll all go together."

"I shall like it very much," said Holton.

"You can go to chapel or church in the morning, you know," said Parkinson.

"Of course."

"And really, three times a day;—fill your glass, my boy—three times a day to chapel is rather too much of a good thing, unless you turn Methodist."

"A good deal too much."

"And Truman's parson *is* rather dull, ain't he?"

"Very, and preaches long sermons too."

"Ah! I thought so; Truman is rather—eh!—himself—Mr. Holton, a little inclined, my dear fellow, to be dull."

"Very dull, indeed, when he talks about religion. I had enough of that in the country."

"Well done, my boy, that's your sort. Give us your hand; you're a trump. I'll tell you what it is. Truman is nothing but a dull canting

Methodist, if he is, I'll be hanged; but you don't drink—and all the firm are regular squaretoes."

"Are they!"

Holton began to stammer, and Parkinson talked very thick.

"Are they," said Holton. "Well—a—really now they've behaved very well to me hitherto."

"All pretence, nothing else, my dear fellow; but confound all business, I say. Fill up your glass, my boy. Hip, hip. I say, can you sing?"

"Sing!" said Holton, half asleep—"Sing! Glory to thee my—the—blessings of the light. Mr. Truman—a—a—pitch the tune, eh!"

This was the last effort of expiring watchfulness. Holton's chin dropped on his bosom, and all efforts to arouse him were vain. At length Parkinson, who could do every thing as well drunk as sober, helped him home, and put him to bed, happily without the knowledge of Mrs. Brown.

CHAPTER V.

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
SHAKSPEARE. 2 HENRY IV., Act 3, Sc. 2.

MR. TRUMAN was in the office when Holton and Parkinson arrived there the next morning, and of course the salutations of the new friends were not more familiar than usual, as both felt a kind of consciousness that to confess their intimacy might lead to a disclosure of the manner in which it had been celebrated—a thing by no means desirable. But when they left for dinner, Parkinson called on his new friend, as in duty bound, after the adventures of the past night.

"Well, my kiddy, and how are you?" said Parkinson, putting out his hand.

"Pretty well, now, thank you," was the reply; "but I had a shocking head-ache this morning, I can tell you."

"Oh, ah! yes, you people out of the country can never stand town life just at first; but it will come by degrees."

"I suppose so," said Holton.

"But I say, Holton, that's a very nice piece of mutton you've got. I don't care if I have some dinner with you, and you shall dine with me to-morrow, eh?"

"Very well," and they sat down to dinner.

"Should you like to know some regular good fellows, and no mistake," asked Parkinson, when the table was cleared; "cause if you should, I'll just introduce you, that's all."

"Your friends?" asked Holton.

"In course, they are my particular friends. It isn't every body that can get into our set; but when you're in, there's nothing that they won't do for you."

"Where do they live?"

"Live! eh? really, now, I don't exactly know where they live; but I know the offices where two or three of them is in, and they're first rate, I can tell you."

"Well, I should like to know them."

"That's your sort. I'll show you some life. What's the use of being stewed up in a room like this every night, when you can get out and have some fun? But mum's the word, not a word

to Truman; for the canting old hypocrite would be sure to make a blow-up. Well, my boy, there's a lot of us as meets once a week at a regular crack place. You don't know where it is, but I'll show you. The Cat and Feathers, in Mudwash Lane. We have a room up stairs all to ourselves, and let nobody in that's not all right. We have some capital singing. You should hear Tomkins; my eye, what a famous comic singer is Tomkins. But, come, our time is up, my boy. Eight's the time to start—chair taken at nine; be ready; I'll call for you."

At eight, according to promise, Mr. Parkinson called for his friend Holton, whom he found ready to start. They set out immediately, arm in arm; Parkinson striking off into an alley, which brought them into a court, which they crossed at right angles, when they found themselves in a lane which took them into a great thoroughfare. This they crossed, and then struck down a dim and silent passage, which seemed but seldom trodden by the feet of man; and as they got deeper in nests of courts and squares, dark, noiseless and squalid, they seemed every moment to lose something of the noise, from the eternal bustle around them. Occasionally, however, as they crossed a long narrow lane, and glanced up it, they could perceive the myriads of living creatures moving

up and down one of the great organs of this huge leviathan. Then sounds of life became more distinct, the movements of men carried a level murmur to their ears like the noise of waves rolling on an even shore in the night. Then the sounds of men and carriages became distinguishable from each other, and they emerged on another thronged thoroughfare, which they crossed again, to dive into the gloomy recesses of filth, and want, and darkness.

When at length Parkinson stopped in a long narrow dark street of lofty houses, commanding a glimpse of the Tower and shipping at the bottom, and pointing to an inscription overhead, said: "Well, here we are my tulip, just in time," and looking up, Holton read, "Cat and Feathers" he was lost in astonishment. He had been hurried as in a dream into and out of an innumerable series of alleys, lanes, courts, and streets, without an idea as to the point of the compass towards which they were steering, and it seemed to him a miracle that any one should have fixed beforehand upon any house or street at which such a course of zigzags and crossings should terminate. Yet this Parkinson, whose genius he had not greatly respected before, had taken him up at one point of London, and set him down at another totally different, the means by which he

had accomplished it being as unimaginable to him as would have been the circumnavigation of the globe under the pilotage of a blind man. Parkinson therefore had by this walk raised himself several degrees in Holton's opinion, as having mastered a branch of human learning more extensive and complicated than any science the rudiments of which he had yet examined.

The Cat and Feathers was of course a corner house, and of course immeasurably the best house in the street, with a parapetted front that looked down on the rest of the houses from the altitude of an additional story. The panes of glass were also the largest in the street and every one exhibited a very exquisite temptation to enter and drown sorrow, while its own colossal lamp over the door threw a rainbow of colours through the four streets, that the thicker darkness than common which came on at night might not hide the beauties of this temple from thirsty worshippers who might be performing a pilgrimage that way. The entrance was provided with folding doors, which as every minute of the day proved, the hand of the merest infant might open. Very nicely managed were these doors, and the arrangement was full of a spiritual meaning. Exquisitely fitted were the hinges; and there were no such things as latches or fastenings: there was nothing

to undo to get in, for if you stumbled by chance against the door you fell in, or if you touched it with your little finger, it opened to your view all the glittering temptations around. But the case was different if you were within and wanted to come out—a touch of the finger or a push would not do then; for the door did not open outwardly —you were compelled to pull it, or catch it as it was thrown open by some new comer, for there were no handles or devices within for the convenience of letting yourself out.

The two friends touched the door and walked in, and Holton, although he had not thought the street a very grand one, readily believed now, what Parkinson had told him, namely that "the Cat and Feathers was a regular crack place, and no mistake."

"How do, Miss," quoth Mr. Parkinson to a very aristocratic looking young lady, who exhibited behind the counter a liberal portion of a white and abundant neck, white arms, and elaborately dressed black hair to any one who could afford three half pence for the sight and half a pint of porter. "How do, Miss; a pot of half and half, if you please; is Washington and Franklin come?"

"I don't think they are; that's a bad sixpence Miss. Peppermint did you say? but some of 'em is gone upstairs," was the lady's answer.

"Now, Holton, my boy," said Parkinson, as soon as he had swallowed one third of the mixture, "you'll just stop here a bit, while I go up and propose you; for you see we are very select, and don't admit anybody but the most respectable gentlemen. I shan't be away five minutes; but what's your name?"

"Chrysostomos Holton."

"Oh! ah! ah! ah! what a go—I see you are not up to the move. Why, don't you see, that it 'ud never do for us to carry our office names into these here parties, for suppose there should be any row or kick up, and our names should get to the office, we should be done up at once. Now every gentleman gives what name he likes, and then there's no danger of splitting. For instance, Bill Figgins the serious drysalter's clerk would be soon hauled over the coals, if his master knew what a jolly good song he could sing; so when he comes here he is Mr. Incledon; and there's Jim Jackson the pious stock jobber's clerk, would soon be a lame duck, eh! eh!—if old Ten-per-cent knew he did business at the Cat and Feathers. So Jackson 'cause he's a prime hand at a speech, is Mr. Demmusteens; I myself am Mr. Chesterfield—but hark! they're rapping; the chair's taken, who will you be?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Well, never mind, I'll fix you with a name

while you're a mopping up the pewter.—So here goes."

While Mr. Parkinson was engaged in the ceremonies preparatory to the inauguration of his friend, Mr. Holton examined with admiration the brilliant scene in which he was placed. The first object to be admired in this temple of Bacchus, was undoubtedly the Priestess officiating for the very devout worshippers, and when he had thoroughly examined her and bestowed a smile of unqualified approval on her very affable countenance, he turned to the temple itself. It was a large and lofty room divided in the middle by a high counter of solid rosewood inlaid with brass, and decorated with bassi relievi in bronze from the antique. Over the marble chimney piece was a very large pier-glass in which every person that entered saw himself, and was pleased. On each side of the fire place was an open cupboard containing some thousands of glasses of various shapes, interspersed with bouquets of artificial flowers and elaborately enamelled bottles containing choice wines and liqueurs, while the counter itself was strewed with fillagree baskets holding various kinds of biscuits; cakes and other confectionary, and magnificent porcelain vases full of the sweetest and most gorgeous flowers of the season.

All these things were so many inducements to pleasure and thirst, and that visitors might not fear an approaching exhaustion of the stores, at the extreme end of the room three colossal barrels exalted themselves, severally inscribed Gin, Rum, Brandy, 1000 gallons each, the niches between them gracefully fitted up with bronze casts of the Venus de Medici, the Apollo de Belvidere, Canova's Graces, &c. But what most surprised Holton was the kind of company that resorted to this splendid place, for during the ten minutes that he stayed there, though the room was crowded with people, he saw nothing but coalheavers, dustmen, fishmen, sailors, an occasional fruit woman with her basket, a draggle tailed ballad singer, and some pale-faced infants who walked up to the counter and drank off their penn'orth of old Tom. Holton was considerably surprised also to see three or four very dirty and brawny coal-heavers leaning at their perfect ease on the beautiful counter, and as they poured out their gin from a quart jug, not only paying very direct compliments to the aristocratic-looking young lady without reproof, but actually resting their monstrous boots, which looked twice as heavy and clumsy as usual on account of the mud they carried, on the Cupid's heads, and lion's paws with which the counter front was decorated. He

could not make out that the effacing of these costly ornaments could be atoned for by the purchase of a few glasses of gin. But at length he concluded that these things were all arranged according to the science of chances and probabilities; for instance, only a small proportion of the visitors would be coal heavers with heavy shoes, only a small proportion of those might lean on the counter, and only a small proportion of those again might amuse themselves by kicking the counter in pieces: and Holton concluded, therefore, that in the long run, probably the monarchs of these palaces did not lose much by keeping them.

As he came to this just conclusion, Mr. Parkinson again made his appearance, and beckoning to him, said:

"Right as a trivet, my boy; knew they would'nt refuse my recommendation. The company will be very happy to meet you."

He walked up to the room in which this interesting meeting was to be held, when Mr. Chesterfield introduced his friend Mr. Frederick Harvey to his friend Mr. George Washington, the chairman, and his friend Mr. George Washington to his friend Mr. Harvey: and each gentleman having paid a penny each to a man near the door,

which was to cover the expense of fire, candle and waiters, they became part and parcel of the community.

"Washington," whispered Mr. Chesterfield, as soon as they were comfortably seated, "Washington is a great radical, and clerk to a parish clerk, or town clerk, or overseer, or something of that sort, and a capital fellow he is in company. 'Twas only last week The Times had in about his being brought up before Alderman Faddle, for pitching it into his wife and children—not his real wife, you know—but then, you know, he was rather far gone in liquor, and as the Alderman very properly said, a man isn't to blame for what he does then. He is a real good fellow, and if he has a fault, it is getting rather more than he can carry, and then he certainly is apt to go it rather strong at home: but when you come to hear him on liberty and equality, and the tyrannicalness of every body above us, you forget all that. He calls himself George Washington, you know, after the celebrated Mr. George Washington, of Boston, or New York. That little fellow, in green spectacles, on the other side of the table, is Demmusteens—Fitzherbert Demmusteens, and a very first-rate clever fellow he is. He will talk an hour together, if you'll let him. He takes his name from the great Mr. Demmusteens—I don't know his christian name—

the Roman or Frenchman, what was such a capital hand at spouting. The gentleman near the door, with a book before him, in which he keeps an account of every thing brought into the room, —not that we suspect Lowrings, the landlord, for a honester fellow than Lowrings never lived, but 'tis best to be sure, you know, as it prevents disputes—well, that gentleman is Mr. William Pitt. He is a great conservative, is Pitt; and, in former days, when prime ministers, and all those people were tories, no man was more ready to profess his principles than Tom Sparks, that is Mr. Pitt. And I really believe he is such a fine, hearty fellow, that he would give up every thing for the sake of his principles, besides his place. For I must tell you, he's something very high under government in the Custom-house, or somewheres, and, as he says, the ministers have so interfered in the elections, that he is sure if the prime minister was to be told his real sentiments, he shouldn't get a certain place which comes to him when an old gentleman drops off. Accordingly, Pitt very properly keeps his own sentiments in his pocket, and is quite a liberal every where else: but he likes to come here and stand up for his country, when the door is shut, and nobody listening but friends."

The communications of Mr. Parkinson were here broken off by the thundering rattle of a little

hammer, which the chairman used to enforce the call of—" Silence, Gentlemen."

But he had hardly arisen to open the proceedings, when a gentleman entered the room, who seeing the state of affairs immediately said,—

" Mr. Chairman, before this meeting proceeds to harmony, I beg, with your permission, to propose my friend, Mr. Thomas Rundle, as a member of this society."

" Hear, hear!" shouted the room, rapping its hands on the table until the glasses rang again.

" Mr. Vice," said the gentleman at the top to the gentleman at the bottom of the table, " Mr. Vice, and gentlemen, our worthy friend, Littleton, has proposed his friend Rundle as a member of this here Society, and I request your attention while I put the necessary questions."

" Silence, silence," shouted Mr. Vice, and Mr. Chairman asked,—

" Well, friend Littleton, what is your friend?"

" A gentleman's son, Mr. Chairman."

" Very good. Well, brother Littleton?"

" A regular good fellow as has got plenty of money, and likes to spend it."

" Just the man for a pleasant and gentlemanly society like ours."

" Hear! hear!" again rung through the room with another clatter of glasses.

"But, let me see," continued Mr. Chairman, "is your friend brought up to any profession?"

"Why, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen," replied Mr. Littleton, "he is apprenticed to a goldsmith in the city."

"Do you mean that he is learning the art of manufacturing gold and silver?"

"In course he is, Mr. Chairman."

"Then he is but a mechanic."

"But he has lots of money."

"But the principle?"

"Well, Mr. Chairman, I would not disgrace myself by sitting down with a mechanic, or a common shopkeeper, or tradesman—but Mr. Rundle, really, gentlemen, a goldsmith, you see, a goldsmith, Mr. Chairman."

"Ah, I see the force of your remark," replied Mr. Washington, the Chairman; "but you cannot deny that this Mr. Rundle is to work metals in the way of trade, and stand behind the counter to sell them."

"Certainly not."

"Well then, Mr. Vice and gentlemen, really I think you will bear me out in the very few and incontrovertible remarks I shall quietly offer to your notice. I am a humble individual myself, and in my private capacity I might not refuse to share the conviviality of a tradesman: but placed

in this chair I have a duty to perform, a duty, gentlemen, however painful it might be. I hate all aristocratic feeling myself, primogeniture, and all that, and consider myself as good as the first in the land, and don't see why I have not as much right to go to court as the Duke of Wellington; and to shake hands with any Lord or Duchess I may meet; it is my inherent birthright, gentlemen. But all this does'nt prove that Mr. Littleton's friend is not a mechanic and tradesman, and as such, with the respect I owe myself—my self-respect, gentlemen, I do not think I could associate with him. There is no man that I have a greater respect for than my friend Littleton, and I am sure that he would not, knowingly, propose an unfit person as a member of this highly pleasant and respectable society—yet, sitting in the chair, as I do—really, gentlemen, I put it to you all—with every wish to oblige our excellent friend Littleton, I do not think we could admit Mr. Rundle; no, gentlemen, I do not think we can do it."

"Hear!" shouted the Vice.

"Hear!" shouted the members, and Mr. Littleton's friend being rejected without even the formality of a ballot, the chairman beat a rat-tat with his hammer, and cried,—

"Now, gentlemen, if you please, let us proceed to harmony."

CHAPTER VI.

When Sacks and Canaries were brought in first among us, they were us'd to be drunk in aquavitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink of them who us'd to carry their *leggs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses*, and an *Almanack in their bones;* but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

HOWELL'S LETTERS. VOL. 2, 55.

WHILE Mr. Incledon, the sentimental singer, was informing the rosette at the top of the bell-pull that "she smiled," a piece of information with which every verse of his song began and ended, Mr. Frederick Harvey, alias Holton, who was less a man of sentiment than of observation, made a rapid examination of the scene in which he was placed. It was a very long and very narrow room, looking something like a bit of a Thames Tunnel cut off as a sample, being, in reality, a compound of two rooms, the partition between them being removable when the landlord, like Col-

man's John, cried "Take away the board." The walls and ceiling were very chastely and evenly painted a deep brown, which indeed consisted of the condensed and inspissated essential oil of the many tons of tobacco that had been smoked in that room during the last ten years. A couple of windows looked into the street, but the crimson curtains were now drawn over them, as it was dark—or rather night; for, of course, this room was in eternal darkness, situated as it was in a street about a yard wide, with four or five stories above it on all sides, and bade defiance to every sun-beam that ever lighted the earth, unless it were constructed, like the Irishman's gun, to fire round a corner.

There were two fire-places in the room, which, although the weather was by no means cold, were very abundantly supplied with blazing coal by the visitors, on the undoubted principle, that as the quantity was not stipulated for in their agreement, it was good generalship to get all they could for their money. Down the centre of the room were a great many tables placed edge to edge, so as to look like one long table, with this advantage, that as every table had its own particular centre of gravity, so the applause manifested by thumping of the fists, caused a more vigorous and musical rattling of the glasses than

if they had been placed on one solid table; the tables themselves were of that particular dark mahogany that you never see out of a public-house, and that make you believe they must have been steeped in porter for the last twenty or thirty years, which, perhaps, might not be far from the fact.

At the top of the room, on an elevated chair, sat Mr. Washington the chairman, and on another, not quite so elevated, at the bottom, sate Mr. Paracelsus, the vice, the whole distance between them on both sides of the table being filled up with about twenty gentlemen of all ages, colours, and dimensions, each with his "summut warm" before him. This room, as well as the lower one, was arranged in a manner well adapted to its purpose, for the thing now to be mentioned last, was the very first thing that struck a visitor—namely, the number of bell-pulls. There was one on each side of each fire-place, there was one by the door, and up the middle of the room they hung thick and ready, just level with the nose of every body at table. It was quite impossible to observe so many suggestions of your approximation to the good things of this world, without an irresistible impulse to set some of the bells a-ringing. Holton felt it, and for the first time in his life, assumed the privilege of an undoubted gentleman, to ring the parlour bell of a tavern.

A young gentleman dressed entirely in black, with the exception of his sleeves, which were white, immediately appeared, with a white folded cloth under his arm, which, as he was never seen to use, was considered to be carried for the purpose of absorbing the perspiration generated by his perpetual motion. This gentleman inclined his very decided curls, and disappeared as soon as Mr. Holton had uttered the words,

"A cigar, waiter, and let it be one of your best Havanahs."

This was uttered in a manner which seemed to affirm that he was quite a connoisseur in the flavour of cigars, and after trying every manufactory in the world, had given his settled opinion in favour of that of Havanah; though the truth was, that he was this evening to get into the slough which no pilgrim escapes when he first sets out to tempt the enjoyment of the heavenly atmosphere of tobacco; he was about to essay those preparatory sufferings through which every one must pass, to arrive at the fullness of the felicity to be found in the divine plant of *Virginny*.

When Mr. Charles Incledon, who was a very dark fat man with a wondrous small voice, had finished his sentimental song, he lowered his eyes from the rosette at the top of the bell-rope, where they had been fixed throughout his song,

smiled, blushed, and hid his face in his rum and water.

The chairman then requested Mr. William Pitt to say something after that, who, after protesting that he really knew nothing, and begging the chairman to "mend" his call, said what every body in the room knew he would say—"May we have those in our arms that we love in our hearts." Then the chairman rapped with his hammer, and repeated the words, which every body besides repeated also, washing them down with a hearty gulph of the drinkables, and the waiter glided round to take orders.

"Mr. Werter's song," shouted the chairman, with a preliminary flourish of his hammer, when the waiter had filled the empty glasses.

"A capital new comic song Werter sings about Jack Ketch," whispered the Cicerone Chesterfield, to Harvey.

Sure enough, Mr. Werter did as he had done every night for the last three months, sing a very humorous song, concerning how a certain highly celebrated murderer offered to box Jack Ketch a few seconds before he was turned off, when, as the song humourously concludes, Jack gained the first fall. The song, which had made the fortune of author, publisher, and hosts of singers, set all the company laughing heartily, and Werter complied with an unanimous "encore."

After this, a gentleman begged to give "The roof veer hunder," and Mr. Kemble Roscius was called on to oblige the company with his recitation.

"A wonderful clever fellow is Roscius," whispered Chesterfield, "such imitations of Kean, and Liston and Garrick. They're all perfect, especially Kean; and, upon my soul, I think he goes beyond Kean rather—I do really. He'd be the making of Droory or the Garden, if he was to appear there, but as he told me himself the other day, he is too modest, and courts the shades of retirement, and wouldn't like to take the bread out of the mouths of the poor fellows there, which was very good of him; but a capital fellow is Roscius."

Mr. Roscius, who was a little thin man, whose long nose and face were sadly battered about with small-pox, left his chair, and poking his hair all back, and fixing his head very stiffly on his body, marched with a regular one two up and down the room, acting dialogues from several plays, he himself being several gentlemen in one; and when he sat down, there was a fury, a tempest of acclamation.

But to repeat all the memorabilia sung, toasted, and done, would take up at least an octavo volume, inasmuch as, hour after hour, until after midnight, they kept up a continual bustle of amusement; sufficient to say, that all

the party were highly pleasant and pleased, nor had the landlord less reason to be so, judging by the rapidly-increasing account against *upstairs*.

After twelve, however, the singers became rather more noisy, and very evidently felt great difficulty in getting within half a tone of the right pitch; but they were just as loudly cheered, as the audience lost their power of criticising quite as fast as the singers their power of performance. The rigidity of the gentlemen's curls also seemed to be giving way, and the smoothest and tightest cravat became somewhat twisted and dégagé; but the gentlemen's cheeks were graced with a more diffused vermillion, and lightened with a new brilliancy.

After a time, the waiter, instead of an empty glass, would take away a full gentleman; and thus the party gradually dwindled away until it numbered only about a dozen. About this time, Harvey's right hand neighbour, a red-haired middle-aged man, who had said nothing throughout the night, but "hear, hear," gave him a poke in the ribs to beseech his attention, and addressed him very confidentially,

"I say, a devilish nice gal is Susan, isn't she?"

"Susan who?" inquired Holton.

"Why didn't you twig, eh, as you came through the bar?"

"Oh, the young lady down stairs is Susan, is she?"

"All right; and I'll tell you what, Mr.—a—Hap—Hop—Humphrey, I'm hanged if I don't smash anybody's mug that says anything to her."

"Will you?"

"Yes, I will. My name is William Jones,—mind that, any body may know where to find me, William Jones of Fenchurch Street. But Susan, she *is* a nice gal, without a bit of a lie; and—hic, hic—do you know that Susan and I—that is I and Susan—we—eh—Mr. Whatisit, we are, you know—don't split—Susan and I—you understand," giving Holton another poke in the ribs, accompanied by a knowing look—"and I never met—eh—a girl in all my life—that didn't, you understand. I can't see what it is they're all so fond of me for, can you? But, Jack, my dear friend, you are—a good fellow, and I'll stand a glass any day that—you'll come—over—to—"

The rest of the gentleman's invitation was lost in inarticulate murmurs, his head sank on his chest, and he fell asleep.

"But I say the institutions of the country which are valuable ought to be preserved," shouted Mr. William Pitt who with six or seven of the longest sitters had got about the head of the

table, where they had been for some time gravely discussing the affairs of the nation.

"Confound the institutions of the country," briskly replied George Washington, "what should dukes and lords drink champagne for, when I drink brandy and water; they only put taxes on the best wines to keep them all to themselves—I'm hanged if it isn't tyranny."

"In the present system of things, gentlemen," said Mr. Pitt, "it would be a gross breach of vested rights to take off these duties; for consider the clerks in the custom-house and such places, how many of them would be useless and dismissed. No, gentlemen, if every clerk had his retiring pension and went out with ministers, I, for my own part, would not object to take off these duties whenever the country can afford it; but it would be the very height of injustice to take off a tax without regarding the vested right of clerks. For only consider the hardship of a man receiving his comfortable three or four hundred a year for twenty or thirty years, without doing anything for it, and then all at once to be told your services are no longer required. But I was speaking of the venerable and, therefore, excellent institutions of this country. Every thing is going to ruin, and if it wasn't for my place, I

would openly join the ranks of opposition—I would, gentlemen; and whenever it happens that the present ministers are kicked out—just see that nobody is listening—as I was saying whenever, the present ministers go out, and my own party come into power, you shall see me join them boldly like a man."

"Confound all ministers, I say," quoth Washington, "and bishops; what do we want with them to tyrannize over us?"

"Ah! there is no tyranny now, there's not even a firm government," pathetically exclaimed Pitt; "what a curse it is to have ministers who, instead of getting up a glorious war to take off the supernumerary people of this abominable long peace, are actually obliged to send them off to labour in the colonies. We are like a nation of cowards, but I can say with a clear heart—the door *is* shut, isn't it—I can lay my hand on my heart, and declare that if ministers have ruined the country, I have not assisted them—it is not my fault if England has lost her warlike glory."

"Ah! that's just the way with you tories," said Washington, "you always want to be a pitching into somebody or other."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pitt, "and wouldn't you make war on Russia?"

"Not unless they wanted to fight, and then I should'nt mind."

"But I tell you what it is, unless we keep our glory, we are a gone people; the Russians, gentlemen, will take India. I have got a little pocket map at home, and t'other day I hunted out Russia and India, and upon my word they wasn't above two or three inches a part, and all that the Russians have to do is to carry some armies over those two or three inches, and India is lost for ever."

"Why don't they do it then?"

"God knows how soon they will do it."

"And how could we prevent them?"

"Why, send an army into Russia."

"And scratch off the national debt to pay them I suppose?"

"No, I say," loudly exclaimed Mr. Pitt, "the responsibilities, the honour of this great nation must be preserved, and even if it was necessary for the support of a rightful war to lay on heavier taxes and duties, I would not, I pledge my honour, I would not prevent ministers from doing their duty; I should consider myself disgraced if I were to cause this nation to shrink from its responsibilities."

"Right, quite right," muttered Demosthenes, rousing himself for a moment from a sound sleep to utter this the only speech he delivered through

the evening and instantly falling back on his two chairs insensible.

"But what responsibilities is there in keeping a parcel of pensioners to eat up the national debt, answer me that?" shouted Washington.

"Gentlemen," said Pitt, waving his hand oratorically and looking with great benignity on his assembled hearers, "my friend Washington is a very worthy member of society, but unhappily he has not taken an enlarged view of politics; and I ask you, gentlemen, can it be possible for any man as makes the least pretensions to common sense to assert that the nation is not benefitted by pensioners."

"By spending poor people's money, I suppose," said Washington, with a sneer.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Pitt, "I ask which does most good to the country—the man who has'nt got a farthing to bless himself with, or the man as spends his thousands a year in employing working people?"

"Why, the man as has money, in course," every one replied.

"Well then, gentlemen, that answers the objection—the very weak and paltry objection, which my friend Washington was not ashamed to make; for the pensioner, when he spends his hundreds or thousands a year, consumes large quantities of

the produce of this country and therefore encourages trade."

"To be sure he does, no doubt of it, Pitt is a monstrous clever fellow," was whispered round from one to another; but Washington was not beaten into silence.

"But I say," he inquired with the air of a man who knows he is putting a poser, "why should Lord Tom and Lady Betty be pensioners any more than me?"

"It is the prerogative, gentlemen, the prerogative of the sovereign, and God forbid that I, by word or deed, should infringe it. No, my name shall never go down to posterity as a man who had infringed on the prerogative."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Washington with a look of determination, "if I was at the head of government for a week, I'm hanged if I wouldn't pay off the national debt, and then I'd have no lords, no taxes, no pensioners, no nothing."

"I deny"—fiercely rejoined Pitt, "that your doing away with the national debt would do the country any service; it is a mistaken notion that the debt is an injury, and I will prove to every body's satisfaction that instead of being an injury, the country would be ruined without it, because in the first place"—

At this point of the argument, Mr. Harvey fell

CHAPTER VII.

Il me paroît plus aisé de vivre sans aimer, que sans dîner et sans souper.

BRUEYS. LE MUET. Acte 1, Sc. 10.

On the next Sunday, as agreed on, Mr. Holton accompanied Mr. Parkinson and a number of his friends to the gay scenes at the west end. They rambled about Hyde Park examining the carriages and criticising the horses, as though they understood something about them, and when any lady more charming than another happened to pass by, each young gentleman honoured her with his particular ogle, and flattered himself that his glance or smile of approbation was unequivocally reciprocated. Thus luxuriating in the idea that they had been the admired as well as the admirers, that the eye glass from the four-in-hand expressed the same feeling as the eye glass each of them levelled at it, they spent a very

cheerful afternoon and got exceedingly tired, which gave more than ordinary zest to the evening's entertainment at the Cock and Bottle whereto they adjourned at night fall.

The next week Mr. Holton was introduced by his friend Mr Parkinson to the beautiful legs of the stage and the charming faces of the saloon at Drury Lane Theatre, as well as to a few of those convenient houses of entertainment, whose business hours are from midnight to sunrise, and which, from the certain destruction to which they lead their visitors, are called by the appropriate name "Finish." To Mr. Parkinson, these places afforded unbounded delight, and his little heart leaped with the wildest joy at every thing around—it was such "life." Holton also enjoyed himself very much on account of the perfect ease which reigned there, and the power which he possessed equal to any one about him, which was peculiarly charming after the restraint he had endured in the country. Thus Mr. Holton discovered very tolerable methods of passing the hours not employed professionally, and as soon as he had contrived to get into fresh lodgings chosen by himself on the plea of want of more fresh air, he made the months fly away as gaily as could be wished.

But Mr. Parkinson, however well-disposed

towards his friend Holton, did not introduce him at once into all the scenes of gaiety and pleasure which he himself entered; in fact, Mr. Holton had been in London more than a year before Parkinson felt sufficient confidence in him to make him a participator in such scenes as are now to be mentioned, which he considered to be "prime life."

He had been somewhat more than a year in London, when the twopenny post brought him the following invitation :—

"Mr. Parkinson presents his compliments to Mr. Holton, and begs to inform him that I have received an invitation to a spread at Mr. Demosthenes's, who has asked me to give you an invite. If I shouldn't be able to speak to you on the sly in the course of the day, you may expect me to call at eight in the evening, when I hope you will be all right, as supper will be on the table at nine precise. Mr. Parkinson will call on Mr. Holton in a hack. Believe me, my dear friend,

Yours truly,

THOMAS PARKINSON.

C. Holton Esq.

"At eight precise," the hackney coach duly

made its appearance at Mr. Holton's door, bearing within, the precious person of Mr. Thomas Parkinson, adorned with all the splendour that his purse could attain or his taste invent; and Mr. Holton being in readiness, took his seat with his friend, and was conveyed to the fashionable party.

Holton, however, was somewhat surprised to find Parkinson and himself the only single gentlemen of the party, although the other gentlemen were those he had been in the habit of associating with, and whom he had believed unmarried. There were Mr. Demosthenes and his lady, Mr. Littleton the lawyer and his lady, Mr. Washington, the town-clerk's radical clerk and his lady, Mr. Pitt the conservative custom-house officer and his lady, Mr. Paracelsus and his lady, and Monsieur and Madame Leblong; and very handsome and merry-looking ladies they were, and very sweet were their manners, as they acknowledged Mr. Holton's introduction with a hearty shake of his hand.

The supper-room was of a large size, fitted up with considerable pretensions, and seen as it now was by candle-light, it looked very smart. The good things on the table were not, to be sure, like those at Mr. Elphinstone's, adapted to gratify the eye by their elegant forms, while they satisfied the stomach by their more fundamental merits; they

were adapted for appetites that required no encouragement—for stomachs not accustomed to trifle with the wing of a lark; but to attack vigorously the substantial boiled leg or the mighty sirloin. There was, however, plenty on the table; and however humble the fare may be, a full table always looks cheerful; but no cockney would have considered this fare humble, consisting as it did of a profusion of his most favourite dishes, namely, mutton, oysters and gin.

When very abundant evidence had been given by all parties of the sharpening effect of London air on the appetite, and of the incompatibility of hunger and loquacity, the solid remnants were removed, the table was covered with glasses and bottles, Mr. Demosthenes arose to make a speech, and the rest of the room filled their glasses to amuse themselves with while they were giving him their attention; which, as he was their host, they could not with a good grace refuse to do.

Mr. Demosthenes delivered a very eloquent speech about things in general which lasted about half an hour, the closing part of which alone will be of particular interest to the reader.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Demosthenes in conclusion, "I am very proud, and not only proud, but also much pleased to see you all

sitting round this here table—a table I venture to say, ladies and gentlemen, as was never so honoured before this here night. When I look around me, and see with the most exaggherated delight the beauty ladies, and the style gentlemen, as is congregated around this domestic board, I feel, really, I feel—ladies and gentlemen, more than I can express. I am always happy to meet you anywheres and everywheres, ladies and gentlemen, but on this here night, I am partikler so, because I see an individyule here as has never done us the honour of joining in our scenes of domestic felicity before, a gentleman whom I am not only highly gratified, but very much pleased to meet, for from all as I have seen of him he is not only a real gentleman but highly respectable. I beg to propose our friend Mr. Holton's good health."

This neat speech of the worthy host met with great applause, as a host's speeches generally do: but on this occasion the eloquence of the host, backed by certain representations of Parkinson respecting Holton's high place in the confidence of the firm, caused a decided sensation in the room, independent of the dinner and the liquids, during which every lady shook hands afresh with Holton, and expressed her delight at being made acquainted with him, with the exception of Madame Leblong, who beckoning to him across the table, cried,

"Venez ici, et asséyez-vous à mon côté."

Madame Leblong was not a Frenchwoman, having indeed received her birth in the upper part of Holborn: she had, however, once spent six weeks in Paris, and since then had liked no language besides French, which accounts for Mr. White, the gentleman whom she accompanied, being twisted into Monsieur Leblong. Mr. Holton understood her signs, though he was unacquainted with the French language, which she spoke with the fluency of a native.

"Oh mon cher ami," she said shaking hands with him when he had seated himself at her side, "et comment vous portez-vous?"

"Ma'am!" said Holton with a look of wonder.

"Oh! je vois, vous ne parlez pas le français, je vous demandait, how you are?"

"Oh very well, Ma'am, I hope you are quite well."

"Oh non pas, non pas de tout, je suis très mauvais. I am always very bad, always. C'est l'air mal de Londres. Oh mon Dieu, il n'y a point d'air comme cela de Paris. No, there is no air like Paris air for me."

"And how came you to leave it then?" asked Mr. Holton.

"Ah, how indeed!" said Madame looking

very knowingly, as though she had satisfactorily answered the question, " mais Monsieur Harvie, je suis bien aise à faire votre connaissance, pour vous êtes un joli garçon, I am very happy to be acquainted with you."

"Thank you, Madame; but the pleasure is all on my side."

" Oh mon Dieu, Monsieur, vous êtes bien poli; et est-ce possible que vous n'avez pas été dans la Paris. Have you not been in Paris?"

" No."

" Quelle pitié! Ah, c'est la plus belle place dans le monde. Mais mon cher, vous voulez trouver la société que voilà très charmante, you will find this a very pleasant society after a time."

" I don't doubt it, Ma'am."

" Oui, Monsieur, nous sommes tous comme il faut, and we could not admit any but the first rate people to join us—point de gens de métier, boutiquières et canaille de ce sort là. Mais, mon cher, il faut apporter votre femme ici. You must introduce your wife to us like the rest."

" My wife!" cried Holton with surprise, " why I'm not old enough to be married yet."

" Oh fi donc, Monsieur, est-ce que vous n'aimez pas les belles dames—do you not admire handsome ladies!"

"Oh yes to be sure, but I don't know any in London."

"Est-ce possible! un si beau garçon, et point de femme. J'ai une sœur qui est, mon Dieu, belle comme un ange. Je veux vous introduire. I will introduce you to my sister, the prettiest girl you ever saw."

Before Mr. Harvey could express his thanks properly, silence was called for Mr. Washington's speech, which happened to be a pretty long one, and was accordingly stopped as it diverged into abuse of the aristocracy, by cries of "order" from Mr. Pitt, who never patiently listened to attacks on his own body, and who besides wanted to deliver a speech himself. But everything went on very smoothly, for although the liquor was strong, and the drinkers able, every rising discord, political, personal or moral was speedily put an end to by the beautiful peacemakers at this delightful scene of domestic enjoyment, who being of very great respectability, would not of course encourage any dispute while they themselves were cool and sober; and who besides knew that if a quarrel were to dissolve the friendship of the gentlemen, it must put an end to those delightful suppers. They, therefore, did all in their power to smooth away the little asperities which political difference will sometimes occasion in the most friendly

smoked and drank—they laughed
short, they did everything that w
drank, for drinking was of cours
pose of the meeting, and drinking
pleasant. Mr. Harvey was not
exhilarating effects of the liquor;
stole up into his head, he felt a
follow Madame Leblong's advice
inquiries respecting her sister, a
wish to be made acquainted with
speedily gratified by Madame ta
stairs, and introducing him to a v
young lady whose name was Sus
he returned to the supper-room a
merrier than ever. But what
him was to see about two minutes
friend Chesterfield walk into the
panied by a lady whom he introd
Mrs. C.

The party was now as complete

lated to create—he talked as loudly and as positively as any one present; and when a trip to Vauxhall Gardens was proposed for the next evening, gave the proposal his decided approval. The ladies, however, objected to it, observing, that really they were not at all particular, but they had characters at stake, and Vauxhall was such a place, that positively they did not like to be seen there.

"Vauxhall," observed one of the ladies, "was formerly a very decent kind of place; but now, nobody thinks of going there but shopkeepers and their wives and daughters, and country cousins; and really I would almost as soon be seen in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre."

"Ah mon Dieu, c'est vrai," said Madame Leblong with energy: and by the time the whole of the party was drunk, it was agreed to go to the Opera in a body the next evening, and then to supper at a certain fashionable resort in the neighbourhood, which was duly performed.

CHAPTER VIII.

Il n'est pas si dangereux de faire mal à la plupart des hommes que de leur faire trop de bien.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. 245.

SUPERFICIAL observers of human nature may consider that the readiness with which Mr. Holton entered into the gaieties of London was contrary, if not to his moral principles, yet to those principles of economy which the mode of his education had been so likely to implant in his heart, and for practising which he had been so highly commended by his reverend protector. But this is a mistake. A taste for the pleasures, and even for the dissipations of life, is by no means incompatible with the practice of the most rigid economy; and, perhaps, if Holton had had plenty of money to indulge himself with at first, out of the reach of those persons on whose good will he depended, his mind would have taken the bent of present enjoyment, instead of beginning to hoard up the

means for future enjoyment. Had he continued poor, or been gradually awakened as to the rarity of money, he might have continued as moral and estimable as he had hitherto been; but the few paltry shillings he had formerly received seemed now a matter for ridicule after writing and calculating tens of thousands as he did daily. Nay, even the five-and-twenty pounds received every quarter as salary, dwindled in his eyes to a very absurd insignificance. It may be taken for granted, that the only good teacher of the art of taking care of money is the difficulty of obtaining it, and this seemed to be suddenly wanting to Mr. Holton.

As before stated, Mr. Holton was in his eighteenth year when he entered London; and what was not before stated may be stated now, namely, that not only was his physical appearance then that of a large boy, but his sartorical appearance was of the most undoubted rusticity, and his language considerably tinged with the pretty but unclassical Doric of agricultural Hampshire. Now these things, however unwelcome to the eyes and ears of fashion, are especially agreeable to those of London merchants who are personally conversant with the petty larceny, swindling, and pilfering of the great city, and draw their opinions of country-life from their school-books: for the uncouthnesses of a rustic seem to be a guarantee for his simplicity and honesty, and this aided the

Rev. Mr. Elphinstone's recommendation in inspiring in the merchants' minds a high degree of confidence in Mr. Holton. It must be, however, a very inveterate rusticity that is proof against a year of London society, which continually attacking it on all points, generally succeeds in a short time in rooting it out, and transplanting in its place one of those innumerable forms of Cockney politeness, between that of the drawing-room at St. James's, and that of the marine store shop at Wapping.

The first year spent in London made a greater alteration in Holton's exterior than any former years had made—perhaps than any future one would make. He had grown up into a tall young man and then stopped. The treble voice of youth was exchanged for the tenor of manhood. His clothes which had set as awkwardly on him as though they had been fashioned by a patent machine, were now adapted to set off his personal charms to the greatest advantage by the tasteful eye and hand of a London tailor; and as he had really a very good person, the alteration in his appearance was a decided improvement. Mr. Holton had never experienced the misery of inherent and overpowering bashfulness, and had felt little of the uneasiness with which a modest person enters the society of numerous people, strangers to him. Yet even in

this branch of manners he had become improved, and acquired a more perfect ease by frequently associating on familiar terms with large numbers of people of his own rank, such as have been already described.

But besides this, Mr. Elphinstone, doubtless for his uncle's sake, frequently invited him to spend an evening in Tavistock Square, when he mixed not only with persons of great wealth, and of the utmost refinement of good-breeding, connected with the higher order of merchants; but also with gentlemen and ladies belonging to the most distinguished ranks of society whom Mr. Elphinstone's birth and connexions originally drew to his house, and who were retained as frequent and delighted guests by his and his lady's manners and liberality. In such society Mr. Holton rubbed off the roughness engendered by his servile life in the country which might have withstood the influence of the kind of company which he could have been brought in contact with by affairs of business, by his familiar associates, or by his own merits: so that although he did not acquire the chaste and dignified good-breeding which perhaps never can be acquired after youth, he lost all vestiges of his former manners, and would have passed muster for a gentleman with the great majority of ladies and gentlemen one meets with in the world.

The habits thus acquired, however, were not to be maintained on his salary, especially as he began without a capital. It is very dangerous for a man who has but an hundred pounds with which to cover all the expenses of the year, to associate with persons who have thousands: for, especially if he be a young man, he will not bear to be inferior in appearance to his associates: and the necessities of his mode of life will lead him into debt, or force him into some extraordinary methods of obtaining money. But how far this was the case with Holton is not yet to be told.

But notwithstanding the gaieties in which he spent his evenings and Sundays throughout this year, he had applied his intelligent mind so diligently to the business of the office, and had been so very punctual in his attendance, and so respectful to Mr. Truman—even so much so as to go with him occasionally to his chapel on a very wet day—that he was reported to the firm as qualified to transact a certain department of their business in which no one but a person of skill and probity could be safely trusted. This branch of business consisted of purchasing articles of innumerable descriptions in the manufacturing districts, with and without samples. These goods were for the foreign markets, some of which were shipped direct from Liverpool, while the others were sent up to the warehouses in London.

When it is stated that these purchases were to an enormous amount, for which the purchaser gave bills, checks, or took credit, as he considered most advantageous to the firm, it will not be doubted that a person so employed must be greatly trusted; and that Holton's personal expenditure in these journeys was not very narrowly examined. Now as in transacting these various kinds of business, Holton was brought in contact with a great number of persons of various ranks, he acquired a considerable portion of knowledge of the world, and consequently derived benefit from his travels: but by accustoming him to spend more money on himself than he had ever done before, it had the effect of making him feel the want of more money afterwards than he could procure; and besides, the living for a considerable time in taverns, and joining in the hilarity and merriment to be found there, produced a habit of attending them, which perhaps more than any other is ineradicable—though, perhaps, some of my readers may suppose, that if temptations had not sought Mr. Holton, he would have put himself in the way of them.

One of the most important reasons, however, why Holton found, when his quarter's salary became due, that although it had been considerably raised after the first year, it was always spent

before he received it, was his becoming acquainted with a certain set of gentlemen in consequence of his visits to Tavistock Square. A son of an elder brother of Mr. Elphinstone, who was studying for the Church at Cambridge, occasionally passed a few weeks at London in the vacation; and Holton having been introduced to him, became acquainted, through him, with a set of the Cantab's London friends, consisting of merchants' sons, and junior members of the various professions. These young gentlemen, being pretty easy in circumstances, were not content to spend their Sundays and holidays in admiring horsemanship, beauty, and equipages in the parks; yet not being so rich as to hope to rival the distinguished company that exhibited themselves there, besides being most of them engaged in business during the week, and standing in awe of fathers and masters—they formed parties for Sunday-mornings' trips into the country, where instead of being lookers-on, they might flatter themselves with very earnest hopes that they were the observed of all observers.

I know not from what author, ancient or modern, poet or proser, the Rev. Mr. Elphinstone drew the sentiment, which he communicated to his protégé:—namely, that the society of young ladies was always delightful, and sometimes

dangerous to young gentlemen; but of the truth of that sentiment, there cannot exist a doubt in the mind of a person, who knows that curious place called the world. Mr. Holton discovered that all his acquaintances had felt the delight, if not the danger; for not only did his fellow-clerks depend for a good proportion of their pleasures on the angelic sex, but his more aristocratic acquaintance acknowledged, by their conduct, that they believed in the fullest manner, that woman was a help-mate meet for man.

Half a dozen or more of these young gentlemen would agree to dine together at some house in Richmond, Windsor, or some other gay place on the Thames; and each choosing his own mode of conveyance might amuse himself as he pleased on the road, so that he arrived in time for dinner. One reason for this separate travelling was, that as such parties as those are somewhat dull, when they consist entirely of gentlemen, and as every gentleman however vain, takes more pride in exhibiting a fine woman by his side, than even his own charms, it happened very rarely that these dinner parties consisted of a less number of ladies than of gentlemen; all of whom were driven down from London. Now these ladies, although they took and received the names of their respective patrons, were not

authorised to do so by any power more legal and incontrovertible than the will of the young gentlemen themselves, who to say the truth, were not quite of a marrying age; but as they had not a positive and acknowledged right to demand the pleasures they were enjoying, but were evidently indebted to the gentlemen for them, it followed in the opinion of these young gentlemen, that as the ladies, for their own sakes, would be on their good behaviour, they were infinitely better than wives; who always make a point of being sulky, when their husbands treat them to an excursion, just to show that they can be disagreeable if they like, without being sent to the right-about for it. In fact, the young ladies considering it their duty to make the gentlemen as comfortable as possible in return for the liberal treatment they were receiving, were so polite and kind, and merry, and willing to join in anything and every thing promising amusement, that Mr. Holton was entirely delighted with the result of his first acceptance of an invitation to join them; and in future, when not travelling in the north on business, he drove down also with them, to the Star and Garter, or Castle, to spend a pleasant Sunday—unless he happened to be engaged to go to chapel with Mr. Truman.

CHAPTER IX.

Tutti gli altri animai, che sono in terra,
O che vivon quieti, e stanno in pace,
O se vengono a rissa, e si fan guerra,
Alla femmina il maschio non la face.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, 5. 1.

But Mr. Holton did not remain long satisfied with his own particular female friends which he had become acquainted with in town, whether on account of their boldness, their knowingness, or their expensiveness. He longed, therefore, to be able to get from the country a young creature with all the fresh beauty of the green fields about her, one whom, as he should introduce to town, he and he alone could guide into any path he might wish her to follow. He thought of the luxury of keeping her in private lodgings, and occasionally bringing her out to astonish his companions with his superiority over them, and besides—it would be so cheap.

But how was his praiseworthy intention to be

carried into effect? He might doubtless have found many establishments in London, which would have been happy to oblige him for a proper consideration; but Mr. Holton knew the world too well, not to know the deceptions which abound everywhere in it; and he determined that whatever was done in the affair should be done by himself. In his journeys through the north, he had made some rapid experiments on the susceptible hearts of chamber-maids, and farmers' daughters, the success of which did not by any means agree with his wishes and expectations; but it must be taken into consideration, that he was very young as yet, and as his education had been of a very confined nature, he was unacquainted with the variety of arts, by which such intentions as his may be accomplished.

He had been, however, for a considerable time member of a very talented and celebrated debating-club, which met once a week at the Goat and Compasses, and at one of its meetings, he proposed that the subject for debate should be, "On the most effectual method of seducing women."

It was not a very crowded room that night: for though the subject was apparently one of great interest to young men, yet it was not of that exciting nature, which their anatomical and physiological lectures had accustomed them to: and besides

this was a subject that could not be, like those, illustrated with "*Plates.*" On the whole, however, there was a very numerous meeting.

The chairman, a very eloquent and learned man, opened the debate by a well-balanced speech in which he stated the bearings of the subject, and the limitations to be observed by the speakers; proving by a variety of anecdotes, the truth of the abstract opinion with which he started, namely, "Gentlemen, women is a very curious thing," and of the correctness of the distinction he made from personal observation, that the maid, wife, and widow, are animals of quite different species: and that the maid is to be won only by something personal to herself—the wife by abusing her husband—the widow by praising the departed.

On referring, however, to Mr. Holton, the chairman directed the discussion to be restricted to the first branch of the subject, namely, the seduction of maids; he then gave a history of the art, with copious relations of the methods of other days, such as kidnapping, forcible abduction, philtring, &c., taken from the historians, Richardson, Fielding, Behn, Roche, &c., but stated that since police were come in, and highwaymen gone out, these methods had been no longer practicable. A very animated debate immediately ensued.

One gentleman made a long speech, demonstrating that maids were so bent on matrimony, that a man had nothing to do but promise to marry her, to make her run after him all over the world. The next gentleman praised the plan of the first, but for his part, rather admired a bit of clever plot, such as a feigned tale of domestic accident, to draw the lady away from her protectors; or, if the father happened to be poor, to manage to get him in prison, and make his daughter the price of his liberation; or, if the girl happened to be a servant, to get her turned away on some accusation or secret scandal of some kind or other, so that she might be without character, and fall into distress, which must be relieved at any sacrifice. Another gentleman spoke of the irresistible nature of a new gown or cap; another of a drive into the country; another of an evening at a theatre, and a bottle of wine afterwards; and in short, to have heard the variety of plans recommended as infallible, one would have wondered at the infinitely versatile invention of man; and either fancy that woman must be a very foolish creature to fall into a such a variety of traps, or that it would be wonderful if she escaped them all.

There seemed to be only one person in the room of a straightforward disposition, and this was a very short fat fellow, with a pug nose, who

remarked with a self-satisfied air, that he despised all those tricks for his own part; for really from what he knew of the female part of mankind, the charms of a man's person, and the eloquence of his tongue were sufficiently powerful.

But Holton was surprised that every speaker, instead of treating the subject in the abstract, spoke in a manner to give one the idea that he only advocated the plan which he had executed successfully: and thus every man confessed to actions, which would have stamped him a ruffian or villain if they had been committed for any other purpose in the world beside the destruction of women; but of course every thing is allowable in order to accomplish that desirable purpose.

Of this interesting discussion it may be said as of most others ever entered into, that it left the subject just were it took it up, although not without furnishing Mr. Holton with some ideas likely to be of future service.

About this time, the young Cantab invited Mr. Harvey to go down with him to Elphinstone Manor for a few days, informing him at the same time that his uncle would be at Bath, and that they should have the hall to themselves to do as they liked in. Holton was always a very accommodating young gentleman, that seldom refused a pleasure offered to him; he

accordingly accepted the invitation, and Mr. John Elphinstone undertook the not very difficult task of gaining his uncle's consent. Not only did Mr. Elphinstone take into consideration that Mr. Holton had never, during his two years' services, requested any holidays for pure pleasure, but he remembered with much affection and pride the fine old hall in which he was born, and the noble estate he knew so intimately in youth, and he really felt a kind of pleasure in sending any body to look at it. He, therefore, very cheerfully made Holton a present of a fortnight and a ten pound note, when the young man immediately set out with the Cantab, and some half dozen of his London acquaintances—the divinity student hiring a carriage, and trying his yet undiscovered skill in holding the reins, by driving four in hand.

BOOK SIXTH.

The Peasant.

Son cœur, novice à l'infidélité,
Par le commerce humain n'est point encore gâté;
La vérité se voit en elle toute pure,
C'est une fleur qui sort des mains de la nature.

REGNARD. DÉMOCRITE, Acte I, Sc. 5.

CHAPTER I.

England! with all thy faults I love thee still—
My country!—and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.

COWPER. TASK, Book 2.

When I first travelled through France, I was astonished at the enormous corn-fields, the innumerable windmills, and the interminable mail roads straight as a carpenter's rule and fringed with a couple of rows of stunted trees, through which, on a fine day, you could doubtless stand on the frontier of the kingdom, and look into Paris. When I got into Switzerland, I was as much astonished and more delighted with the hills and vallies, the summits of one seeming inaccessible to every thing but the sun, and the depths of the other to every thing but a thunderbolt. In Italy, I loved to look up at the vast depth of the blue sky, at the exqui-

site arrangement of colours around a distant mountain in the evening, and at the old cities of marble palaces standing out, as they did with all their architectural ornaments sharp and crisp against the transparent atmosphere. But when I came back to England, more than all I had seen abroad, I admired and loved to look on our own villages.

I speak not of rural landscapes, or nooks of romantic habitations nestling far down in the calm of inaccessible valleys or hanging over the precipitous edges of cloud-cleaving mountains, for I know that England cannot equal many countries in the beauty or grandeur of the perspective of rural life; but I speak of the interior of villages—the mixture of over-hanging trees, comfortable looking cottages, and neatly cultivated gardens—nay, of the interior of cottages, and their inhabitants, and what nation in the world can equal us in these.

The French cottager comes clattering with his wooden shoes into his wretched hovel whose mud floor has never yet made acquaintance with a besom, and as he passes down his throat a huge spoonful of the universal bouillon made of an ounce of bacon, some onions, cabbage, carrots, turnips, hard French beans, garlic, and spinach boiled in a gallon of water, he lays his hand on

the bosom of his blue frock, and shouts with enthusiasm, " Vive la belle France, la nation des braves !" The German peasant as he washes down the last remnant of " saur kraut" with some very bad vinegar, which he calls " wein," before he takes down his violin, lifts his cap from his head, and turning his mustachios towards the ceiling, ejaculates with moistened eyes: " Mein Gott! das Vaterland ist der Himmel." The contadino, as he comes from the cornfield or vineyard of beautiful Lombardy, and enters the nest of filth which is his home, half of whose raggedness is hidden by uncultivated vegetation, and sits down to the smoking train oil in which has been drowned a diminutive fowl as old and tough as a mummy, although he dares not praise the sun, moon, atmosphere, or green loveliness of the far-away fertile plains, lest some eaves-dropper of the paternal government should suspect him of conspiracy, and pack him off to an Austrian prison, yet is ready to thrust his dagger into the heart of any man, who doubts that " La bella Italia è 'l paradiso del mondo." The Englishman as he swallows his beef and ale—fit food for the gods—in his snow-white cottage into which no breath of unwelcome air can force admittance, with a wife before him so neat and clean as to make tempting the commonest viands cooked by her hand, damns

the rates and taxes, prime ministers, pensioners, and every body and thing, besides the squire and the king, and it never enters his head to say that England is the finest nation in the world, for the reason that it never enters his brain that any man in the world could be such a fool as to doubt it.

There is no spot that creates so many prejudices in its favour, as home; but although I am aware that one's own prejudices are more reasonable than any other person's reason, I would not despair of proving to any one that in this case, a particular prejudice is not far from indisputable truth. For pick out almost any agricultural village in sulky England, and saunter down the road betwixt the two irregular rows of houses dignified by the title of High Street, and say if you ever saw out of England a set of dwelling houses so humble, yet comfortable? How snugly enclosed is every garden, and in what order are all the beds of edible vegetables, and in what prettier disorder the strips of flowers, and the ivy, rose or honeysuckle spreading their hands out along the rich brown or snow white walls, and peeping through the diamond panes of the casemented windows; and then glance in at the door which that ruddy child has just thrown open, and tell me if you ever before saw such white walls, such shining tables and chairs, such wholesome

looking rows of plates, such a tidy housewife and such rosy children. But walk on till you come to the church mid-way down the village. What an uncouth old-fashioned place it is! But even its antiquity and awkwardness give you the idea of stability and peace, and make you reflect on the many generations which have worshipped here undisturbed by the pestilence of war which has desolated other countries. The churchyard too seems a comfortable place, with that row of evergreens to keep off the north wind, and the old wide-branching yew-tree with the bench round its trunk—the favourite seat of the old men of the village; for here they can see the little all that passes in the street; and they sit just opposite the church porch through which half a century back they led as blushing brides those that are now sitting in the chimney corner at home nursing and playing with merry troops of grand-children. How green and undisturbed are the little mounds that hide from the church-goers their old and well remembered friends, and how much of the terror of death is taken away by the thought, "there lie my fathers and my kindred, and there I shall lie with them!" But look a little beyond the church-yard wall at that snug and pretty house and garden. Like the rest, the walls of the house are white-washed, the windows are of diamond

panes, the roof is thatched, and what is there about it that makes you feel it is the abode of a gentleman? Is it the little lawn that a man might almost jump across, or the trellised porch which the rudest hand might construct, and which is beautified only by the festoons of jessamine that throw their sweet perfume far down the village, or the intelligent spaniel that rolls about cheerfully in the sunniest spot of that little domain? But what Englishman asks himself the question when every one feels at once that it is the abode of the clergyman. How many treatises have been written on the influence which the noble tastes of Pericles, Lorenzo and Napoleon exerted over the fine arts of their respective countries, but who will write a line on that no less beautiful theme, the influence of clergymen in England over the simple arts of comfort and embellishment in our villages. By education a gentleman, by station independant, yet not so rich as to take his mode of life beyond the imitation of the poor, and by his profession the familiar companion and respected adviser of the humbler classes, it is undoubtedly to him that we owe the cleanness, the taste and comfort which so delight us in our rural walks, and I believe that very generally you might judge of the character of the clergyman by the external appearance of the village in which he resides.

CHAPTER II.

O God, methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain.
HENRY VI. Act 2, Sc. 5.

THE village of Westbourne, in the county of Leicester, is like ninety-nine out of every hundred villages. It consists of a few dozen cottages, sprinkled about on the sides of a crooked road; three or four farm-houses, with walls round them, and their yards full of cackling poultry; two or three shops of general provisions; two or three public-houses; a comfortable looking house belonging to the parson, a large house belonging to the squire, and a church.

In one of those farm-houses lived, some few years back, Farmer Williams and his wife. He was a middle-aged and well-to-do in the world sort of man; and if you had a lively imagination,

he would put you in mind of one of those old yeomen that the *laudatores temporis acti* are so fond of talking about—whose simplicity, hospitality, and honesty descended from father to son as regularly as the farm. Farmer Williams had fulfilled the duties of his life, just as regularly as his fields had done theirs; and there was as much likelihood of an earthquake destroying his farm, as of his doing any thing out of the old-established routine. It may be believed, then, that he was exceedingly simple, so far as the doings of the great world are concerned—his personal travels having seldom extended beyond his own farm, with the exception of his periodical visits to the next market-town; and his acquaintances being for the most part persons in the same circumstances. The farmer's ideas were hardly more extensive than his travels. The parson he took to be the best preacher and the most learned man in the world, as the squire was the richest and greatest personage; and if the village of Westbourne was not the largest and handsomest place, it was because he had been to the next town, which of course was the finest any where.

The farmer's wife, too, was that exact counterpart of her husband, necessary to form the happiness of both—always neat, always busy, always at home, she would herself have been astonished

to find in her head a single thought which had not some reference to home.

They had been married early in life, and had had many children; but a long row of little graves in the church-yard told a mournful tale of destroyed hopes, of parental sufferings, of a deserted hearth. Consumption had seized on all but the last; and now when they were getting up in years, they saw a young creature springing up beside them, as though they were still young, and this were the first fruit of the marriage-bed. It was not to be wondered at, if the young Amelia received more than a common portion of love, being as she was the last child out of many. The parents appeared to forget the church-yard in looking on her, as though, as each child died, they had gathered back from the death-bed into their hearts all the love they had poured forth on the living, and so nursed it up to one vast accumulation, and poured it all in a flood of joy, and hope, and pleasant anxiousness on this last child. It was a perilous thing to stake so rich a prize on the chance of one mortal being; but it was some time before they discovered the peril.

The young Amelia was not one of those children whose early acuteness gives promise of future intellectual pre-eminence. In her was found instead all that is gentle, and simple, and

be remarkable for the dept
rather than of her intellect.
of affection was so still and qu
a casual observer would not
but a warm heart could feel
that exceeding tenderness with
she would leave the sports an
tural to her age and station, t
ney corner, beside father or m
delightful enjoyment in resting
on theirs. It will be thought t
calculated to be loved by the
admired by the many, and thi
Thus she grew up, happy in her
foundation of her parent's happ
of reproach was never heard i
what parent could reproach a c
so leaning on their love!—a
her brothers and sisters had d
special gift of God for the

and felt not the need of those principles which can support the soul under them, and they did not dream that their child would have to encounter them. They, therefore, made her just fit for the situation which they had reason to believe would be her's, namely, the wife of some honest farmer —her only cares those of the household, her only anxieties those concerning her family; and they expected her at last to go to the grave as their mothers had gone before them, leaving behind her a troop of farmers and farmers' wives, and a fame as extensive as the parish for the virtues useful in the farm house.

CHAPTER III.

> And the jocund rebecs sound,
> To many a youth, and many a maid,
> Dancing in the chequer'd shade.
>
> MILTON. L'ALLEGRO.

A CERTAIN set of liberal-minded people in honest old England, whose cosmopolitanism consists in praising every thing foreign at the expense of every thing British, say and perhaps believe, that the English have neither talent nor taste for music, vocal or instrumental. Respecting vocal music, whether it be treble or bass, these persons say in a very oracular manner, "It is the organ, Sir. The English never will sing. It is a natural defect of the organ." They doubt, also, and perhaps with as much reason, that their countrymen can attain proficiency on an instrument equal to a foreigner: though what organ there is in a

fife or fiddle to prevent an Englishman using them, seems somewhat beyond common comprehension.

The persons who talk in this way, and are supported by people who ought to know better, are folks who relax from money-getting and speech-making by trips to France and Italy, where they go to see sights, and expect to spend money, as "it is only once a-year." They lay down their *napoleons* at the door of the Académie, and their *doppias* at the door of San Carlo, with the utmost cheerfulness, and walk away in raptures—with the music? No—with the novelty. Now these same persons never hear in England any music superior to the starving tones of a wrinkled ballad-singer, or the first scrapings of half-a-dozen mechanics just out of employ, who labour in the streets twelve hours a day for a morsel of bread: because they would as soon think of throwing a shilling in the Thames, as of giving it to a British musician; and they wonder all their days how it is they never hear good music in England.

But if John Bull is no musician, the fine old gentleman has plenty of crotchets: and as he would cease to be John Bull if he could be prevailed on to lay them down, let us take him as he is, and leave him to the enjoyment of them. But let no English man or woman that love their

country, and love music, and are uninfected with the Gallomania receive on trust as an article of faith, the assertion that England does not love music. Rather let them wander away into one of the highway villages, on some holiday or festival dear to that village, and unknown to the rest of the world—let them mark the band of musicians parading up and down the "High-street," and ask themselves how those men became musicians. Hard-fisted mechanics, what could induce them, after a day's incessant labour at the anvil, on the shopboard, at the bench, or on the scaffold—what could induce them to turn their only hours of relaxation into hours of musical study, if it was not love? But turn away and walk down towards the inn; and hark! through one of the windows pour the sparkling streams of that merriest of all music, the fiddle. You hear in a lively style the airs of Italy, England, Scotland, Germany—in short, music of all musical nations; and how did the thoughts of Mozart and Rossini penetrate and fix themselves where Göthe and Tasso, where even our Shakspere were never heard of, and where perhaps not a line of their poetry was ever quoted? Did not their music address itself to a people fitted to welcome and love it?

Peep through those little squares of refuse-glass

which the sun can hardly penetrate, and see, the musician is a ploughman who probably has done a day's work to-day before noon, to earn this leisure. Look at the toes of the men and the maidens who are not dancing, and at the myriads of little imps who crowd about the house to be within the circumference of the fiddle's vibrations, and tell me, can you look upon the nervous fidgettings of the elders, and the unsubdued and uncontrolable agility of the youngsters, and say that England does not love music.

Let those people, then, that love the mechanical finish of professional performers, lay down their money to support the science, and England will excel in music as in all other arts. But to me, the rude and hearty strains of the cottager or mechanic are accompanied by a sentiment of a natural impulse in the music which gives me a more perfect feeling of enjoyment than all the laboured execution of him to whom music is a trade.

The little village of Westbourne, shut up though it was from intercourse with the great world, was not without its musical history. It had a band, and never had been without one: and many an old fellow in the place, as he sat in the shade of the patriarchal tree in the midst of the village, whose branches had hung over many a generation, would criticise the performance of

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] had seemed in [illegible]
was one with whose performan
musical glory could be brough
for the oldest man in the place,
the tones to which he had loved
far-back youth, could see little
Tom the Fiddler."

Look at the old fellow as h
with his instrument in its gree
der his arm. He is going to a d
village, or a fair in the village b
how merrily he smiles, and ho
speaks to every one he meets:
knows Old Tom, and he knows e
roughest farmer welcomes him
prettiest and most bashful maid
shake hands with him; the lit
mother's [illegible]

glass of ale, and a few couples of young men and women, and all his desires are gratified.

Who can sum up the vast amount of happiness that Old Tom has created and circulated! Not a wedding or a christening for the last fifty years has been without the attendance of Old Tom, and thus he has become connected and associated with the general merriment of half a century. Even when the Squire's daughter was married, Old Tom managed to get into the hall, and set all the servants a-dancing, and when the young lady came out and gave him a half-a-crown, he drank her honour's health with a hip, hip, hip hurrah! and the young lady thanked him, and shook hands with the old fellow: and thus Old Tom has scrambled on through life, a favourite with every body; and when he dies, many a moistened eye will follow the humble procession that takes him to join in the eternal repose of the hundreds that he has made merry. But Old Tom is not going to die just yet.

You may know Old Tom's house by its being the raggedest in the place, and by the natural luxuriance of the weeds in the garden; for Old Tom is at home every where, and is not particular about the house and grounds that he sees less than any other; besides, he does not love gardening, and never had money enough in his life to have

the broken panes mended, or the door put on, or the hole in the wall repaired. Yet is that old tumble-down-looking place more willingly and cheerfully looked on than any other house all down the village; and the young maiden, as she passes by, feels her heart involuntarily bound as she says to the young man by her side, "I wonder what Old Tom is about to-day?"

But Old Tom is prime minister of Terpsichore, in her two-fold office, for not only is he the depository of all the tunes so dear to grandmothers, because they loved them in their courting days—not only may he found treasured up in his fiddle the good old melodies that modern inventions have exiled from more fashionable instruments, but he also is "le dieu de la danse." He is the treasury of the traditionary figures—of the legendary movements of the country dance; for Old Tom is a Conservative in his profession, and utterly eschews the modern innovation of quadrilles and waltzes. Well may he prefer the country dance that he has seen merrily footed for half a century, and he does prefer it, and puts the novices through the very figures that their grandmothers loved. Old Tom does not meddle with the girls' feet—he teaches them merely the intervolutions of the dance, and leaves them to invent the steps: and he does right, for

what master can create any movement so graceful as the natural bounding movements of a pretty maiden when her heart is full of delight.

The dancing academy was generally some barn in the village, unless indeed when summer was drawing to a close, and young autumn was filling all the barns, when the atmosphere was so warm and the evening so beautiful that a bit of greensward at the back of Old Tom's cottage or near one of the farm-houses was all they wanted. A very pleasant sight it was to see, and a very pretty amusement to join in: for the young folks consisted of about a dozen young men and women, children of the farmers; the former the lightest limbed and best-looking fellows in the place, and the latter the prettiest girls: and all of them had known each other from infancy, and had been to the same school together, which in fact was the only school in the place. These were all the party unless when the smart lady's maid came up from the manor-house, and who rather liked to coquet with one or two of the handsome and rustic Apollos of the dance; or when the shopkeeper's daughter condescended to join them; but this was not often, as she had been to a town boarding-school, and was of course, very high.

But pleasant indeed was the amusement to the dancers themselves: for Westbourne was such

an out of the world place that there was no noise of coaches, or bustle of any kind of travelling or business to disturb them, and no critical observers to embarrass them: for the few faces that gathered round were old and familiar ones, and they seemed all like members of one family, and the cheerfulness was unrestrained. But even music itself was more delightful than usual, every note sounding so distinct and clear in the still air: for there was not a sound in the whole heaven save the feeble murmur of the rural Soar creeping over the stones, or occasionally a shout from some urchins about the maypole at the other end of the village, or the faint and beautifully swelling notes of the hounds floating on the air, from the hall about a mile off which was just visible through the straggling trees of the park.

One evening when Amelia Williams was one of the party, the dancers saw some half a dozen gentlemen coming across the fields in the direction of "the Great House," and as it seemed that the gentlemen, when they heard the music, turned towards them, one of the dancers cried: "Here's some gentlemen from the Squire's," and they broke off in the midst of the dance. The gentlemen came up, and one of them being known to the party as the Squire's nephew, after an apology for interrupting them on the part of the gen-

tlemen, and some hesitation on the part of the dancers they were prevailed on to continue their amusement.

The party of London gentlemen joined the rustics with little expectation beyond that of being amused at the clumsiness of rustic dancing: but the fiddle is a bewitching instrument, and the sight of dancing begets an irresistible desire of imitation—and by the time the dance was over, after a little whispering among the gentlemen they were ready to offer themselves as partners for the next dance; and as there could be no objection to gentlemen from the Squire's, the girls consented, and were led out again.

To persons accustomed only to refined society it may appear absurd to suppose that a party of London gentlemen such as these have been described could create any violent sensation in men or women; but it will not appear by any means so absurd to those conversant with rural life. If nature had not been more bountiful to the strangers than to the rustics present, yet undoubtedly London customs and London tailors had given them a decided external superiority. This was felt by the young farmers themselves, who did not half like the interruption: it was felt too by the lasses, who I am afraid considered this one of the proudest hours of their lives: for many a

blushing cheek was turned half aside from the whispered compliments of the gentlemen, and still they betrayed no very great anxiety to return to their old partners. The gentlemen too appeared perfectly satisfied with the amusement; and continued to find Old Tom plenty of work until the sun was disappearing behind the far-away hills, and the trees cast on the ground an interminable length of shade, which were the usual signals of departure.

But even then the gentlemen were too well-bred to say "good night." Half forced, but altogether willing the girls' arms were linked in those of their new acquaintances, and so they went home: and if they did loiter a moment at the garden-gate, to smile at a farewell compliment, and if they did think over in their beds what had passed, it was no more than was to be expected from their simplicity, and their unacquaintance with that city vice—flattery.

CHAPTER IV.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth make in visour faire,
And cast her colours died deep in graine
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can faine.
SPENSER. FAERY QUEENE. Canto 7, 1.

It will not be doubted that there was a dance the next evening, or that every lady who was in the party just described attended. Perhaps some of my readers will not doubt that the gentlemen also attended, and indeed they did attend, but whether attracted by the excellence of Old Tom's music, or wishing to become acquainted with the young farmers it would be difficult to decide. But if it were this latter feeling, it certainly was not reciprocated, for the rustic beaux utterly disgusted by being again deprived of their belles, gradually slunk away, and left the lasses and their new acquaintances to themselves.

Amelia Williams was undoubtedly the prettiest girl in the company, and to her this evening, as on the last, Frederick Harvey as he was called, most particularly addressed himself, as he was the only person present to whom the present scene promised a future pleasure. He looked on his blushing partner, beautiful as she was in the ripening womanhood of seventeen, and thought that with her he might rival his companions in London as well as gratify his own passions. He had been intimate with the worst part of human nature, had narrowly examined it, and thoroughly understood it, and was possessed of the coolness necessary in carrying out a plan founded on that knowledge. The girl by his side was quiet and bashful, and he felt that she was not to be won by noisy professions or brilliant promises. He walked home with her, sat down by her parents' fireside, marked the intense affection between her and them, and felt that nothing but a gradual and cautious pursuit could have a chance of success. He talked to the farmer concerning agriculture, and related many entertaining details about London: he spoke warmly of the pleasures of a country life, praised the neighbourhood which he was in, and when he shook hands with the old people, and made a bow to the daughter, and told them he should call the next day to see the

process of making butter and thrashing wheat, he received a very hearty invitation.

He called the next morning, and listened very elaborately to a most particular description of a variety of domestic and agricultural processes, and tried his own skill at many of them: and when he was tired, sat down with the family to their bread and cheese and ale. The old folks were highly delighted with the visitor, "such a good looking gentleman," said they, "and no pride about him, to think of his coming from the fine things at the Squire's to eat our bread and cheese like one of ourselves." They did not recollect that there was one thing in their house more charming than all the riches of the *Manor House.*

By thus going to the farmer and his wife for information, Holton became an object of greater liking than he would have been by communicating it; inasmuch as it seemed as though they were conferring a favour on him—so much more powerful is our self-esteem than our gratitude. In a few hours he became almost like one of themselves: and on the second day, when he inquired if there were any pretty walks in the neighbourhood, and showed very great dulness in comprehending the directions towards some which the farmer pointed out, the old man told his daughter to put on her bonnet and set Mr. Harvey in the way to them.

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The evening dancing-party was broken up, as may be supposed: for the girls could not get their brothers, cousins, and lovers, to accompany them, after being jilted two consecutive nights: and the girls, whatever little weaknesses they might have had, were really too modest to meet the gentlemen alone. But this was an advantage to Mr. Frederick Harvey: for he came down to the village with his party in expectation of a dance, and finding that there was not one, slipped away, and walked down to inquire of Miss Williams the cause of it. The farmer was not at home, and after a little pleasant conversation with the old lady, he prevailed on Amelia to walk with him down to Old Tom's to see if any of her companions were there.

They were not, and this led to another little walk, and it was evening, the most dangerous of all times for hearts both of maidens and youths that have not yet given themselves away. Probably this evening-walk was sweeter to Amelia than any she had ever taken before. She was young and ignorant, she had never been placed in circumstances where a thought of ultimate consequences was of importance—the young gentleman was superior in manners and station to any other she had ever spoken to; yet he was so unassuming, and so respectful both to her and to those whom she most loved, that alas! for her peace, she soon required no

persuasion to join him in a ramble, but what was suggested by her own heart.

And oh! ye bright stars, and green lawns, and over-arching boughs, how will ye answer for the mischief ye have wrought in the peaceful hearts of youths and maidens! Beauty and grace may dazzle and bewilder in the crowded ball-room, or the brilliant promenade: but music, and gaiety, and self-esteem have their own separate charms, and the shaft of beauty strikes harmless on the heart impenetrable by preoccupation. But in the deep recesses of rural solitude where no eye beholds, when the distant hum of the village, or the rustling of a bough, by their very distinctness give a deeper impression of the general silence, and every attribute of evening sheds a sense of peace and tenderness, what power is there in a maiden's heart to resist the gentle whisper of love which seems but a more perfect and glorious amplification of that rapture already nestling there?

And so it was with Frederick Harvey and Amelia Williams. They talked not of love—it was a subject he dared not touch on, lest he should alarm her: but he knows little of the human heart who makes the tongue its only interpreter. They walked out alone, and returned not until evening was setting in; and as they sauntered down the green lane towards home in a silence more dan-

gerous than the most passionate conversation—as it left the excited and unsuspecting imagination full scope for its delightful reveries, their eyes fixed on some bright particular star, and then, as by a mutual impulse drew down their eyes from the upper loveliness into each others faces, there was a glance that interpreted more eloquently than any form of words. The young girl was in the hands of one who had seen too much of the world not to be able to understand her without words: but in truth, it required but little acquaintance with human nature to look into the heart of one who had never known the necessity of concealing a thought or an emotion behind the mask of a countenance chilled by artificial indifference.

CHAPTER V.

Mais lorsqu' amour prend le fatal moment
Devoir, et tout, et rien c'est même chose.
LA FONTAINE. LA CONFIDENTE SANS LE SAVOIR.

Mr. Frederick Harvey was, as my readers will not doubt, a very honourable young man; and his conduct in this interesting situation proved it: for while he was determined to convey the young lady to town, if possible—and he had not much fear of being able to devise a plan to accomplish it—yet he did nothing in it without first consulting the gentleman with whom he had come into the neighbourhood. He might have considered, to be sure, that if he took the lady away without the gentleman's knowledge, he might commit him with the London firm to preserve his reputation with his uncle, if a noise should be made on account of the young lady's disappearance, as undoubtedly there

would be: but it is best to be charitable in our construction of people's motives, and I trust the reader will believe that a sense of honour rather than of self-preservation induced Mr. Harvey to make this communication.

From the young Cantab, however, Mr. Harvey met with no objection to his proposed amusement, but on the contrary was favoured by him with several ideas that promised to be very useful in accomplishing it—the collegian evidently enjoying what he considered a good joke. One condition only he made, which was that Harvey should do the thing in such a manner as not to allow persons to fix on him as in any way contributing to it: and this Harvey was ready enough to do, as the most effectual way to keep young Elphinstone unsuspected was to prevent any positive proof being brought against himself. He now walked with the young girl every evening, and sometimes in the early morning, gradually accustoming her ears to the whisper of praise, of friendship, of admiration, and nothing was wanting to form a compact of love between them but a certain short question, answered by "yes," which could be effectually substituted by a pressure of the hand, the motion of an eyelid, or the blushing of a cheek.

This question, however, was not to be asked yet —not, in fact, until mystery, surprise, and delight

would give it an irresistible effect. The remaining part of the two weeks of his permitted stay, was passed in preparing the poor girl's heart for the impression intended to be made on it, and when the time was up, he returned to London according to his plan, without declaring himself, and without the formality of saying farewell.

Now was the office of Dudley, Elphinstone and Co. again restored to its usual appearance by the constant attendance of the three accustomed clerks, all excellent in their way, Parkinson for town, Holton for the country, and Truman for all the world. A more than ordinary attention to business was now paid by Holton through the day, and a more constant attendance at home in the evening was observable to Truman, so that he stood upon the very best footing with him. Indeed, Mr. Holton invited Mr. Truman to his rooms at least twice in the week, and not only punctually returned the visits, but offered to accompany him to chapel on the Sunday, so that whatever Truman's suspicions might have been awhile back, they were now so completely lulled, that Holton stood on the very highest pinnacle of his esteem.

A fortnight passed thus with very impatient submission on the part of Mr. Holton; but in the early part of the third week after he re-

turned from Westbourne, he received orders to go to Manchester, and away he went with a heart agitated by the variety of passions which his intended enterprise was calculated to create. He went immediately to Manchester, and having transacted all the business which he had to do in that town, set out to execute the purpose, which for the last month had entirely occupied his mind. The grand thing in getting Amelia away, was to appeal to her feelings in some manner that would take her by surprise, and create an overpowering sense of tenderness, under the influence of which she would believe a well got up romantic tale, and be prevailed on to go with him. That was the plan for the enterprise itself: but it was also necessary to guard against after consequences. He could not doubt that inquiry would be made for Amelia both in town and country, and worse a thousand times than failure itself would be a discovery of his participation in the affair, since it would certainly cause his disgrace with his employers, and might come to the ears of his reverend benefactor, and destroy all the hopes which he built on that gentleman's affection.

Having put a letter directed to Messrs Dudley, Elphinstone and Co. in the post office at Manchester immediately previous to his departure, and given a coachman half-a-crown to put another

the same evening in the Birmingham post, to give the firm information of his whereabouts, and the kind of business which he had done—which had indeed been very profitable—his great object was to get to Birmingham as soon as possible to transmit accounts to London of business really done there, that there might seem to have been no time unaccounted for, if by chance he should ever be suspected of being engaged in the intended enterprise. His intention, therefore, on leaving Manchester, was to reach Westbourne and carry off Amelia that evening, and cut across the country towards Birmingham, so as to arrive there the next morning to send a letter of business to London.

He left the coach at a market-town about a dozen miles from Westbourne, and went on immediately in a hired carriage attended by a servant. After a drive of about eight miles, they came to an inn near which a lane turned off to Westbourne which was about five miles distant. At this inn the carriage was put up, and Holton walked away towards the village with the man, instructing him to find out Amelia, and inform her secretly that he wished to meet her in the lane as soon as possible, and then to hasten back to the inn, and have the carriage in readiness about two miles from the village.

He had not waited long, when from the field which he had chosen for reconnoitring without being himself observed, he saw Amelia coming from the village at her very quickest walk; and this readiness to meet him convinced him that his plan could never have a better opportunity of being carried into effect. A stile led from this field into the lane, over which he leaned to wait for her, as she would not be able to see him until they were close to each other, and the sudden surprise he thought might be of advantage to him. She came on looking very earnestly up the lane, in which direction she expected to meet him; but on coming to the stile, and seeing him before she had time to put in practice the little hypocrisies of modesty which slacken a woman's footsteps, and calm the expression of eagerness when she meets the lover she would walk round the world barefoot to see, she started and blushed, and in her surprise her eyes filled with an unbounded delight which stopped her breath, and was apparently overpowering her. But he was soon over the stile and by her side, and before even a word had passed, his arms were round her, and she was leaning on his bosom. He did not now, as in times past, suggest the love which he dared not openly express, but every word was burning with passionate admiration, and enthusiastic flattery. The first step was taken, she had listened to love, and

the path was open before him; secret was that winding lane, and seldom trodden in the evening at that distance from the village. It was evening, and the shadows were beginning to gather thick around; no eye beheld them as they walked, he with an arm round her neck, and she with a cheek leaning on his shoulder, listening with a gratified heart to words of the fondest love. And so they walked about a mile in that posture unchanged, save when he looked into her face to mark the effect of his words, and their faces were drawn for an instant together. The time was so filled up on his part with praises and professions, and on hers with the pleasure of being with and listening to him, that no word passed respecting the cause of his former disappearance, or of this sudden or unexpected interview.

Amelia was not alarmed at finding herself two miles from home at seven in an October evening, especially on such a delightful evening, and with him: for if the truth must be told, she had been out nearly as late with him before. Thus she walked on perfectly happy, and thinking of nothing but her happiness, until, as I have said, they were about two miles from Westbourne, when at about a hundred yards distance, they saw a carriage, when Mr. Harvey immediately stopped, and said pressing her close to his side, "Well, my dear, I suppose we must part here."

"Part!" echoed the poor girl taken by surprise, and not endeavouring to conceal her tears.

"Yes, that's my carriage, I believe. I forgot to tell you what brought me down here. You see, my father, my dear, is very ill, in fact just dying, and sent over to see me immediately; and I must meet the coach at Leicester to get into Birmingham to-morrow morning. But as I came within twenty miles of you, I could'nt help coming over to see you once more."

"But are you—really going immediately?" Amelia asked with considerable hesitation.

"Yes, directly; no help for it, my dear, and yet to leave such a pretty, such a dear girl as you—but there's no knowing what my father would do if I were not to meet him."

"And when shall you come back, Sir—I—my mother would be very glad to see you!"

"Oh, I don't know. If my father was to die, I might see you again in a few months: but otherwise I am afraid I shall not be able to come here any more."

"Not come here any more!" Amelia sighed to herself, and hung heavily on his arm.

"And yet," continued the gentleman, "I don't know how I should exist without my Amelia, for I love you, I love you better than anything in the world."

"Do you indeed?" asked the innocent creature looking affectionately in his face.

"Yes, that I do, you dear creature."

"Well then, I am sure you will come and see me again; for I am sure I should not mind a thousand miles"—she stopped in confusion, and Holton took up the broken sentence—

"A thousand miles for what, my dear!—to see me!—did you mean that?—Ah! I see you did, you sweet creature. But my father, oh! he is such a man, and, perhaps, if he thought I should come down here, he would transport me or put me in prison, or do something dreadful. But really, my dear, it is getting late, and I must be off—come, give me one kiss, the last."

The darkness, the surprise, the immediate separation so worked upon the poor girl's feelings that she threw her arm around his neck, and gave way to her bursting tears; and the very terms of fondness which he poured in her ear were now motives for more violent grief, as the more thoroughly love was impressed on her heart, the more grievous was the separation.

"Come, keep your spirits up, Amelia," he at length said as he felt the scene must be drawn to a close, "I am as sorry to part as you, but what's to be done? I must go, and directly too, for it's getting very late."

This brought Amelia to her senses in a

moment; for she looked about, and saw that it was very dark. This was a new source of uneasiness, for the poor girl was as timid as a bird, and in the whole course of her life had not been out of the house alone after dark—and she looked about her in very perceptible alarm.

"I suppose," said the affectionate Mr. Harvey, "you don't mind going home by yourself—you won't meet any ghosts or robbers I dare say, and nobody would interrupt such a pretty girl as you."

"I don't know," she spoke with a good deal of hesitation—"it is very dark—must you go away directly?"

"This moment, but there's a man with my horses—perhaps he would step down with you."

Mr. Harvey stepped up to the carriage, and after a considerable conversation with the servant, returned to inform Amelia that the man would not be left behind, as it was his office to clean the horses, and he should lose his situation by staying.

Amelia looked round in bewilderment—very evidently afraid to go home by herself; and Mr. Harvey pressing her close to his heart whispered in her ear the startling words, "My dear Amelia, you must go with me."

"Go with you, Mr. Harvey, where?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"You must go with me in my carriage. You are afraid to go home alone, and I have not time to take you. You must go with me, and you will make us both happy. Listen to me, my sweetest Amelia—when we get to the next town, I will send the man to your father with a note which you can write while we are changing horses; and you can go with me to Birmingham, where we will be married in a few days, and then my father will not be able to object to it."

There was something unspeakably sweet to Amelia in this first talk of marriage; but she was shocked at the idea of leaving home in the manner proposed, and said, "Oh no, Sir, I must not do that—what would my father say to my leaving them in that way?"

"Why what could they say when we come back married, in a few weeks perhaps?"

"And the people, what would they say!—Oh! no, I must get home."

"Well, I really thought you loved me, and cared more for me than for a pack of idle people; but as you don't, I must leave you—and I shan't care what becomes of me when my father perhaps makes me marry somebody else."

"And do you really love me so much?"

"Love you, my dearest creature, oh! more than words can express."

"And could you not come back here again?"

"Very likely not, my father is such a man. But how happy I should be to marry you without any body's knowledge, and then take you to him, I am sure he would so love you. Come, make up your mind, my dearest girl, you must go with me, and make me happy for ever, or stay here, and send me away miserable—you hesitate—good bye then, this is the last kiss."

She lay on his shoulder insensible to every thing but the passionate love he was breathing in her ears. They stood by the side of the carriage, in an instant she was seated within it, he was by her side, the carriage drove away, and thus she bade farewell for the first time to her home.

CHAPTER VI.

Perch' egli mostrò amarmi più che molto,
Io ad amar lui con tutto il cor mi mossi,
Ben s' ode il ragionar, si vede il volto,
Ma dentro il petto mal giudicar puossi.

ARIOSTO. ORLANDO FURIOSO, 58.

I CAN imagine that many an antiquated votary of single blessedness, whose beauty never could tempt a man to tempt her, might exclaim against the ignorant girl for the easiness with which she was enticed to leave her home; and assert that her readiness to enter the path of probable destruction was but the development of a natural inclination to vice. But the perfection of her innocence was the cause of her error. She had the simplicity of a dove, but she wanted the wisdom of a serpent. She had none of the suspicion inseparable from a knowledge of the world; and feared not the guile which she found not in her own heart. She loved, and with such a confiding

spirit as hers, love is a passion that arrays its objects in the most perfect of its own attributes. She would doubtless, have been ready to perform any act of self-devotion or self-sacrifice for love; but she thought not of a sacrifice here; she fancied rather that she was proceeding to the sure possession of happiness greater infinitely than any she had ever yet hoped or imagined.

Yet while the carriage was hurrying on towards the town whence it had started, as soon as the first violence of her surprise had passed away, and she could reflect on the immense importance of what she was doing, she became uneasy. She did not suspect the partner of her journey—how could she while he was sitting by her side, and pouring into her ears words full of the ecstacies of love! but she considered that she was running from home with a gentleman, and asked herself what her parents and friends would say?—she felt that she was doing wrong. By the time that the carriage stopped at the inn, her thoughts had wrought her into a state of violent excitement; and when they were in the inn-parlour where they went to wait for the coach which was expected to come in every minute, she besought Mr. Harvey very earnestly to send her back. He rang the bell, and the servant in pursuance of previous instructions assured them that no con-

veyance could be had that night; and Mr. Harvey told her that if she would not go on, he must leave her by herself at that strange place, as it was necessary for him to go at all risks. He impressed on her mind the fact, that if she returned home alone after staying out a whole night, the people would speak more injuriously of her than if she were to return in a week or two with her husband; and what was of more weight with her than all, he doubted the love that could bear to be separated from him on such a feeble consideration. The effect of what he said was to induce her to write the following letter:

"Dear father and mother,

I have done very wrong to leave you without your consent, and I fear you will never forgive me, for now I am many miles from home I see how badly I am doing. But it is too late to return to-night, and we shall not be absent more than a few days, and I entreat you will wait till you see us, and hear what reasons we had for so doing, before you are very angry with your affectionate

AMELIA."

"P.S.—You need not be uneasy on my account, for I am with Mr. Harvey."

After which there were several lines begun, and afterwards erased by the pen, and at last was written, "We are going to be married."

This letter having been properly sealed and directed, the servant was rung, and examined as to the possibility of conveying it that night. This was pronounced to be an easy thing, as carriages or horses were coming by every half-hour, and the letter could be given to a servant, who, for a few pence would leave it at the inn where the road turns off to Westbourne, with orders to send it down immediately. The letter was accordingly transferred into the hands of the servant, who transferred it into the hands of Mr. Holton, who transferred it into the fire.

All this passed in a few minutes; and directly afterwards the coach came up, when Holton and Amelia continued their journey. Her mind was made up to it now, and although at times a little regret crossed her mind, yet on the whole she was happy, for she was sitting by *his* side; and as she became fatigued with the unaccustomed motion of the coach, and the lateness of the hour, and fell asleep, whenever an unusual lurch of the coach awakened her, she found herself supported by him, and her cheek resting on his shoulder.

It was about four in the morning when they reached Birmingham. Amelia completely worn out by the journey, went immediately to bed; and when she arose at ten or eleven found that Mr. Harvey had been up and absent some hours. She

was frightened at being left by herself in a strange inn in this busy-looking town, and sat without eating or drinking in the room to which she was taken. In the afternoon she received a note from him, in which he informed her that it would be impossible to introduce her to his father on that day, as he was insensible, and was to be kept from every species of disturbance: he desired her also to order every thing she wished, and promised to be with her in the evening. Early in the evening he returned to the inn with a very melancholy countenance, as he informed her that there was but little hope of his father's recovery, and to make his present situation doubly awkward, he was compelled to be in London the next evening. This was sad news for Amelia, as it necessarily put off the day of marriage, until when she could not feel justified in what she had done. Her present situation, however, was not without its pleasures, for she spent the whole evening with Frederick, and heard him, when he spoke of her to the waiter, call her his wife.

Mr. Harvey went out early the next morning, and when he returned, as he did in a couple of hours, informed her that his father was no better, and that they must leave Birmingham for London immediately. Accordingly they took the first coach, and late in the evening were set down in

Regent-street. Drawing her arm within his he led her away, wondering and bewildered at the vast extent of human habitations stretching out in all directions, as far as the eye could reach. He went into a splendid mansion, where dinner was served up to them in a beautiful style in two or three minutes, and Amelia was refreshed and made comfortable by the wine which her companion insisted on her taking. At length a waiter came into the room, to say the carriage was waiting, and Harvey and Amelia were driven away.

When the carriage stopped, she beheld before her a building infinitely larger and nobler than any she imagined to exist on the face of the globe: and when they entered, her senses forsook her, overpowered by the indescribable brilliancy of the scene around her—for she was in Drury Lane Theatre. The vast extent of that Temple of Pleasure, the elegance of the paintings, the magnificence of the audience, and the power and tenderness of the music united to overturn the equilibrium of a mind that had never before been exposed to any influence stronger than the humble rusticity of her own home. When nearly at midnight they left the theatre, they went a-foot, as the gentleman said they had not far to go: in fact, after two or three turnings, he led her up a narrow street or court, in which he said he lived.

They came to a large private house, the door of which, even at this time of night, was open, and Harvey led in Amelia, and took her up stairs into a front sitting-room, which seemed already prepared for their reception.

He immediately rang the bell, which brought up a lady who evidently was a person of authority in the house. She was somewhat above the middle age, about the average height, but enormously fat. Her face bore the remains of beauty; for the features, though large, were well-formed; and the colour of her youthful years was not lessened. If it be added that so far as lace, satin, and gold-chains were concerned, she was beautifully dressed, the reader will see this lady as she made her appearance to Amelia.

The old lady's face was wreathed into the kindest smiles, as she entered the room, and shook hands with the gentleman.

"Well, aunt, how have you been since I left you, eh?" asked Holton, as he took her hand.

"Oh! pretty well, my dear," she replied, with a glance at Amelia. "I suppose you have been very well."

"Yes, very well, but"—winking at her—"my poor father's at the point of death."

"Ah! is he! poor man! how long has he been bad?" and she returned the wink.

"For some time. But let me introduce you, ladies. This is Miss—I mean my wife. My dear, this is Mrs. Parsons."

Amelia and the old lady shook hands, the latter observing that the young lady's beautiful face assured her that she was a very excellent young lady, and that they would be very happy. The young creature thanked her very affectionately for her kind wishes, and said she was very glad to be acquainted with one of Mr. Harvey's relations. At this the old lady examined her countenance very narrowly, and then became very merry, and even Mr. Harvey, in spite of his father's illness, could not help joining her: but he turned the conversation, and stopped Amelia's wonder by remarking—

"Well, aunt, what do you say to the country ladies? Is not my Amelia a beautiful girl?—between you and me, don't you think I shall cut out Washington and Chesterfield?"

"Well, my dear, she is a sweet creature, certainly, and there's no denying it: but, I say, won't a certain person be jealous?"

"Pooh, pooh, never mind, aunt,—how are all your daughters?"

"Oh, nothing fresh—just the same as you left—would you like to have any of them up?"

"Why—a—no—no, we shall like to be all to

ourselves just at first. Mustn't have any company yet. But I say, what is there for supper? any thing nice?"

"I don't exactly know. What would you prefer, my dear young lady? I think there's some fowl and beef in the house: but, if you please, I will send out for anything you like—made dishes, soup—anything you may please to name, Ma'am."

Amelia wanted nothing, but Holton told the old lady to send up any eatables there might be in the house, and some port and champagne.

These preparations having been made within a few minutes, the gentleman drew the sofa to the table within reach of the blazing fire, and having placed Amelia on it, sat down by her side, threw his arm around her beautiful neck, and in this posture they took supper. Not much conversation took place between them—their relative positions were so novel, so delightful—it was a situation to be enjoyed with silent rapture—a situation, in which a single word, or an audible sigh, would have dissolved the charm. She was seated by his side, in a posture expressive of that dependence and protection which was to be the sole bliss of her life—bliss, the most perfect of its kind, and of a kind that must ever stand prominent in the charms of life, and make all other pains and pleasures indifferent.

Their travels were over—no more beating about the country, night and day, in jolting and suffocating coaches—no more rambling about in strange places where she knew no one—no more staying in the uncomfortable publicity of inns—she was now at home with Frederick's aunt. This thought suggested a train of suppositions, respecting the truth of which she wished to be satisfied: and turning her irresistible blue eyes up to his, beaming with that inexpressible tenderness with which love adorns the simplest phrase, she said in the tone of asking attention,

"Frederick?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Mrs. Parsons is not your father's sister, is she?"

"My father's sister, Amelia! bless your silly brains, to be sure she isn't; what could make you think so?"

"I don't know, Frederick. Only as she is your aunt, she did not seem much concerned at your father's illness, so I thought she could not be his sister."

"Oh no, she is—a—Mrs. Parsons is—but really, Amelia, you don't eat anything."

"Thank you, Frederick, I have eaten a great deal. Oh! I am so happy that we are at your

aunt's, and will you introduce me to your cousins to-morrow?"

"My cousins, Amelia! why, what are you thinking of?"

"Won't you introduce me to your cousins, then?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Did you not ask your aunt Parsons concerning her daughters, Frederick?"

"Ah! yes, to be sure; but we shall have time to talk over all those things to-morrow. Come, my dear, take another glass of champagne—you drink nothing."

"I cannot take any more, Frederick, indeed, I am afraid of it: why, I have taken one glass of wine and two of champagne already."

"Oh, don't be afraid of it, my dear; after all your travelling and sitting up you must be worn out, and ought to take something. Now, come, take another glass of champagne—it is a nice light refreshing thing when a person is tired and thirsty, and I declare you have not drunk my health, yet."

She looked in his face for a few moments as he filled the glass with the sparkling liquor, and put it in her hand, then putting her arm around his neck she raised the glass to her lips, then said in the lowest voice, but with a tone of unutterable love,

"Your very good health, my dearest Frederick," and drank the wine;—she then laid the glass on the table, and putting her other arm around his neck, soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Tous les honnêtes gens d'ici sont des fripons.
REGNARD. DÉMOCRITE, Acte 3, Sc. 2.

BEFORE the office of Messrs. Dudley, Elphinstone and Co. closed the next day, Mr. Holton made his appearance to deliver an account of the business transacted by him in the North. It was a good time for the merchants, for the foreign markets were very high in articles of which they had a large stock, and the large purchases which Holton had made, promised to be very profitable. He, therefore, stood high in the good opinion of his employers, so that when he complained of head-ache, fatigue, and general indisposition, imputable to his great exertions in business and rapid travelling, they readily gave him a week's liberty to enjoy a trip into the country, which he said would restore him. He left the office in high glee, having first found an opportunity to

whisper to Parkinson, "Bring Poll up to Mother Parson's to-night."

The whole stock of clothes that Amelia had brought to London was, of course, those she wore: and as a principal object of Holton in bringing her to London was to astonish his set of friends by her beauty and elegance, and his own brilliant success in "les bonnes fortunes," which was impossible in her present appearance; this first day was devoted to making her fit to be seen. Mrs. Parsons, the kind-looking landlady, was appealed to, and recommended a dress-maker of her acquaintance, who attended very speedily, and took orders.

But Holton was too eager to shew his prize to wait for the new dresses, and borrowed some very fine articles which Mrs. Parsons was so obliging as to offer to lend for present use. These things, however, were so very much gayer than any Amelia had ever worn, that she hesitated a good deal before she could be prevailed on to wear them. The cut of them too covered her with blushes, and nothing but Mr. Harvey's urgent intreaties could have induced her to be seen in them, although a kerchief drawn tight about her neck protected those charms which the gown revealed, but which had never yet been exposed to the gaze of man or woman.

Mr. Parkinson called in the evening, accompanied by his lady, equipped in the first order of a certain kind of elegance. Amelia was duly introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Chesterfield, who in return expressed their delight in making Mrs. Harvey's acquaintance, and they sat down to tea. Mr. Chesterfield at first seemed to Amelia, a very pleasant companion and quite the gentleman, and Mrs. Chesterfield was certainly a very fine-looking lady, and very agreeable; but there was something about them both that at length made Amelia very much dissatisfied with them. In the first place, the lady's dress was made somewhat like her own: but Amelia could not look at her without blushing, for she disdained to hide the mature beauties of her neck behind a shawl or handkerchief. There was moreover too great a levity and freedom about Mrs Chesterfield to please Amelia; and some of her opinions, so far as the poor country-girl could gather them from the mixture of unintelligible cant in which they were involved, were so free as to give her much uneasiness—to say nothing of the very great familiarity with which she addressed Mr. Harvey, applying, as she did, more terms of endearment to him than the poor girl had dared to utter from the commencement of their acquaintance. Mr. Chesterfield too, after the first slight restraint of introduction was

over, seemed to her a little too familiar and confidential with her, making complimentary remarks both on her dress and on her person, which she could not have endured patiently from any one in the world but her own Frederick. There was also a kind of manner in Mr. Chesterfield's address to her which was like a secret understanding or an attempt to establish a secret understanding between them; there was an occasional smirk directed to her which he allowed no one besides to perceive; and she fancied, that at certain points in the conversation, he favoured her with a wink. This not only disgusted but alarmed her, and she felt relieved when it was proposed to go to Covent Garden Theatre, and very readily consented to make one of the party.

The glimpse of theatrical magnificence which she had the night before, when she was half asleep and completely travel-tired, had merely astonished and bewildered her; but now that she had leisure to examine what was passing around her, she seemed in a new world, all the attributes of which were of a different and nobler order than those of the world she had hitherto known; and it is doubtful whether, in the excitement of the moment, she did not feel gratitude as well as love towards Frederick for exalting her into it.

When the performances were over, the two cou-

ple adjourned to a house in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane to supper. A long flight of stairs led to the supper-room, which was of very large size, and fitted up with considerable splendour. The numerous tables arranged along the sides of the room, the showy company with which they were filled, and the sweet sounds of the piano which was touched very gracefully by a professor at the head of the room, filled Amelia's heart with such a novel wonder and delight, that she could have sat there all the night enjoying the brilliant scene. But after supper she observed that Mrs. Chesterfield drank a great deal of wine, as indeed she never suffered the bottle to pass her without drawing a bumper from it; she fancied too that every minute she grew more noisy, active, and talkative. After a time she saw her make signs to a lady on the opposite side of the room, who returned them, and at length both ladies were evidently the very reverse of well pleased with each other. At length the strange lady came across, and demanded, with a volley of oaths, what Mrs. Chesterfield wanted, who, for her own part was not backward in replying in the same style, and the result was a decided quarrel, which gathered around their table all the people in the room. Disgusted and terrified, Amelia caught Harvey's hand and intreated him to take her home, which, after considerable per-

suasion, he was prevailed on to do; and when they reached it, she was in such a flutter and amazement at the strangely indecent scene she had witnessed, that she was unable to attend to anything until Harvey promised her that Mrs. Chesterfield should not visit her any more.

The next day, Amelia's dresses were brought home, and after altering them to suit her own ideas of propriety, she put them on, delighted undoubtedly with the improvement that the hand of a London artiste had made in her appearance. Little of her time was spent at home this week, for Harvey made up for a past sedentary life, by taking her into all the scenes of gaiety that London afforded, and her time passed in continual pleasure. But was she happy?

Perhaps she was as nearly happy as a human being can be. She loved, and she was continually in the society of him she loved, and never for a moment doubted, and these are some of the elements of the most perfect human felicity. There was but one little cloud on the sunniness of her heart, and that vanished when he was by her side, breathing into her ears the words that could never lose their power to bless her; but as soon as he departed and she was left alone, the little cloud returned, and made her enjoyments imperfect. She felt then that she had done wrong in leaving

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was at home, that she should never be married, undoubtedly no persuasion could have tempted her away; but if she had believed now that he would never marry her, probably it would have made no difference in her conduct. She longed to see her parents, and longed to return to them, but married or unmarried, she would not have returned alone. She had taken an important step, and felt bound to abide by its consequences. She had left her parents to be married to the man she loved; and though she was not married, she felt in herself all the love, the willing self-sacrifice, and more than the dependance of a wife; and considered it a life-lasting duty, by all cheerful attention, by all obedience, by all uncomplaining endurance of her own possible sufferings, and willing participation in his, to prove the perfectness of her love.

Thus the subject of marriage was not urged on him by her; for, judging of his feelings by her own, she believed it must give him pain to be obliged to defer it, and she wished not to increase that pain by discovering any uneasiness on the subject. Had any one, even Frederick Harvey himself, assured her that he would never marry her, she would have borne it in silent submission; but had any one told her that he would leave her, it would have stricken her to the earth; it was

CHAPTER VIII.

La giovane riman presso che morta
Quand' ode che 'l suo amante è così lunge.
ARIOSTO. ORLANDO FURIOSO, 7.

THE week's absence granted to Mr. Holton for the recovery of his health having passed, and information being communicated to him from Parkinson, that Truman was aware he was in town, he provided himself with a satisfactory excuse in preparation for possible inquiries, and made his appearance at the office perfectly restored to health, and ready for work. No questions, however, were asked, for while he did the work expected of him, no member of that firm was to tyrannical as to expect him to account to them for the manner in which he spent his time out of the office.

The exact cause of his absence was not communicated to Amelia, she being informed only that he was compelled to be absent on business, and

the time of his absence she was recommended to fill up with reading, walking out, or conversing with any of the ladies in the house, or, in fact, with any amusement she could find or invent. The time passed dully enough; for she was very little accustomed to read any books besides the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress," and these, the kind good-natured landlady assured her, were not in the house, nor had she ever seen such books; but she would be very happy to lend her some which she was sure she would like better. A bundle of dirty-looking books were accordingly sent up to her room, which, after opening one or two of them, she sent down in great disgust. She went out for a walk by herself, as she had often done at home; but she soon grew tired of walking about the streets alone, and having met with great difficulty in finding her way back, she was disinclined to go out again.

For want of other employment, she examined the furniture, and embellishments of their rooms, and in them, she met with what very much disagreed with her sense of neatness. The furniture was certainly good, and even handsome, infinitely better than Amelia had ever seen before. There were rosewood tables and chairs, the latter covered with a brilliant green silk, a sofa to match, and lounging-chairs of a variety of shapes, but all

handsome. An enormous pier glass was suspended over the side-board, reflecting back a variety of ornamental and expensive trifles arranged before it. These were all articles she had never seen before, yet she preferred the plain oak at home; for nothing in the room was in good order—nothing was clean. The brilliant carpet gave out a cloud of dust every time a foot was set on it, the delicate silk of the chairs was spotted with the drippings of candles, the sofa was torn and covered with marks of dirty hands, and every point of the room in which dust could lodge, was covered with filth. It seemed that the room had been furnished by a person unaccustomed to spend money, who had acquired a large sum without working for it, and who had not been taught how essentially comfort depends on cleanliness and order.

Amelia set about restoring, or rather introducing an appearance of neatness to every thing about her; and this full employ during a week, made the time pass pleasantly enough, especially as Frederick came early every evening, and took her out to some place of amusement, or what was better, spent the long evening with her alone.

She had been in London about three weeks, when one evening, sitting in her favourite posture, on a footstool with her head resting on his knee,

she turned her eyes towards his, and said, with an inquiring look,

"You will think I am very foolish, Frederick; but really I can't understand what kind of a house this is."

"What kind of a house, Amelia! why—why—a—what house should it be—what do you think it is?"

"I don't know. Do you always live here when you are in London?"

"Generally; but why do you ask?"

"Is it a kind of public-house—an inn?"

"No, to be sure—it's a lodging-house.

"What is that?"

"Why a large house that a person takes to furnish and let out the rooms to different people—for strangers in London, especially, who don't like living at hotels."

"Oh! is that it, Frederick. Ah! I wish there were some good kind of women among them for me to speak to while you are away—for the time seems so long—and I should like to speak to some female."

"Well, why don't you go down to Mrs. Parsons or have some of the girls up with you."

"Are all those girls below Mrs. Parsons' daughters?"

"Her daughters, Amelia! to be sure they are—that is—not all of them."

"They are lodgers, are they?"

"Yes, some of them, but why do you ask?"

"I was thinking I would rather sit here all day waiting for you, than speak to them."

"Why?"

"I have met several of them on the stairs, and they were *so* dirty, and besides—I dare say you will think me foolish—but they were really half-naked, and then their clothes were put on in such a manner—I declare I would not be seen in such a state for the world."

"Oh! that is just the difference between town and country."

"But then, Frederick, I have heard them quarrelling and using such horrid language as frightened me out of my senses, and I have run and locked my door for fear."

"Why, the house, my dear, is not altogether what I should like, but you know, I thought we should not stay long in town, and that you wouldn't mind it for a little while."

"Oh no, my dear Frederick, I do not mind it when you are with me; I don't mind any thing then; it is only when you are away from me that I am afraid, for really these persons are very rude—it was only to-day that I heard them calling very loud from the window to persons in the street."

"Oh! it was only to their acquaintances, I dare say."

"But what surprises me most, is that I never hear any thing but women through the day, and yet we hear men talking and moving about the house at all hours of the night."

"Why really, my dear girl, a—you see—that"—The gentleman spoke with considerable hesitation—"Bless your simple heart—the fact is—lodgers in London don't know much of each other, so that I can't tell you all about the people in this house: but I dare say the ladies you have seen, have got husbands who are engaged all-day in business, and only come home at night. That's it, I'll be bound."

"Ladies?" said Amelia with a doubtful air, "they cannot be ladies, surely. Ladies do not go about all-day with their hair hanging about their faces, out of curl, or else in paper till late at night; and besides these females never seem to look decent before dark. They can't be ladies."

"Well, Amelia," said her protector with some small asperity, "you are really very silly to take a dislike to people because they don't do as people do in the country; and 'tis very awkward for me, as I promised a friend of mine to take you to a party in the country next Sunday, and really I don't know how to get off."

"My dear Frederick," Amelia answered in the most affectionate manner throwing her arms round his neck, "you must not stay away on my account. You know how glad I shall be to go with you, or do any thing you like."

"Well then, my dear, you must not take notice of anything that you think strange: for London people don't do like the country."

"I will not mind any thing, Frederick: I will love every thing you love: and I shall be sure to love every body that is your friend."

Accordingly on Sunday Mr. Harvey and Amelia drove down to Hampton where they met an assemblage of his city friends: and a very delightful day did Amelia spend; for although the ladies she met were rather too free to please her, yet the gentlemen were men of some breeding, and the liveliness of the party was not carried to a violent excess—and besides this, Amelia was alone with Frederick all the way down and back.

So great was the admiration which Amelia's beauty had excited in the breast of these gentlemen that Holton earnestly desired to shew her off to his other set of friends, which he thought he might safely do, as Amelia had borne the last meeting at Hampton so well. He, therefore, laboured hard during several evenings to convince her that the strict notions which she had brought

from the country were so many follies, and that nothing but giving them up would preserve his love, accustomed as he had been to the manners of the town. Amelia promised very earnestly to see only with his eyes and feel only with his heart, and he then told her to be dressed the next evening ready to go out with him to a dinner party when he called. She promised, and in a few minutes after office hours the next evening Mr. Harvey called and took away Amelia to the dinner party.

She was very tastefully and modestly dressed, and the slight hesitation and bashfulness which threw a transient flush on her delicate cheeks as she entered Mr. Washington's drawing-room improved her beauty and gave such a simple and interesting expression to her whole person as to make her in all things a striking contrast to the party she was to meet, which was to consist principally of those persons of Mr. Holton's acquaintance already introduced to the reader—the whole forming eight couple. It happened that as Mr. Washington gave his dinner in rooms immediately in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey were the first to arrive, so that Amelia was spared the worst of the blushes and confusion that the entrance into a company of strangers would have occasioned her.

The company, however, soon dropped in by two

and two, and very affable and merry they all were, and very obliging things they all said when introduced to Amelia. Nor were the compliments only on the female side; for as soon as the ladies had retired to undress for dinner, the gentlemen complimented Mr. Harvey on the charms he had introduced into their society—the young lawyer observing, "Dammy, Harvey, I should like to serve you with notice of ejectment from that fee-male"—the broker, remarking "Above par by G—d"—the radical owning "that he shouldn't mind taking office under such a queen as that"—the conservative confessing that he "shouldn't quit his country, if even every village in England were allowed to send such a representative to their parliament." In short every body uttered some witty compliment couched in the phraseology of his daily occupation or favourite branch of study.

The ladies having walked in and duly intermingled themselves with the gentlemen at the table, the ceremony of eating began. But Amelia was not so comfortable here as at home. She was ashamed of her weakness, and strove to conceal it; but in her heart she felt that the dresses of the ladies were highly indelicate, and the language both of them and the gentlemen as bad, consisting as it did of a mixture of oaths and

cant, and familiarity as disgusting as either. She at first thought the ladies exceedingly handsome: but after listening to their obstreperous conversation through the dinner-hour, and observing the very unsophisticated appetite, and undisguised enjoyment with which they devoured the fish, flesh and fowl, and the very protracted adhesion which they maintained between their lips and the huge pewter pots which went the circuit of the table, she began to consider their beauty of a coarse and unengaging kind, and wondered that any body should prefer such society to the quiet enjoyments of home. But she took care not to shew her rising dislike, since what was of most consequence to her in the world depended on it—the pleasure of Harvey.

But even the most unconscionable stomach when it is full can take no more, and even these hearty convives became, like certain species of creeping things, gorged to dullness, and indifferent to the remains of the comestibles before them. The torpidity of repletion, however, is not suffered to continue long with the true bon-vivant. In a few seconds the tables were cleared of the substantial solids; and covered with bottles, jugs and glasses, and those elegant devices by which the ingenuity of man overcomes the decency of nature. Every couple at table had a huge glass which the lady

filled according to her taste, and the perfume of whiskey, brandy, rum, gin and wine, with the smoke of the cigars, or, perhaps, not those emanations, but the liberal quantities of the very substances themselves imbibed made a very short quarter of an hour of the after-dinner silence. Frequent was the challenge to drink, and never did it fail to meet with ready acceptance. The gallon jugs of porter that made the table groan, became only empty shells of clay. The sealed bottles of whiskey became things to be thrown in the fire-place and broken, and a rigorous examination was made of the very last drop of many a bottle of old crusted port. Amelia saw it all without speaking—she sat watching the increasing easiness of the ladies, and the rapid development of love that were effected—for side by side seemed not sufficiently expressive of the intensity of their affection, and gradually every lady was seated on a gentleman's knee, and her neck encircled by his arm. Even Amelia was seated in this manner—for she was afraid to object: but although it was Frederick, she could not endure that any human being should see her in such a situation.

Still the drinking went on lustily; and as the party became heated by bibatory exercise, the gentlemen released themselves from their coats, and the ladies unfastened certain strings and pins

for the more perfect enjoyment of liberty—and Amelia's heart beat with affright, and her eyes turned to the ground with shame. She whispered a request to Harvey to let her go home, but warmed with liquor, he told her not to be silly, and make him be laughed at, for it would soon be over. Hour after hour, the merry orgies were kept up, enlivened by songs both from gentlemen and ladies, some of which were unintelligible to Amelia, and those she did understand filled her with disgust. At length one of the ladies volunteered a dance upon the table; an exercise not adapted or intended to hide the charms with which nature had blessed her: then a lady proposed that every gentleman should kiss every lady, which was returned by the gentlemen demanding that every lady should do the same with every gentleman. Amelia's whole nature was filled with insurmountable disgust at this proposal; but when she saw it agreed to by the ladies, she turned to Frederick Harvey to protect her from that indecency. He, however, treated the affair as a trifle, and told her she must do as the rest; and when it came to her turn, on her refusal to comply, both men and women gathered round to force her into compliance. Delicacy, at that moment, was even stronger than love, for she burst from them and ran home without other covering than what she had worn at dinner.

What was to be done now? Mr. Holton undoubtedly felt himself to be a very ill-used young man. What, after it had cost him so many pounds to get her to London and introduce her to his friends, was the great purpose of this expense to be frustrated? He had formed a very pretty plan in his own mind, which was, after getting rid of a little superfluous modesty, to take a little house or some rooms for her in the outskirts of the town where she might employ herself, and at the same time support herself with needle work, so that she would be safe from his employers and her friends, and would be always ready when he wanted to exhibit her. This was all at an end, he found—he was most decidedly vexed and disappointed, for he thought the money was lost which he had employed in this affair. He stayed from her entirely during three or four days, and when he called on her again, finding her, though enthusiastically rejoiced to see him, yet still retaining an insurmountable objection to associate with those females, he began to calculate what it would cost per annum to keep a mistress, and having come to a rough estimate of the sum total, and compared it with his income and his other expenses, the result was, that Amelia in a day or two received the following letter from the hands of Mrs. Parsons the kind landlady.

"My dearest Amelia,

I am sorry to inform you that circumstances have happened which make it inconvenient for me to visit you any more. You can easily imagine how I am vexed, but the fact is, people that I must'nt offend, have got hold of our connexion, and if I don't drop it, it will be all up with me. Recommending you to do the best you can in present circumstances,

I am,
Your's affectionately,
FREDERICK HARVEY."

The contents of this letter were so totally unexpected, so entirely different from all that she had imagined, that she could not at first believe it, or understand how it was possible they could be separated. She stood awhile stupified, with the letter clasped tightly in her clenched hand, she read it again and again, as though it contained some mysterious meaning which she could not fathom, and when she took into her understanding and heart the fullness of her misfortune and misery, it was like a sword thrust in her heart, —she fell on the floor insensible.

BOOK SEVENTH.

The Landlady.

Tutto in un tratto vide il ciel turbato,
Sparito il sol tra nuvoli nascoso,
Ed uscir fuor d'una caverna oscura
Un strano mostro in femminil figura.

ARIOSTO. ORLANDO FURIOSO, 42.

CHAPTER I.

> Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
> That tends to make one worthy man, my foe.
> Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
> Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.
>
> POPE. PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES,

If by any chance a certain popular class of British imaginative literature could exist for a generation or two, how astonished would our descendants be at the strange chance or stranger perversity which had misled their forefathers of our time. "What!" they will exclaim, "was virtue so old fashioned and wearisome, and honour, honesty, and decency so exploded, that authors were reduced to choose the very filthiest rogues on whom to show off the gorgeous richness of their pathos and sentiment! what impure imaginations and tastes they must have had in the olden times!" And if we were to be judged by those works of temporary notoriety, or if the

taste which invented and encourages them, were to pervade any great division of our literature, well might we be afraid to stand the judgment of posterity. But England is not quite so bad as that, she invents nothing immoral, and if she falls in with the skilful immorality of her neighbours, it is but from an emotion of pride to shew that she can do it as well as they. We borrow immoral, and disgusting literature from the same friend that formerly supplied us with paint, patches, and wigs, and it is to be hoped that this will follow the other absurdities. The origin of this monstrous perversion of taste is as follows:

About a century back lived a man with a fancy totally depraved, an imagination fitted rather to grovel than to soar, and a disordered brain, yet gifted with the most brilliant and eloquent language that ever conveyed human thought. This man passed a long life without acquiring a particle of common sense, or being suspected of a single virtue. Hating the world, his fellowmen, and all the virtues of social life, he gave to the world, for its destruction, a book which sunk not into contempt until it had accomplished some of its author's intentions, and is not yet totally forgotten. He gave the world a series of domestic scenes in which every actor is elaborately wicked and conscientiously infamous; and by a

showy sophistry made the most loathsome domestic vice lead to, and end in moral happiness, which might possibly be true if man had no conscience; but he also made it result in domestic comfort which never could be true unless men were without either senses, tastes or passions. This man was Rousseau, and the work "La Nouvelle Héloïse," a work which, thrown up in the moral convulsion that preceded a social chaos, obtained for itself what all new theories then do, the examination of the world; but being found to war against human nature, to sicken every powerful mind, and disgust every delicate heart, its eloquence and sophistry could not retain it in the hands of men, but it rapidly sank into the smuggled instrument for debauching the minds of precocious children at boarding schools.

The German imagination, as though a nightmare lay upon it to conjure up the most loathsome images for its unnatural love, seized the principle so well worked out by Rousseau, and improved on the original; for as the honest Germans had learned the great picturesqueness and beauty of that rottenness of heart which had always been considered utterly destructive of domestic peace and social existence, they went so far as to appeal to our sympathies on behalf of those horrible crimes which no decent lips dare to name. Con-

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Then came the French, r
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they had destroyed, they str
national mind every virtue
belonged to it. The magnific
ancient literature, reflecting,

to national applause. Something unbearable then must be adored now. The violet must be plucked from the button-hole to make way for a fungus. The historical drama, the polite novel, both chaster than human life, simpler than Greek tragedy, but colder than Greek statuary, became with other objects of external decency, objects of suspicion and disgust; and instead of infusing into those beautiful forms, a little of the warmth of a heartier humanity, they rushed to the extreme of beating them to the earth, and worshipping the only literature which formed a complete contrast to it. Then moral impossibilities, physical monstrosities, conflicting sentiments which never existed in the same breast, and situations in which no man ever could be placed, became the staple of the French imaginative literature—a literature which has corrupted the present generation, but happily will not reach the next.

English writers, following close in originality their continental guides, finding the charms of virtue long exhausted, and the graces of the more horrible and tremendous vices occupied by their neighbours, and daring not to introduce them before a nation which would not endure a loathsome literature, leave untouched the rich archives of British virtue, and explore the pages of the Newgate Calendar, whence they extract the

meanest and most contemptible wickedness of our criminals: and the liar, the traitor, the pick-pocket are pictured with the tenderness of love, the buoyancy of adventure, or the brilliancy of generosity: and thus we are taught to contemn the attributes of virtue when we see them not incompatible with the vices that we view with loathing, or crimes that we punish with death.

But there is one consolation in this as in other human mis-doings. These works are in their very nature perishable. Their essence is a lie. They throw the qualities that attract sympathy around the vices which human nature does not sympathize with, and the mind spurns the monstrous fiction, as it spurns every palpable absurdity. It is a curious fact, but still a fact, that all the immoral works which the world contains are of modern origin. Look at the works of those mightiest masters of the passions—the fathers of the Grecian stage. They did not fear to grapple with unmentionable crimes: but they dared not throw a charm about them—they dared not even describe them—or even hold them up to the world's hatred; but they left them in their suggestive simplicity to the natural loathing of the human heart. They fixed the mind on the inevitable punishment; and if they created a sympathy for the criminal sufferer, it was with

a beautiful humanity in something utterly distinct and separate from the crime. Ancient literature has not a single work calculated to throw a charm about those actions which are condemned by the sense of universal man. Chastity, loyalty, and those other virtues, the respect for which depends on the state of civilization, may have been somewhat injured occasionally by clever men, although men of true genius have never ridiculed even these virtues: but an insult to honesty, truth, gratitude, or one of those virtues of which every man born of women feels the beauty as soon as he feels anything, is not to be found in all classical literature. Yet surely the men of those days had not a higher standard of morality before them, than we have: in those days, doubtless writers were found to astonish their countrymen with pictures of the amiability of vice: but left to rot in obscurity by the greater geniuses of their language, they sank into oblivion by the weight of their unnatural falsehood. But examine the works of all the literary glories of modern ages—and from Dante to Scott, which is the author who holds up vice to admiration or approval? There is not one. Boccacio indeed, in the overflowing luxuriance of his youthful genius gave the world a book which he afterwards repented of—a book abounding with the utmost

felicity of narrative, with the most profound pathos, and the most brilliant humour—the whole conveyed in the most perfect diction that the world has ever listened to: yet though its object was to satirize the flagitious vices it paints, the very freedom of his descriptions has kept it unknown, save to the few—no one dares to publish it, and while his pathos and humour are known as far as the sun gives light, the book itself is lost to the world for ever. Boccacio is a memorable warning; for he is the only genius whose fame depends on a work which is not the property of the whole world, although it was sent into the world for the moral purpose of satire.

I am not strait-laced—I can enjoy Boccacio and Rabelais, and luxuriate in the vigorous license of a youthful literature. I believe that for every edition of a Bowdlerized Shakspeare, the world will see a thousand editions of its own Shakspeare. I know of no book from which I would expunge the "objectionable parts." I know not even a single criminal which the pen of genius might not bring within the reach of human sympathy, by dwelling, not on his vices, but on those qualities which he possesses in common with all mankind. But I know there are vices and crimes which genius alone can touch without infamy. There are vices, which if a writer dare to invest

with the graces of sentiment, with the heroism of adventure, or the picturesqueness of romance, he gives the world a proof that he is not worthy of being a member of it, and the reputation he acquires for his memory is the very reverse of that of a benefactor to his fellow-men.

The man who inculcates or recommends vice, writes a language which the world does not comprehend, and agrees at once to his own condemnation. But the man who advocates the cause of virtue is comprehended by the child, as well as the man; by the peasant as well as the philosopher; by the barbarian as well as the civilized; and the sympathy of all mankind is voluntarily offered to him: and if he know how to invest virtue with a new charm—if he can throw a fresh gleam of beauty over the scenes which so many masterhands have adorned, the hearts and consciences of mankind will take his works under their protection, and will not suffer them to perish.

Thus has it ever been, and thus it must ever be, founded as the principle is in the very nature of man. Let a thousand ages roll on, and who will be proclaimed the world's immortals? Is it Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Molière, Milton, Fielding, and Scott?—or Petronius, Rochester, Rousseau, Crébillon and Göthe?

This much I have said, as an explanation of,

or an apology for, some scenes introduced in the last and present books. It is not my intention to give this work a shocking interest by startling pictures of horrid vice, or by a sentimental gloss on moral deformity. The vice pourtrayed here is not meant to be attractive, and if any person who is a participator in it, interests the feelings of the reader, it will be in spite of, and not on account of actions which ought to be detested. In other words, the sympathy awakened is for those sentiments which the purest minds cannot help sympathizing with, whether they arise in the mind of the pure, or of the depraved.

CHAPTER II.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and an universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SWIFT. TALE OF A TUB.

When Amelia again opened her eyes in consciousness, the landlady and a doctor were standing by the bed on which she was lying sick and helpless. In answer to her first words, the landlady informed her that Frederick had not been to the house since the letter was brought that had so much afflicted her. She asked for the letter, and when she had read it, turned away from them and hid her face. She afterwards learned that she had been many weeks in a violent fever with

delirium; and now that this was past, her misfortunes and anxiety so preyed on her mind, that the doctor expressed but little expectation of her recovery: she, however, had one hope that sustained her, and gradually grew better.

When the worst of her sickness was past, and she became fully conscious of her present situation, she was undoubtedly very miserable; but not on account of guilt or shame. Her heart had not room for any emotion but that of sorrow for the loss of him she loved. No suspicion of treachery entered her mind—she thought not that she had been deceived—she thought not even that she had deceived herself—she fancied only that they had both been unfortunate. Brought up where there was little probability of her virtue undergoing the ordeal of temptation, her mind had not been enlightened by those principles of morality and religion which in the hour of trial would have strengthened her to obtain the victory, or would have enabled her to raise herself to virtue after a fall. She had a clear perception of right and wrong, when she beheld their immediate operation on individuals; but she knew that no meditated guilt on her part had brought her to her present situation, and she felt no remorse. The sentiment that accompanied her sin concealed it. "Home, home," was the cry of her heart.

"Oh! that I were well, that I might go home!" She knew that she could not return to her parents innocent as she had left them; but she knew that in their hearts was an abundance of love to plead forgiveness: she even looked to them for comfort, as she still believed that Frederick would seek her out, and heal all her sorrows for ever.

This holy agitation and anxiety to return to the place and habits with which nothing that was not good was connected, had no bad effect on her health. She was soon able to leave her bed, and would have left the house immediately, but for the commands of the doctor, who told her that the probable effect of undertaking a journey in her present condition would be a dangerous relapse. She therefore waited with as much patience as she could command, until at length she felt so strong, that she determined to stay no longer, and desired the doctor to bring his bill. It was a long one, and Amelia wondered how she could have taken so much medicine; but she paid the doctor, and began to arrange her clothes for the journey. She was thus engaged when the landlady came up into the room; and with a very low curtsey, and the very civilest of civil tones, said, as she presented a long roll of paper—

"I am very sorry to trouble you, Ma'am; but you see, we as keeps these kind of houses depends

on our lodgers; and as I've got to pay my rent this week, I should be glad of your little bill."

"Oh, yes," said Amelia, "I had forgotten it; how much do I owe you?"

She looked down the roll of paper, and said, with evident surprise, "Do I owe you so much as this?"

"Yes, Ma'am, and very little too," was the reply. "I have charged the very lowest price for every thing. You see, you was so weak—the doctor, he's a nice man, that—ordered you every thing that was good, and I was obliged to give a good price for them; but I knew you wouldn't mind it, as it was to make you well."

"You are very kind," Amelia said, as she opened and examined her purse; but she found it was utterly impossible for her to pay the old woman's account; and after a little consideration she decided on retaining the apartments for a few days.

When the woman had left the room, Amelia finished putting her clothes in order for her journey; for she was in no trouble about the money: she was quite certain of obtaining it immediately, and was vexed only at the delay which was necessary. She considered for a little time, whether she should write to her father or to Frederick. Her heart inclined to the latter; and

she had no doubt that by writing into Hampshire she should find him; but she could not ask him for money in a way to please herself, and she wrote to her father thus:—

"Dear Father,

I was coming back to you; but am kept back by a debt contracted in my illness. So unfeeling as I must have appeared to you, I am ashamed to ask for so much money, for I owe nearly twenty pounds; but I cannot come back without it: and oh, my dear father, you will not cast off your Amelia when she wishes to return to you, and would never, never leave you again."

Having sealed the letter, she left the room, for the purpose of putting it in the post-office; but before she could get to the street door, the landlady came out of a front room, and with her face full of rage, got between Amelia and the door, and turning round to her, asked in an ironical manner—

"Well, Ma'am, and where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I am going to put this letter in the post-office," Amelia answered calmly.

"No doubt, Miss, no doubt," answered the woman, with a knowing grin; "and when did you mean to come back?"

"As soon as I had put the letter in."

"Oh, yes! I dare say—a very good excuse; but it won't do, you see."

"What do you mean," asked Amelia, somewhat frightened; "I want to send this letter to pay your bill."

"Oh, yes! he! he! he!—no doubt; and I suppose if you had put your letter in, you would have come back directly?"

"Yes."

"I tell you what it is—I see you are up to the tricks of town; but you see I am up too; and if you slip me, I forgive you, that's all."

Amelia was not a very able hand at scolding—violence frightened her, and she said, with tears, and in a tone of supplication, "Indeed I did not mean to deceive you, or to go away; but I cannot pay you before I have an answer to this letter."

"Why then didn't you ring for the servant, if you didn't mean to bilk me? You had better give me the letter, if you want it sent; for I'll be d—d if you leave this house before I'm paid."

"I have no wish to go," Amelia answered; "but, as I said before, I cannot pay you until I have an answer to this letter."

The woman strode out of the room with the letter, and Amelia went up to her chamber. She was surprised at the woman's rudeness; but it

gave her little uneasiness, as she had no wish to go out, and thought she should soon be able to pay her, and have nothing to fear from her.

Morning after morning she watched the postman from her window; but morning after morning passed, and there was no letter brought, and no father come for her. She was surprised when a week had passed thus, and wrote again: still there was no reply, and she became disheartened. The landlady again came up to her, and this time with even less civility than before; for she began her insolent speech without any kind of salutation.

"Well, Miss, what do you mean to do about my money?"

"I cannot pay you," Amelia said, "until I receive an answer to my letter."

"And how do I know that you'll ever get a letter," inquired the woman, furiously; "and if you do, there mayn't be money in it.

"Well, then, allow me to go into the country, and I promise to send all I owe you in a week."

"What, Miss, do you think me a fool? It won't do, I can tell you."

"Then you must wait a few days longer," Amelia said; "I am sure I shall have the money."

"And what should I wait for, confound your

impudence. You ought to be ashamed of getting into debt, without money to pay. You don't think I'm going to keep you for nothing, I suppose; if you do, you'll find yourself preciously mistaken, for I'm determined to have my money directly."

"But I tell you," Amelia answered, calmly, "I have no money, and no means of procuring it, but through the letter that I expect."

"Oh," said the woman, with a contemptuous look, "I dare say you can get plenty of money, if you like."

"If I could, I would not hesitate a moment; but what I have told you is the truth—I have no other hope but the letter."

"If they meant to write," persisted the woman, "they would have written before now; and as there's no chance of your having a letter, you must get money how you can."

"But how?" said Amelia.

"Oh! I dare say you don't want me to tell you how; with such a pretty face as yours, you've no need to want money."

"What do you mean?"

"Stuff! you know what I mean, well enough. It isn't the first time, I'll be bound, that you've made use of your face to fill your pocket;" and the beldame strode out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

Ed io sentì chiavar l' uscio di sotto
All' orribile torre.

DANTO. L'INFERNO, 33.

THE foreshadowings of some unknown approaching calamity came over Amelia's spirit. She reflected, but she could not comprehend it; at times she feared that she should never return home, and she became miserable. It was late in the evening when the landlady left her room, and Amelia went into her chamber, where she threw herself into a chair, spread her arms out on a table before her, and covered her face with her hands. In this posture of wretchedness she had sat a considerable time, when she heard some one pass through the sitting-room into the chamber where she was: but she did not move, believing it was the landlady. She heard the person take a chair, and sit down by her side, and felt an arm thrown round her neck. As she looked

up, to her unutterable amazement and terror, she beheld a strange gentleman, and she sprang on her feet in an instant.

"The old lady told me the truth," the gentleman said, "you *are* a pretty creature."

"Sir, Sir," cried Amelia, "what do you here, what do you mean?"

"Oh! my dear girl, don't be alarmed;" he answered carelessly, "it is all right." He walked to a table, pulled off his gloves and hat, and put them by with his cane.

"All right," cried Amelia, "what do you mean?—leave this room immediately."

"Pshaw! my dear creature, none of your heroics, I have been properly introduced," and as he said this, he laid a purse on the table.

Amelia rang the bell violently, but no one came; the gentleman was between her and the door, and breathless with fright, she cried, "For God's sake, Sir, tell me what you mean by all this—that purse—introduced—in my bed-room! —Oh God—Oh God! does my landlady know that you are here?"

"To be sure she does, my dear; 'tis all right, or how could I have the pleasure of this meeting?—So come, give me a kiss."

She sprang back as the gentleman approached her, crying, "Oh God, what will become of

me?" She attempted to slip by him, and escape from the room, but he caught her hand and held her, saying,—

"My pretty girl, what do you see in my face so dreadful that you attempt to run away from me?"

"Leave me, Sir, I entreat you, or let me go," she said in tears, "indeed I am not the creature you believe me."

"But, indeed, you are the creature I believe you, a very beautiful creature;—but what is all this crying about?—do you mean to say seriously that I am here against your inclination?"

Amelia fell at his feet, grasped his hand, and said in the most earnest manner, "Have pity on me, Sir: I am a poor friendless creature. I have left my father and mother, and this woman will not let me go home because I owe her some money for things in my illness. I can never go back, if you use violence on me."

Scenes like this evidently seemed new to the gentleman; and he had been far from expecting it. He seemed to be a harmless kind of fellow; and looking on her as she kneeled at his feet in tears, he saw she was really distressed, and said, "It is rather strange to find a girl in such a house as this who asks for the sort of mercy you want; but if you are really decided, all I can say is, that

I have been deceived, and am very sorry to have alarmed you. However, at the risk of alarming you again, I must have one kiss, and then I leave you."

As soon as she heard his footsteps on the stairs, she rushed into the sitting-room, and locked herself in. This she had scarcely done, when the landlady knocked at the door, and in the most vehement manner, demanded instant admission; but Amelia did not answer. She opened the window, and looked down on the court—the distance was awful—to spring down was certain death; and her appeals for help, to the flaunting creatures that stood at the doors, were received with laughter. There were no other persons to be seen, and she dared not drop from the window. In the morning, she opened it and appealed to any person that seemed likely to assist her; but most of them knowing the house, shook their heads, and walked on. At length, however, a gentleman appeared to be struck by her appeals, and Amelia was rejoiced to see him enter the house; but it was too apparent that the landlady gave him a satisfactory reason for the disturbance, for he went away without again looking towards the window.

As soon as he had departed, the landlady hurried up, and rattling at the door, cried fiercely,

"Come, Mistress, open the door. Open the door, I say, or I'll burst it open."

Amelia gave her no reply, but slunk away from the window; she, however, heard her call to some one below to bring up a hammer, and fearing that violence would be offered her if she resisted any further, she opened the door. The woman bounced into the room, her arms a-kimbo, her hands clenched, her face full of evil passions, and her whole appearance that of a fury. Amelia drew back, afraid of being struck, and the woman followed her, till thrusting her face within a few inches of Amelia's, she exclaimed, with a volley of hideous oaths, "What the devil is all this noise for, Miss?—do you want to kick up a riot about my house, do you?"

Amelia continued to shrink back, until she felt the wall at her back, and could get no farther, the woman still following her. The wretched girl burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh! if you will but let me go, I will not make any more noise."

"Let you go!" the woman shouted, "let you go! so you wanted to escape, did you, and bilk me of my money?"

"Oh! no," the girl answered, "indeed I would have sent it immediately."

"I tell you what it is, Miss, you are nothing but a vile cheat. Send my money! I dare say.

Didn't I put you in the way of earning money last night? If you had wanted to pay me honestly you wouldn't have sent the gentleman away."

"I would rather die," Amelia answered firmly, "than procure money by such wickedness."

"Wickedness! forsooth, what do you call wickedness!" the woman shouted with a hideous laugh. "You can do such wickedness sometimes, I suppose."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Do *you* mean to say you are married to the gentleman that you came here with?"

Amelia sank on a chair and covered her blushing face.

"You owe me twenty pounds, and I will be paid."

Amelia rose and said firmly, "You shall keep me here all my life before I will become the guilty creature you would make me."

"Keep you all your life!" repeated the woman in derision, "not I indeed. I shall do what you won't like quite so well as that. So mind, if you make any more disturbances, or try to escape, or refuse to get me my money in a honest way, I shan't keep you here."

Amelia looked in her face with fear and wonder, and the woman continued, "Ah! you may look

again, my fine Miss. I can tell you what I shall do. I shall send you to prison."

"To prison!" shrieked the terrified girl, falling upon her knees, "Oh no, no, I pray, do not, do not send me to prison."

"I tell you I will have my money," said the woman, and going to the head of the stairs, she called out, "Jack, come up."

Amelia shuddered as she saw entering the room a large vicious-looking ruffian, in a thick frieze coat that reached nearly to his feet, with a bloated face, and every outward expression of a cruel villain.

The landlady observing the poor girl's terror at the name of prison, observed very coolly, "This is a sheriff's officer sent by a lawyer that I have applied to, and he only waits for my word to take you up, and now you know what you've got to trust to. You won't be so nice when you go to prison—you won't talk of wickedness there—you will be obliged to do there what you pretend you can't do here. And mind, if you make any disturbance you go to prison directly." The woman locked all the doors, and taking the keys with her, went down, followed by the ruffian, or sheriff's officer.

CHAPTER IV.

. . . facilis descensus Averno,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

VIRG. ÆN. 6, 126.

No person who has not had a pretty extensive acquaintance with rural life, and the ignorance of the world to be found in a secluded village, could imagine the excessive terror with which the woman's mention of a prison filled the mind of Amelia. She knew not what she had to fear in prison: but she knew that murderers and other wretches, at whose crimes she had shuddered, were confined there: and she knew not whether she should not be obliged to associate with them. Her ignorance of the real import of the threat gave it power, as it left the mind at liberty to shape out to itself all frightful images of guilt, horror, and

despair. The threat was not dreadful, because it menaced a prison; but a prison was dreadful, because it was threatened: for she felt that if a prison were not more horrible than the house she was in, the woman would not have mentioned it; and if it were more horrible than that house, it must be horrible indeed.

In a state of intense terror, she sat in a corner of her bedroom throughout that day; save when occasionally she glided with noiseless step into the sitting-room, and peeped, to discover whether escape were possible. But she always observed either the ladies of the house, the old woman, or the ruffian, and instantly sprang back into her corner. Her agitation and fright increased, as the shadows of night fell into the chamber, and the more that she had neither eaten nor drunk during the last two days. This weakness of body, kept up by an artificial excitement, disordered her imagination, till every object in her room was invested with some indescribable and indefinable horror, and the shadows were like hideous ghosts flitting about in the performance of some terrific mystery. There she sat, mad with fear—she dared not go to bed, for the key of her room was with the old woman; she dared not ask for a light, for hoping the old woman had forgotten her, she did not wish to bring herself to her remembrance. But after awhile the moon appeared,

and dispelled some of the horrors of the room, when Amelia ventured to approach the window. She looked out on the huge forests of chimneys and roofs—it was all that was visible by day, and was even then a miserable prospect, but now it was gloomier still. Yet even from that window the heaven of stars was as beautiful as in the country, and she looked on them with some interest. Some she had seen from her bed-room window at home. Some she had remarked when walking with Frederick. She could not think of the stars without thinking of home and of him, and she sat down in mournful thought.

It was nearly midnight, when she heard the door of her sitting room open, and after a few whispers at the door, beheld by the moonlight a gentleman enter the room. It was a fearful moment for her; but she sat still, watching for an opportunity to escape. The gentleman came into the room, and looking about, muttered a curse of disappointment; but immediately afterwards the poor girl knew that the moonlight had discovered her. As she beheld him approaching her, she rushed towards the door, which she observed to be open, but as she approached it, it was suddenly shut by some one on the outside. Uttering a shriek of horror, she ran to the window to cast herself out to certain death, but the gentleman caught her, and

carried her into the chamber where her shrieks could not be heard. She kneeled and besought his mercy, but he was too intoxicated to pay any attention to this—she struggled to break from him, but he was not sufficiently intoxicated to render her struggles effectual. She had not recovered her natural strength since her sickness, and her struggles soon weakened her. A narrow line of light had for some time streamed through the dark chamber, and she looked round to see whence it came. The door was a few inches open, and thrust in the narrow aperture she saw the face of the horrible landlady watching her, while that of the ruffian officer who carried the light, appeared just over hers—the miserable girl sank on the ground insensible.

Let not the pen of man describe, for mere amusement, the terrible steps by which the most beautiful and excellent creature in all creation sinks into the most despicable, hideous, and loathsome. Let nothing but imagination deal with it, and if it cannot picture it, so much the better.

After this accursed night, Amelia felt that she was utterly lost. She wished no more to see her parents; she dreaded to behold Frederick; she had lost all respect for herself; her aspirations for virtue were violently nipped in the bud; she considered herself an helpless instrument in the hands of irresistible and inexorable fate; she despaired.

As soon as she was able she left that house, the scene of all the guilt and misery she had ever known; and she left it with such pleasure, as though she were leaving her memory and conscience behind her also. Her mind was determined to submit to her fate; she began to try to make herself comfortable in her degradation; she imitated others like herself; she remembered what effect wine and brandy had on her in her sickness, and she tried them again: but her frame was too delicate for such things and she left them for ever. But solitude was unendurable to her, and she received the only society offered to her—the only persons that sympathised with her.

And now behold her in the fashionable streets, seated with some beautiful companions in an elegant carriage, her wrists bound with jewelled gold, satin on her feet, her fingers adorned with the richest rings, and her hair brilliant with gems. She was a beautiful sight. Art seemed to have given up all its treasures to embellish nature in her; but who that could rightly read the miserable smiles on her countenance, so palely beautiful, would not have lamented for the time, when with no other garments about her than those which humble modesty required—with no other ornament than a fresh-gathered flower in her golden hair, she walked through the green fields in the glory of innocence!

Months rolled on, and what had been a fear became a certainty. She knew that her situation was fixed for life—that she must live and die in shame. With this assurance she assumed that outward guise of content and satisfaction which is the last effect of despair. She went to all places of public amusement, and laughed with the gayest, as though in despite to her own heart which both in solitude and society yearned for the scenes of her childhood, and the purity of her home.

CHAPTER V.

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

DANTE. L'INFERNO, 33.

AMELIA was walking up the Haymarket one night on her return from the Theatre, when she met a company of gentlemen talking loudly, and —could she be mistaken in such a case—she fancied that one of the voices was familiar to her, and in a moment was certain that one of the gentlemen was Frederick. It was a certainty that thrilled to her inmost heart—she turned, and followed them until she saw them enter a large house in a dark, secluded street, near St. James's Square. She crept into a corner opposite the house, and watched until day-light, when she saw him come out, and walk away. It was too light to follow him then, but night after night she paced up and down before that house, as though it were a spot

that ancient love had sanctified. Sometimes she saw him, and went home glad: often she saw him not, and returned miserable Once without knowing her he spoke to her, but with such heartless gaiety, that though she would have given the world for one kind and pitying word, she felt this to be worse than nothing, and hurried away with a breaking heart.

One night she had been pacing to and fro many hours in that street, when considerably past midnight she heard sounds of confusion in the house that Frederick frequented. She stopped breathless on the pavement, for she thought she heard his voice loud and threatening, and uttering vehement curses, such as she had never heard from his lips. Then there was a struggle within the house during a minute or two—the door was flung open—a gentleman thrust out—the door was suddenly fastened, and all was still.

It was the height—it was the figure, but she was not certain. She watched him earnestly—she saw him clutch the iron-railing for support, and then stand still. Presently she remarked something like a deep shadow at his feet—it became larger—it rolled down the steps—she saw something dark, drip, dripping from him on the stones—she stooped, dipped her finger in it, and held it up to the light of the lamp—it was blood. She advanced to the door-

steps—she saw his head sinking on his shoulders—she sprang up just as he was falling—her arms were around him—she held him back against the railing, and raised his hat—the gas light poured over his discovered face, and "Frederick" burst from her lips in the deep, shrill intonation of horror, like a dying shriek of despair.

It was a terrible effort for her to keep herself from falling; but she felt that she was supporting him, and a woman never faints while her work of kindness is unfinished. She looked round wildly for help; but no person was moving throughout the whole street, and she dared not move from the railing, as they both must have fallen. She rattled the door, and shouted, but no answer was returned. After a time a hackney-coach rolled slowly down the street—she knew that it was empty, and in an instant arranged all that was necessary to be done. She recollected some private lodgings in the neighbourhood of her own house, and when the coach came up, shouted—

"Stop, stop, for God's sake, stop, here is a gentleman ill—quick into Piccadilly—here is money—you shall have more when we get there."

The wounded man, with the coachman's assistance was put in, and she was springing in after him, but she recollected what a creature she was, and stepped back—she heard a groan in the coach, and again sprang in.

He was received at the lodging-house, and she ran home for money, and then called up a surgeon. He was immediately in attendance, and in a short time gratified her by the assurance that the gentleman had revived, and that he might recover if kept quiet. What an elevation of heart was hers, as she felt that she had saved him from probable death! She went home, but not to sleep.

She drew back the curtain of her chamber-window, and laid herself on the bed. There was a pure sky, even from *her* window; the clear moonlight streamed over the chamber—she saw the constellations Orion and Pleiades—she recollected that she had seen them in her childhood; for in every fresh sorrow she had a more vivid remembrance of her former innocence and joy. She thought of home when she saw the well-known stars, and all her girlish history passed before her—she saw her parents bending over herself, a child, sitting between them at their feet—then she saw them wandering listlessly about, turning their faces away from each other to hide the tears that each knew the other was shedding—she saw them sitting by the fireside of a childless home, looking into each other's rayless eyes in that helpless and hopeless grief that is never felt for the dead. She saw them sinking to the

grave with blighted hearts, and felt that she had blighted them; she fancied she could see their graves in the little church-yard still fresh and green, and she wondered what they had thought of her in their dying moments. She turned her face from the stars down on her pillow to stop the insupportable thoughts: but they would not be stopped. She lived over again, in imagination, the days of her innocent love, and then the present time came into her mind.

He must have a nurse, and who could nurse him so well as she!—who would rejoice like her to have something to do for him?—who would watch over him night and day for the very pleasure of assisting him?—who would be glad to wear out her life to restore him to health, or to give him a moment's ease?—No one but herself—she would be his nurse. She went to the window and looked towards the east to discover whether the sun were rising, that she might begin her duties—there was no sunlight, but Orion and the Pleiades were still there in the holy moonlight—they again suggested the same images—she recollected her situation, and threw herself on the bed in despair.

Whence sprang the indestructibility of her delicacy towards this one individual?—from what principle of woman's nature was it that she had

such a self-prostrating sense of her degradation, in reference to him who had placed her in it? Was it that she felt the perfectness of her love had sanctified her connexion with him—that an adverse fate alone had prevented him from doing to her as he wished—that he had not poisoned her mind, and was not answerable for her latter degradation? Whatever might be the reason, it was affecting to observe, that at the moment when he seemed dying, and when any place where he could lie out of the night air would have been as good for him as a palace, she recollected the disgrace of her own home, and sought him a purer one, without considering that it was he that had fitted her for such a one as hers.

CHAPTER VI.

. . . . dal molle seno
Sgombra Amor temerario ogni paura.
GER. LIB. 6. 70.

When morning came, Amelia set about procuring a nurse. After visiting several, with whose testimonials she was dissatisfied, she at length met with one in a distant part of the city, who appeared to be a respectable person, and her she sent to the wounded man, with a thousand injunctions to be attentive, and a thousand promises of ample payment. Morning, noon, and night, did she call at his lodgings, whisper inquiries of the nurse, and go home hopeless—the patient continuing insensible: yet at morning, noon, and night, did she continue to call. But one morning, as she was preparing for her usual visit, she was surprised by hasty footsteps on the stairs—the door opened, and the nurse threw herself into a

chair, pale and breathless. Amelia immediately sprang to her side, and seized her hand, crying,

"What is it, nurse? What has happened to Freder—to the gentleman?—tell me this minute."

The nurse looked up, and beholding a fear in her face more terrible than her own, replied, with a manner somewhat more composed,

"Oh, Ma'am, I was sitting by his side in the night, and I heard him groan, and then I drew the curtain, and looked in the bed, and he was sitting up, his eyes were open, and he looked sensible, but so wild; but when he saw my face beyond the curtain, he fell back on the pillow, and, oh! he used such terrible language, I would not pass such another night for the whole world."

"And is that all that has alarmed you?" asked Amelia; "I thought you were used to hear light-headed people talk."

"Oh, no, that's not all, for when daylight was come, and I drew back the window-curtains, I saw some policemen and a hackney-coachman pointing to the house." Amelia trembled as the nurse gave this relation. "One of the officers came up to the door and knocked, and I went down, for from the gentleman's language, my mind misgave me that they wanted him."

"And have you let them take him?" shrieked Amelia.

"No, no, I will tell you. He asked me if Mr. Harvey was up; but as I didn't know any of the names, I told him that no Mr. Harvey lived there. Then he asked me what were the lodgers' names, and I told him anything that came into my head, I forget what. He then asked me if a gentleman ever called in such a dress as they described —I knew it was the wounded gentleman."

Amelia sunk into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"I was terribly frightened," continued the nurse, "but I thought it would be the death of him if he were disturbed, so I told him I had often seen the gentleman, but he was gone into the country, and would call on the morrow. I thought I should have fainted, and I told him that I was wanted up stairs, and must go. Then the officer said it was of no consequence, I had no occasion to say he called—he merely wanted to see the gentleman on a little business, and would call at some other time."

"Pooh, nurse, how you frightened me for nothing," said Amelia, with a doubtful sort of indifference. "Most likely they were gentlemen who wanted to see him on business. And did they go away then?"

"I am sure it was for something particular that they wanted him, for I knew they were police, and the gentleman's language was so dreadful. I watched them from the window go to every house in the row, as if to make sure of the right one, and then they took the number of our house, and went away."

Amelia rushed into her chamber to struggle with a sense of coming suffocation; she lay a minute or two on her bed, and when she came out to the nurse, her bonnet was on. Then she went down, beckoning the nurse to follow, for she dared not trust herself to speak, lest she should discover the agitation which it was important to conceal.

When they arrived at the lodging-house, which was in a quiet street, leading out of Piccadilly, Amelia obtained a private interview with the landlady, when she said to her as calmly as she could,

"The sick gentleman must be very troublesome to you; but his friends will remove him to-night, when the streets are quiet. Here is the sum which he is indebted to you. Be so good as to forbid any one from seeing him during the day."

She said nothing more, but went up, for the first time, into the sick room. She looked on Frederick—he was deadly pale, and she sat down by

his bed-side weeping: it was the first time she had wept for many days, and it relieved her to weep there. But in the midst of her tears, he began to speak, when she started up in affright, for it *was* horrible. She rushed from the room, pulling the nurse along with her; she listened at the bottom of the stairs—she could not hear him there, and grasping the nurse's hand earnestly, she said in an imploring manner:

"Watch over him this one day, I beseech you; you shall be relieved at night, and swear to me, swear that you will not suffer any one besides the doctor to enter the room. Deny him to every one that may call; swear to do it, and you shall be amply rewarded."

She received the nurse's solemn promise and went home.

In the evening she went again, attended by another woman whom she had engaged as nurse and to whom she had imparted her plans. This woman she left in place of the other whom she took home with her, to pay what she owed her, as she said; but in reality that she might not lose sight of her before she had accomplished all she had purposed to do. This woman slept that night in Amelia's bed, and when she had retired, Amelia put on her bonnet and shawl, threw up the window that she might be certain to hear the clock

strike, and sat down to wait for midnight. Directly after the clock had struck the hour, slipping quietly down into the street, where a coach was waiting for her, she drove to the well-known house. Noiselessly she glided up the stairs, softly she opened the door; but though she had expected what she now beheld, she shuddered as she entered the chamber. The stillness of midnight, the guarded noiselessness of their own motions, and her own excitable feelings invested the chamber with somewhat of a spectral horror: but, indeed, the chamber itself was not an indifferent sight. The sick man was sitting in an easy chair, his head hanging back over the cushion, his face white as death, his limbs hanging loose as those of a skeleton—his eyes were open, but he was without sense or motion. Yet his hat was put on over a night cap, his cravat was fastened round his neck, his coat, waistcoat, trowsers and shoes were on, and the nurse was tying one of the shoe-strings when Amelia entered the room. It seemed as though a demon had stolen a corpse from the charnel-house, and arrayed it in human habiliments in mockery of human nature. Amelia carefully examined the room, and gathering up every thing belonging to the sick man, bound them in a bundle. Having taken this to the coach, she put one arm around

his waist, and took one of his arms in her unemployed hand, the nurse did the same, they lifted him from the chair and bore him across the chamber; for he was as helpless as a newborn child, and very light from his sickness. When the chamber door was opened, the candle flickered in the draft, and she took off her shawl and the kerchief that wrapped her exquisite neck—one she bound round his neck and mouth, and the other she threw over his head, and felt not herself that the piercing night air was rushing into her bosom.

Casting a hurried glance up and down the street when they first opened the door, and finding all quiet, they hurried into the coach. Amelia took Holton in her lap, that the motion of the coach might not harm him—she laid his head on her bosom—she pressed him gently to her heart—her tears fell over his face. The coach moved slowly, but it slightly disturbed him, and he muttered,

"Hands off, I say, hands off, he has made me a beggar, and d—n him, I'll kill him. Loose me, I say, or I'll send a ball through ye; is it iron on my hands, am I in gaol, going to be hanged. Ha! ha! ha!"

Did he feel Amelia's hand as she pressed his in misery, yet with a kind of hope that the pressure of a hand might be a comfort! She lifted him on the nurse's lap, for her own bosom now

was not a place for repose and quietness; this was a great trial for her, and she rejoiced when the coach stopped in Regent Street. There the corpse-like figure was lifted out on the pavement, where it was held upright in the arms of the woman. The coachman was paid, and ordered away; they waited until they had lost the last sound of the distant vehicle, when they hurried as fast as they could with their burthen up several obscure streets until they came to a little house that Amelia had hired in the past day. The nurse was left, a fresh surgeon sent for, and Amelia staggered homewards.

This had been a terrible night for her—she was almost overcome—she leaned against the houses for support. But when she reached her chamber, and her anxiety was over—when she felt she had done all she had determined to do—and the anxiety that had infused into her character that determination was gone, her own nature came back to her—she gave a long sigh—just muttered "Thank God, he is safe!" and fell on her bed without sense or motion.

CHAPTER VII.

Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis?
VIRG. ÆN. 2. 6.

THE sunlight had streamed through Amelia's window some hours before she awoke to the miserable consciousness of existence: and when she arose from her bed, her head seemed to turn round, she was obliged to hold by the bed post, and felt that her much exposure to the night-air had done her some serious injury; for she was very ill. But she had no leisure for sickness, and in a few minutes after she awoke, she had dressed herself, and was on the road to Frederick's late lodgings, wishing to discover whether search were still made for him.

She found that more certain information had been received by the police; four officers were waiting there, who took her into custody, and conveyed her to Bow Street. After being in custody a few hours, she was taken before the

magistrates and examined, respecting the knowledge of Mr. Frederick Harvey, against whom a warrant had been issued, for an attempt at murder; she being taken up for concealing him, the hackney coachman witnessing against her.

The magistrates asked him if he knew the lady, and he was about to say very confidently that he did know her, when he had a view of her face, and found in it such beauty, and such hopeless misery, that he was silent and confused. The magistrates asked him, if he conveyed that lady and a sick gentleman from St. James's, to Piccadilly, on such a night. The coachman looked at her again, and remembering how well she had paid him, would not remember what the magistrate suggested; he gave doubtful answers, and would swear to nothing, but that he had conveyed a gentleman whom he should not know if he were to see him.

The magistrates then asked her how old she was, how she got her living, where she came from, and her parents' name, besides a thousand other questions, bearing as direct a relation to the point in question; and as they could not find anything that they could punish for, they told her she had better not come there again, or they would commit her to prison, and then she was dismissed.

She went out into the street—this had been too

much for her—she was mad for a few moments—she caught at the railings—she looked into the people's faces, at the houses and the sky—she understood them not—she lost all ideas—she held the iron railings with a feeble hand, and then fell on her face on the pavement. When she came to herself, she was on the knee of a filthy-looking prostitute, while a gentleman before her was pouring brandy down her throat. She turned aside, and wept heartily for a few seconds, and feeling better, went towards the door; but the gentleman, with the most earnest politeness, entreated to be allowed the pleasure of seeing her safe home, and this she could not for some time prevent: but at length he wished her a good day and left her. She went directly towards Frederick's lodgings, and had reached Coventry Street, when fearing she knew not what, she turned and looked about her, and at a short distance saw the gentleman who had assisted her. She went into Regent Street—he was still behind her, and she went home.

In the evening she went to the door, and looked up and down the street: there was nothing remarkable in the persons she saw—here and there a gentleman lounging, here and there a mechanic hurrying along, and a clownish looking fellow gaping at the prints in a shop-window, at the Piccadilly corner of the street. She went into

the house, and stayed half an hour, and then came out again—the faces she saw now, were not those she had seen before; but at the corner, she fancied she saw the same clownish countryman. He, however, took no particular notice of her; but just looked up, and turned again to the window.

She put on her bonnet, and walked up the street, until she came to Oxford Street, and as she was turning the corner, she fancied she saw the countryman following her. She turned down Bond Street, and it seemed to her that the countryman must have run, for he turned the corner almost directly after her, and stopped there. She walked on rapidly to the first street, turned the corner, and looked back—in a few seconds, she beheld the countryman's face peeping cautiously round the corner—she knew that the police were watching her, and she went home.

This accumulation of tortures seemed to the poor girl like the punishment of an avenging deity; it was insupportable, and gladly would she have died to escape it, if only herself had been concerned: but as it was, she felt her life to be of importance to another, and she endured it. She was very ill; but as she dared not go where she wished, she paid some attention to herself, and grew better, for the nurse daily sent or carried the good news that the gentleman's

senses were returned, and that though still weak, he would certainly recover. Amelia arose from her sick-bed—she had a severe cough, and a very bad head-ache, and felt a strange tightness in her chest: but she said she was very well, for she was very glad.

One morning, when the nurse called, she said, "Ma'am, the gentleman is sitting up, and dressed, and has asked me many times how he was brought to that house, and now he has sent me to say that he should take it as a great favour, if you would call and receive his thanks."

"He wishes to see me?" cried Amelia, her face brightening in a moment like the sun.

"Yes," said the nurse.

"Wait a minute."

But in less than a minute, Amelia had on her bonnet, and was in the street, hurrying the nurse along towards Frederick's house. When they arrived, the nurse was going at once up stairs to announce her, when she called her back and said,

"Oh nurse, nurse, does he know who I am?"

She had not thought of this before, and when the nurse answered, "No, ma'am, he wishes to know you," she walked slowly and hesitatingly up the stairs, leaning on the banisters; and when she entered the room, stood speechless, pale and trembling, like a criminal.

Holton looked up as she entered the room, and before he had examined her face, was about to speak, and express his thanks for the visit; but he caught a glimpse of the downward countenance, thought he knew it, doubted a moment, and then was sure. He covered his face with his hands in sorrow or confusion, and remained silent. Amelia sank on a chair, and was also silent. He knew that he had not to fear any reproaches from her, but for a time he dared not meet her glance. At length his ears seemed to ring with the very silence, and he looked up to see if she were still there, expecting to have to reply to reproaches which, though he had never heard any from her lips, he could not but feel he had deserved; but when he looked up, her eyes, which were fixed on his face were full of tenderness and sorrow, but entirely void of reproach. He was somewhat confused between the consciousness of injury done, and the impropriety of defending himself before he was attacked, and turning his eyes to the ground, he said "Amelia." That word was uttered without any particular expression, yet the silly girl immediately burst in tears and covered her face. Her own shame, as it was horrible to herself, she fancied was visible to every eye, and she expected that he was about to apply the bitterest terms of reproach to her wickedness.

"Amelia," said Holton, "you quite surprise me, you do indeed; who would have thought that it was you who had been taking care of me. I should have thought now"—he looked up cautiously, but her face was covered, and no longer annoyed by her melancholy countenance he spoke more fluently, "I should have thought you would have been the first to leave me where you found me."

She looked up for an instant, but the reproachful expression of her countenance related more to his present words than to his past deeds.

"Appearances are against me," he continued, "and really, now, I was sorry to leave you, very, and nothing but the most absolute necessity could have induced me to do it, for I was desperately fond of you."

Amelia had not the courage to speak, but sat with her face hid in her hands, sobbing aloud,

"Come, don't cry, Amelia," Holton continued. "It couldn't be helped, you know; so it's of no use crying about it. But really when I left you, I thought you would go home directly, for your father and mother must have been anxious about you."

"Oh dear! oh dear! God forgive me!" Amelia shrieked with a broken voice, and lay her face on the table.

"Now don't cry, there's a good girl," said Holton. "But if you are so fond of the old folks, why didn't you go back? they'd have been glad to see you, I'm sure."

Amelia did nothing but cry; but at length when he urged her to reply, she said in a very low voice, "I had no money."

"Oh—ah," replied Holton, making those interjections as long as possible for want of something to say in answer. "I didn't think of that, and d——n it, poverty is the most cursed thing in the world." Holton remarked that Amelia's dress was of a costly description, and he said, "Yes, there's nothing in the world so bad as to be without money, which I find to my cost, for I am stript of everything. But, my dear girl, I am glad to see that fortune has been more favourable to you. You have been in luck's way, or you would not have been able to do what you've done. And yet now I look at you, you don't look well, for your cheeks are paler, and your hands thinner than formerly.—But never mind, cheer up. Sickness is not much by itself, but sickness without money—ah! that is bad."

There was nothing in all this that Amelia could reply to—she sat silent, or audible only by sobbing. Holton could not understand the feelings

of shame and remorse that kept her silent, but endeavoured to make her speak by observing,

"I see you are angry with me by your not speaking; but really you must not bear malice. Come, cheer up, and tell me whether I talked in my sleep, or when I was insensible."

Amelia shuddered at the recollection of what he had said while insensible, and that shudder Holton understood, for he said,

"I see that you know all. A most unfortunate thing, isn't it? I have plenty of other troubles on my hand without that; and now I am really at bay, and don't know what to do."

"I will do every thing you will allow me to do," Amelia said in a low voice.

"That's a good girl," Holton replied, "nothing like the women, when you are at fault. Well, can you tell me whether the gentleman I shot is dead?"

The indifference with which this was said astonished Amelia to such a degree, that she raised her head and looked steadily in his face for the first time.

"Because," continued Holton, "if he is dead, I shall have all the police after me to drag me to Newgate."

Amelia again covered her face.

"The fact is," said Holton, "I want a set of newspapers for the last month."

Amelia promised to send them immediately, which so pleased him, that he addressed himself to comfort her.

"You are a good girl, Amelia," said he, "and I always thought you were: and, indeed, I didn't think we should ever meet like this. How happy we used to be down at Westbourne, when we went out for a walk in those green lanes in the evening. I thought we should make such a nice couple, and be so fond of each other,—but what are you crying so for?" he exclaimed suddenly, as he saw Amelia's heart ready to burst with the violence of her grief. "What's the use of crying? It is all over now, you know, and we must do the best we can. There's no use in crying. Well, I see you bear malice."

Had he made her a beggar, had he done her some deadly harm, had he accumulated all imaginable evils on her—innocent, she felt that when he spoke kindly to her she could say, "It is a trifle. I forgive you." But when she thought of what he had done to her, she could not say, "It is a trifle." She was silent, and he said,

"Ah, I see how it is—you bear malice, you hate me, don't you?"

She sprang from her seat, and was rushing to throw herself into his arms, but remembered her own degradation and sat down.

"Well, Amelia," he continued, "I shall not trouble you long—I shall soon leave you."

He sprang up from the sopha, and rang the bell violently, for Amelia had fallen back in her chair, and blood was gushing from her mouth.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

VIRG. ECL. 8. 43.

When, after several days, consciousness was restored to Amelia, she remembered that Frederick looked very pale, and was very weak; she saw the noon-day sun shine through her window, and was surprised to find herself in bed so late. She lay for a time wondering why the nurse had not been that morning, and turned to rise, but found that she was unable, and then remembered all that had passed. She rang for the housemaid, and learned from her that the nurse had called daily, but had left no message. She then ordered her to prepare herself to go out immediately, and began to tell her whither to go, but recollecting the necessity of keeping the lodgings secret, told the servant she had changed her mind, and then lay back in the bed to pass a night without sleep

in looking for the morrow. With the morning came the nurse, who carried the good news, that the gentleman was recovering very fast. Many questions did Amelia ask concerning all that Frederick had done or said, which when the nurse had answered, she arose to go; but when she was almost out of the room Amelia called her back, and after hesitating a few seconds said,

"Has he spoken in his sleep at all? or have you heard him talk about anything in particular? anything about his clothes or money?"

"Nothing very particular," the nurse replied, "but sometimes, after I have got him a newspaper, I have seen him very much troubled, and then I have heard him mutter to himself about his want of money that kept him a prisoner."

"Has he put on his own clothes?" Amelia asked.

The nurse replied that he had not.

"You know the drawer where we put his clothes; has he had occasion to examine it?"

The nurse told her that he had never entered that room.

"Then, nurse," said Amelia, "come to me. You recollect that one evening I brought his waistcoat home with me to repair it—after the hole made by that—that—you know what I mean—for I did not dare send it out. His purse was

in it; but I did not return it with the waistcoat, as it wanted a little mending also. Here it is. Now, nurse, you must put it back in the waistcoat pocket in the drawer, so that when he asks for his clothes he may find it where he put it: and mind, nurse, if he should ask you any questions whatever about money you must not answer them, nor express any opinion or supposition on the subject."

The woman took the well filled purse and went away, believing with some reason, that the inside of it had been quite as much repaired as the outside.

When after some days Amelia grew sufficiently strong to leave her bed and room, in obedience to a message from Frederick she again visited him. She entered his room as before, trembling and bashful, as though she had done him injury instead of benefit. She found him greatly recovered —so much so indeed as to be very eager to enter the world again. She was not surprised at this; but she was at the easiness and almost levity of his behaviour; it a little grated on her feelings—there was something not unpleasant in the sorrow of their former interview; for believing, as she did, that he was as far from treachery as herself, and that they were both the victims of a cruel and inexorable fate, she believed that by sinking into

her shameful condition, she had done inexpiable wrong to his love, the purity of which she never doubted. She considered that seriousness and sorrow, and mutual pity should be the only characteristics of their intercourse: but his present unembarrassed manners, and even merriment, she could not understand—there was no sympathy between them, and the interview became painful. After considering awhile, however, she fancied he might remember her distress in the former meeting, and put on the appearance of cheerfulness to spare her a revival of it, and she attempted to appear cheerful also; but this is the most difficult species of hypocrisy for misery to practise—there was nothing in her circumstances, in her fate, in the whole world, in her memory or anticipation, that could make her cheerful, and she could not maintain the appearance of it. Her cheerful words broke into disjointed syllables, her smiles were but the wretched simulation of the lips, her eyes filled with tears instead of light; the interview became inexpressibly painful, and she arose to depart: but before she left the room, the gentleman put out his hand, and when she placed hers in it, he drew her to him and kissed her.

It would be inquiring too nicely to ask what her feelings were during the short minute of that embrace, or whether she was very hasty in with-

drawing herself from his arms: but she never again went to his room, for she found that he would discover what she was, and thought, poor girl, that he would not have kissed her if he had known.

A few days after this last interview, the nurse came into Amelia's room, and said,—

"Well, Ma'am, all our cares are over—the bird is fled."

"Fled!" cried Amelia, "what do you mean?"

"The gentleman is gone," she replied.

"Gone!" sighed Amelia to herself, and sat down.

"He was in strange spirits yesterday," continued the nurse, "I didn't know what to make of him. Sometimes he seemed very glad, and sometimes altogether as melancholy. I think this was from want of money, for I suppose he must have forgot his purse. When he got up this morning he asked if there was no clothes fit for him to go out in; so I took his clothes to him, but he seemed in very bad spirits, till in examining his pockets he found the purse. At first he looked surprised, then he considered a little, and then he seemed very glad, and began singing. He said he thought by the newspapers that the coast was clear now, and that he needn't shut himself up any longer. So after he had

dressed himself he wished me a good day, and went out."

"Did he say nothing more?" Amelia asked hesitatingly—"did he send no message—no farewell, to—to any one?"

"He desired me to give you his respects," the nurse replied.

"Respects did he say?"

"Yes, that was the word."

"Respects!" thought Amelia, "he sends me his respects! Ah! he would not respect me if he knew what I am."

She sent the nurse away, and went into her chamber.

"He is free, thank God, thank God!" and she wept long, and felt very glad. Her burning anxiety for him was ended; and she sat down to consider what she was to do for herself. She had had abundance of elegant clothes, rings, jewels, and other costly ornaments: but she had sold them nearly all to pay the expences of the sick chamber. She had now very little left, for from the first night she saw Frederick in the Haymarket, she had lived as chaste as an angel of light.

BOOK EIGHTH.

The Clerk.

Among the faithless, faithful only he,
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth or change his constant mind.

MILTON. PAR. LOST, 5, 897.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! quel homme supérieur! disait encore Candide entre ses dents; quel grand génie que ce Procurante! rien ne peut lui plaire.

VOLTAIRE. CANDIDE, 25.

It has been matter of dispute among the learned whether the ancients or the moderns have most excelled in literature. This dispute, as it may never be settled, I leave in better hands than my own, namely, to heads of colleges, antiquaries and geniuses; but there is one thing proved, even by the discussion on this point; and it is, that whether the ancients have or have not excelled us in quality, we have undoubtedly an immense advantage over them in quantity. For do thou, my friendly reader, make a list of the capital works between the sacking of Troy and the reign of Con-

stantine, and they will be found to amount to about a couple of hundred; while in our time London alone sends out every year several thousands of volumes, every one of which the magazines assure us contains the fire of Homer, the grace of Virgil, the strength of Tacitus, the wit of Martial, the simplicity of Theocritus,—in short every one of these modern works contains the various merits of at least half a dozen of the best of the ancients.

But leaving that to be settled hereafter, we may observe that this abundance of modern books, compared with the ancient, would seem to show a more extensive range of thought, and a more universal range of intellect; yet when we examine the subject more intimately, we find that not to be the case; and that the moderns have really attained the art of writing books which the ancients never would have attempted, and have accomplished their object without exerting what the ancients considered necessary in every book,—namely, intellect.

The grand difference between ancient and modern writers, is that the former endeavoured to press as much meaning as possible in the smallest number of lines, while the moderns pride themselves on making as large a book as possible,

trusting to providence or chance for the sense and knowledge. Thus where an ancient took a page, a modern takes three octavo volumes: and the labour of a long life was formerly employed in creating less matter than a modern author would throw off in a month.

This taste for diffuse writing has introduced from another science the very important principle, that the division of labour causes increase of manufacture. Hence it is that we have published a thousand novels annually for fifty years to do for society, what Theophrastus did with one small volume; that more ink has been used on the Greek particle, the logos, or digamma, than was used in all classical literature; that a modern biographer uses more words on a very small great man of our times, than Plutarch did to describe all the heroes of antiquity; that a commentary on a single enactment is longer than the whole body of Roman laws; and that a treatise on one ography, ology, or ogony, covers more paper than Aristotle's works which embraced them all—and this in the same manner and on the same principle as a churchwarden's after-dinner speech occupies more time than the longest oration of Demosthenes.

It is easy, however, to account for this voluminous literature, so far as regards certain branches

of natural philosophy and metaphysics, since a great portion of the matter of fact being matters of great doubt, men naturally form very decided opinions on all sides of them, and are naturally proud to shew the world that they can form a theory. But the most prolific source of books is one on which a man of plain common sense would conclude there was nothing to say, save what had been said before, at least, as well as it can be said again—I mean morals.

The moralists from Zoroaster and Moses down to Epictetus and St. Paul, have furnished mankind with a body of opinions and rules applicable to all possible predicaments of men, which at first sight seems to preclude the necessity of further writing; but as it is the peculiar excellence of modern authors to give a volume where the ancients have given an apothegm, not only have the ten commandments, simple and comprehensive as they are, furnished substance to be attenuated into thousands of volumes, but every principle which has been acknowledged and acted on from the creation of the world till now, has been fashioned into innumerable volumes to teach people that read them what they fully believed before. Thus volumes on volumes have been written to shew the wickedness of ingratitude, the beastliness

of drunkenness, the ruinousness of debauchery, the folly of swearing, the existence of a God, any one of which no person worthy of having a belief, ever doubted; against covetousness one writes a ponderous 12mo. another dashes a quarto at schism—and so on through the whole catalogue of morals.

But there is one subject of great importance which as these writers often lose sight of in their works, it is not wonderful that they have not handled it as a subject for an octavo. It is *honesty*.

This is a subject which, in spite of its capabilities, has not yet been done justice to, and I will, therefore, present a few hints to the author disposed to undertake it. Honesty might indeed be defined as a thing so essentially vulgar, that no fine gentleman would have anything to do with it. But it might be more specifically defined to be that quality which enables a man not to deceive when he is trusted. This, indeed, seems at first sight so simple a proposition as not to require any abstruse discussion or elaborate disquisition; but this might be said of faith, peace, charity, and a thousand other subjects when reduced to a proposition, but which modern writers have proved to their readers' conviction can be treated at great length.

The writer should enter into an etymological disquisition on *honestas* and *honor*, shewing that so far from *honor* being derived from *honestas*, or *honestas* from *honor*, they have really no connexion with each other; the person that is rich in *honestas* contenting himself without hunting after *honor*, and he that is celebrated for *honor* utterly despising everything belonging to *honestas*.

The writer should then give a description of the thing in what might be considered its most natural and simple state, and then, as physiologists do of animals, remark the varieties caused by change of situation, climate or other accidents. For honesty may be divided into a thousand branches, every one of which is as fully developed as the parent stock.

For instance, there is the tradesman's honesty; you might entrust your whole fortune to an English tradesman with the utmost certainty that he would guard it as carefully as he does his own, and restore every farthing of it, at the moment of its being claimed. Upright in every department of life, he is the glory of the nation, and no man can ever have cause to say that he has been cheated by him, unless indeed, behind the counter. Then there is the honesty of the man of fashion. How independent, how honourable, how

high-minded is he! to doubt his honesty is an impossibility, to doubt his truth is an insult to be washed out only in blood. Were the wealth of nations before him uncounted, he would not touch it, were his life depending on a lie, he would not utter it. In short, he is a man that might be safely trusted with anything in the world besides his friend's wife, sister, or daughter. The senator too, how unbending—how exalted! What a majestic honesty is there in every movement of his soul: and what a burst of indignation would fall on the man who should tempt him to dishonesty unless indeed he offered *place!* Then there is the honesty of a soldier, look at him, what an upright noble figure! what a manly countenance, and a martial bearing! And his soul is answerable to his body. Full of courage, full of frankness, with honour more delicate than a woman's virtue, and humanity as kind as that of a child, it is perfectly consistent with his humanity, courage, and honour, to fight an useless battle, where ten thousand people may be slain, if he can procure another step of promotion. Then there is the honesty of kings—but I leave that for the present, assuring the writer disposed to handle the subject, that he will find abundant matter for a voluminous work, so infinite are the forms of honesty, as I believe the whole of this history will prove.

CHAPTER II.

Retournez à vos moutons.

L'AVOCAT PATELIN.

In the last book of this history we forsook the direct line of Mr. Holton's life, and diverged into that of Amelia Williams; and although the imagination of the reader might fill up satisfactorily the blank which has been left in his life, betwixt his forsaking her, and being rescued by her from probable death, yet it will be as well just to give a hint or two respecting his adventures, and the circumstances which led to that catastrophe. I am the more anxious to make every thing as plain as possible, because I do not wish to be thought a member of a certain order of poets who write what nobody comprehends, but what must be very fine, since it leaves every thing to be imagined by the reader.

At about the time then that Mr. Holton declared his intention of breaking off his acquaintance with Amelia—in fact only a few days after—he received instructions from the firm to go down to Bristol on business; and as the road through Holton would not be far out of the direct line, Mr. Elphinstone desired him to go that way, and stay the night with his old friends.

Holton was not particularly unwilling to do this, but he was not particularly anxious to do it; and though he might often have had a day or two to spend there, he had never applied for it but once, and then it was in consequence of the Reverend Mr. Elphinstone wishing to see him. Holton, in fact, preferred London very much to his native place, and, perhaps, would have been content never to see Hampshire again, where he had filled those subordinate offices which it was now such abomination to think of. He had, however, no excuse to offer for declining the visit, especially as Mr. Elphinstone presented him with a bank-note—and in due time set off by coach, having first booked himself throughout to Bristol for the following day, that he might have an excuse for refusing to stay longer than one night, and was duly landed at the vicarage door.

Right pleased was the old clergyman to see the gentlemanly young man, and to think that he

himself had been the instrument in rescuing him from a life of labour, poverty, and misery; but even more pleased was he to contemplate the moral character of his élève painted, as it was, with a natural kind of flattery in the letter which the young gentleman brought from the clergyman's nephew. Mr. Holton had been very attentive to his duties in the office, as has been before stated; but, indeed, idleness and open disrespect to his superiors were faults never imputable to him; and the faults or failings which he had were indulged in private, and never came to the eyes or ears of Mr. Elphinstone. Mr. Truman, to be sure, had had his suspicions from certain morning symptoms that his nights were not always passed in sleep; but Mr. Holton by a double portion of respect to him generally dissipated the suspicions before steps could be taken to ascertain whether they were well-founded or no. Holton, therefore, continued to stand well in the opinion of the whole firm, and Mr. Elphinstone wrote to his uncle a very complimentary letter respecting the bearer, Mr. Holton.

There was, however, one person at the vicarage-house to whom Mr. Holton's arrival gave no pleasure, and that was the cook. She was an old woman, and undoubtedly the young man had given her a good deal of extra work in his bring-

ing-up, and old people do not like to be put out of their old ways. But it must be confessed that the affability and politeness which Holton never omitted to display towards his superiors, and those that could do him either good or harm, he did not extend to his inferiors, and persons from whom he had nothing to hope or fear. Besides this, from the time when he first went to Mr. Hardman's he had been ashamed of his former situation and employments at the parsonage, and as he had then risen to one degree above the kitchen, he treated his old friend and patroness, the cook, with great hauteur and condescension, which, as might be naturally expected, she returned with a compound interest of hate and contempt.

Mr. Elphinstone, however, was not a man whom she dared to speak to on the subject; for though accessible to every son and daughter of misfortune, his heart was impenetrable to a fictitious, a fanciful, or a self-imposed grievance. He, therefore, received the young man with the warm affection of a simple and unaffected heart, and admired him the more for his elegant appearance, as he seemed to owe it all to him.

Although it was dark when Holton arrived, the clock had not struck six, as it was getting towards the end of autumn. Mr. Elphinstone's tea was just put on the table, and another cup and saucer being

added to the equipage, Mr. Holton and he sat down to converse. The old gentleman had no news to tell, for he was no gossip-monger, which was so much the better for the young man, who detested everything and everybody in the town. But Mr. Elphinstone wished to hear more of the details of the young merchant's life, than could be gathered from his nephew's general eulogium, and of course Mr. Holton entered into the history of the last two years which he related in a style, and which contained facts—somewhat different from those laid before the reader of this work.

The reverend gentleman was delighted with the memoirs of the young gentleman's life, as related by himself, and as a gratification—which Holton would willingly have dispensed with—rang in his man-servant whom he sent out with a whispered order, the result of which was that between eight and nine in walked Mr. Holton's former masters, Messieurs Pounder, Hardman and Prior.

Two years only had elapsed since Holton had said, "Good-bye" to them, yet that little period of time had left its effects permanently impressed on them. Mr. Pounder was not to be sure, materially altered, for he was just as brisk and voluble as ever; time had but made him a little balder, and given another degree of ruggedness to his weather-beaten countenance—it had not lessened that

small portion of self-esteem which kept him content with himself and pleasant to other people, nor had it deadened any part of his frankness, and real good-heartedness. In the four years which had elapsed since Mr. Holton had left Mr. Hardman's service, a more visible change had come over that gentleman. His hair had acquired a brighter tint of grey; but the alteration in his person was not so great as that in his manners. He looked more like a man of the world both in dress, conduct, and conversation; his voice was many degrees lower, his emphasis infinitely less positive, and nothing but the ineradicable habit of uttering an occasional verbose truism reminded one of the authoritative and dignified church-warden of former years. But Mr. Prior, though, perhaps, the least altered of the three, appeared to be so, more than either of the others; for his stoop was so apparent, his hair so black, his eye so cunning, his body so thin, and his face so yellow, whenever you saw him, that you felt directly that he must be much worse since you were last in his company; and if you had been unacquainted with the man, you would pity him whenever you met him, as the victim of an incurable disease which was rapidly wearing out both his body and soul.

The reader may be somewhat surprised that

the pious and dissenting Mr. Prior suffered himself to visit the vicarage. But the fact was, that within the last two years Mr. Elphinstone had given him some business—probably as a compensation in his own mind for harbouring a few misgivings of him from general report, which had been dissipated by the opinion of Mr. Holton.

Very heartily was the young gentleman greeted by his former masters, and in a few minutes he found himself sitting at the supper-table with them, actually bandying witticisms with Mr. Pounder, replying without violent terror to Mr. Hardman, and drinking a glass of wine in the presence of Mr. Prior. The circumstances were new and surprising—he had brought down with him his original impressions respecting his former masters, and was prepared to behave to them as formerly, but a very few minutes served to dispel the allusion, and put him as much at ease with them as though they were his fellow members of the club at the Cat and Feathers. The consequence of this was, that the supper-time was pleasanter than he had anticipated. Before supper was over, however, as might be expected, Mr. Elphinstone's man came into the room and said, "Please, Sir, Mr. Pounder's wanted."

"Well, John, my man," asked Mr. Pounder suspending his loaded fork midway between plate

and mouth, "who is it, eh? The king sent for me to knight me, eh?"

"No, Sir," said John, "'tis not the king, but Mary Huggins of Smallbrook wants you to go over to her directly."

"Oh then, no fear of my being benighted, ha! ha! ha! Well, what kind of a night is it John?"

"Why, Sir, it's very dark, and just set in to rain."

"Well, John, tell the person to run down to my house, and order my horse to be got ready directly."

John disappeared, and Mr. Pounder remarked with imperturbable good-humour,—

"Well, really, it is too bad to leave a nice room and cheerful company, and the glass of good liquor that you always give me, my dear Sir, to go out eight miles such a night as this to see Mary Huggins. But it can't be helped, and 'tisn't so bad as last night, and I get pretty much used to it, for I haven't been in bed three nights in any week for the last twelvemonth. Good night, gentlemen."

Mr. Pounder left the room, nodding to Holton to follow him, and when they were in the passage, the doctor said,—

"What time shall you be disengaged to mor-

row, my dear fellow, for we must crack a bottle together at the George?"

"I go by the Bristol coach to-morrow morning."

"Bless me! do you! well that is a bad job: for I fully depended on having a good long chat about one thing and another, and I should like to have you down to breakfast, but Mrs. Pounder's a curious woman, and that affair you know—she would'nt hear of it. But couldn't you really stay over to-morrow?"

Holton assured him he could not—that he was compelled to leave; when the medical gentleman wished him a good night, after making him promise to call at the surgery in the morning.

Mr. Holton returned to the supper-table: but the meal was not finished in peace, for before the gentlemen had done, John walked in again, and said—

"Please, Sir, Mr. Hardman's boy is come to fetch him."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Hardman, looking very blank, and taking his watch from the table where it had laid beside his plate throughout the supper, and putting it to his ear, "why, surely, my watch has not stopped—it can't be a quarter to ten yet. No. And I promised—that

is—I said I shouldn't be at home before that time. What's the matter? Is Mrs. H., or the child, took ill?"

John could not tell, and Mr. Hardman arose, saying—

"Well, tell the boy I am coming directly. Gentlemen, I must wish you good night."

"Oh, no," Mr. Elphinstone said, "I trust you will not run away from us in this manner. Mrs. Hardman knows where you are, I suppose, and however anxious young wives may be, she cannot be afraid of your safety here."

"No, Sir, she can't, of course she can't." Mr. Hardman replied with an emphasis, as though he fancied somebody might be disposed to dispute it. "But really, Sir, I think I had better go. It isn't well to be out too late at night."

"Oh! come, Mr. Hardman," interposed Mr. Elphinstone again, "I'll make your peace with Mrs. Hardman, for really it is not sociable to our young friend here to run away without taking a glass with him—that good old cheerful English custom."

"Well, Sir, if you will call—that is, I may as well—yes, I will—Mrs. Hardman must have forgot. A quarter to ten she said—that is, I said, and it has been my decided opinion through life

that a promise should be kept when it is reasonable and right."

"No doubt of it, Mr. Hardman, we will have the glasses in then?"

"Yes, Sir, if you please—I think so—I will stay till the hour fixed—yes, it wants ten minutes yet."

John was ordered to b in the glasses, which he did in a few seco d left the room, and Mr. Hardman was just lping himself, when John returned with the message—

"Please, Sir, Mr. Hardman is wanted at home directly."

"Bless me! bring my hat, John, this minute," exclaimed Mr. Hardman, rising from the table without touching the liquor, "and tell my boy to wait while I put on my great coat. Mr. Holton," he continued, addressing himself to that young gentleman, with a gloomy and embarrassed air, while he was dressing himself, "Mr. Holton, I have made one discovery in my progress through life, and that is, 'Honesty is the best policy'—but really—I must contrive—that is, I will meet you some day this week to give you a little advice. You must come down and dine with me—let me see—to-morrow won't do—no—some day this week, if Mrs. H.—that is, I am sure Mrs. H.

would not, no—you must come down some day—I'll let you know when."

"I am obliged to leave early to-morrow morning," Holton replied.

"Are you!" said Mr. Hardman, very quickly, appearing to be relieved from some dread, and looking more cheerful, "I am sorry for that, for I should have liked to have had you to dine with me and Mrs. H. She would have been so glad to see you. But, good-night, I must be off, or Mrs. H. will be very—that is, she will be waiting for me."

Mr. Prior sat on, for he had done a hard day's work, and the refreshment he was taking was a very great relief to him: but he also hoped that business of some kind might be mentioned, that he might be able to make a recoverable charge for attendance. But at length he felt that he also must go, and he gave Mr. Elphinstone one of the very few things he ever gave away—namely, a good night: and, turning to Holton, said,

"But a—my dear Sir, a—let me see—a—what time do you leave to-morrow?"

"At ten in the morning."

"Oh dear me, so late! well now, that is really a good thing, a—Mr. Holton—you can come down—yes, really—do come down, and take—you will have plenty of time, you know—half-past eight's

our time—we shall not make a stranger of you—you can come down before you go, and take, a—take—yes—that is—take—a—a—your leave of us."

This hospitable invitation the young gentleman might not have accepted, but that he could not think of leaving the town without exhibiting his elegance and fashion in the High Street for the envy of the inhabitants, to effect which he was compelled to pass Mr. Prior's house. In the morning, therefore, before the coach started, he called at Mr. Prior's, when he was shown into the parlour, where he found a young lady whom he did not know, but whose beauty filled him with amazement. There was a restrained politeness in her manner which embarrassed him very much—there was no point about her on which he could seize to establish familiarity, and though he could be sufficiently voluble to a loose or vulgar woman, he scarcely ventured to open his lips to the chaste and intelligent, but somewhat cold-looking beauty before him: and the compliment which readily arose to his lips, died there unuttered. The embarrassment, however, lasted not many seconds, for the young lady left the room as Mr. Prior entered it, when Mr. Holton, to his great surprise, discovered that the handsome face which had seemed somewhat familiar to him belonged to his old friend

Clara, who had grown into a tall and very finely-formed young woman of seventeen, and presented such a contrast to the girl of two years back, that it was not strange Holton should not have recognized her in the few seconds which their interview lasted.

He was now heartily sorry that he had paid his fare to Bristol, as it prevented another interview with the admirable beauty, who from her very backwardness and coolness piqued him into greater admiration, and excited a stronger desire than he had ever felt for the more child-like loveliness, and boundless tenderness of Amelia Williams. There was, however, no help for it at present—his fare was paid—he was not the man to give it up—he shook hands with Mr. Prior and set out for Bristol.

CHAPTER III.

Muchos van por lana, y vuelven trasquilados.

DON QUIXOTE.

THE reader must be aware that Mr. Holton had dipped pretty deeply into the gaieties of London within his reach, if not into many that might have been considered beyond his reach. If, indeed, with his one hundred and fifty pounds a year, he could keep up the kind of life he had indulged in, there are many people in the world, with four or five times that sum, who would have profited by the lessons he must have been able to give them. Those six months of Mr. Holton's life, after he first left Amelia, which have not yet been described to the reader, were passed much in the same way as the former years, with the addition to his pleasures of an introduction to a certain house of play in St. James's, which was frequented by some

of the friends he had acquired through his intimacy with the Cambridge student.

Mr. Holton had played a good deal at the common games of cards with persons introduced to him by Parkinson, and as he had given a considerable portion of attention to them, he had acquired a very fair amount of skill. This gave him rather a liking for play, and when the young Cantab and his friends offered to introduce him at a house of play, he readily consented. The vulgar games of whist and cribbage were, of course, unheard of in this house—it being, so far as the kinds of play were concerned, a model of the great houses to which Dukes and Princes resort. But this house was, of course, of an humbler kind, and adapted, in its arrangements, to suit the pockets of all classes; but especially of apprentices and clerks, inasmuch as any silver coin might be staked, down to sixpence.

There was plenty of wine and spirits for all who chose to take it, and a profusion of young girls in the most indecent dresses, whose sole employment was to attract young men thither, and retain them when attracted. This house had many charms for Mr. Holton, not only on account of the ladies, or the wine, or even the play—he met with many individuals here of a higher stamp than any he had ever known out of Mr. Elphinstone's drawing-

room : and here he met them on the most familiar terms—having just as much right to frequent the house as they. These persons were ruins of fashion, and wealth, and rank, and honour—some cast down by vice, some by law, some by extravagance, some by trusting to other men's virtues, some by inherent wickedness, and some by pitiable misfortune. But they were now the refuse of the higher order of hells—men whom, from regard to character, the harpies and vampires of Piccadilly and St. James's Street, would not deign to notice! Yet among these outcasts, were captains and colonels, honourables, baronets, Lord Toms and Johns, some of them bearing names once supreme in the world of fashion. But the majority of the frequenters of these rooms, and those whose pockets supported them, were young men of the city, to whom the greatest attraction was the mingling with the titles that out of the house seemed to them like the hearsay description of some delightful but unapproachable country.

With so many sources of pleasure and self-esteem to be found in that house, it will not be wondered at if Mr. Holton visited it pretty frequently. He was not attracted by the play at first : for he was rather too cool to suffer himself to be led away to ruin by an excitement of his passions. But he became gradually interested in examining the chances and

results of the table; and staking his money very cautiously, generally won some little, which he imputed to the knowledge he had gained, and the system he had founded on it. Some dim but palpable ideas floated through his brain, that it might be possible to attain a certainty of winning, and that the gaming table might be a perpetual treasury. This idea was not new—it had crossed the brain of many a clever fellow before, but whoever tried it found at last that some person quite as clever had constructed the game, and that it was calculated to enrich nobody besides the person that presides over it.

The idea was not put in execution by Holton, and never would have been until he had weighed very exactly all the chances for and against success. He contented himself with risking a few shillings cautiously and observingly, and seldom left the house a loser, although he seldom gained much.

He did not, as may be supposed, become a particular favourite, either of the ladies, the players, or the master of the house, inasmuch as he was too wide awake to suffer himself to be drenched into extravagant bets or enthusiastic play. He had also obtained the freedom of the house in an unprofessional and unprecedented manner. This was a collection of natural history in which no bipeds were intended to be admitted be-

sides pigeons in full feather, which in natural progression, became plucked pigeons and decoy birds —no insect was to be admitted but the butterfly which, but not in exact entomological order, produced the chrysalis, which became a creeping thing. But Mr. Holton had not begun in the natural and proper way; he was transgressing against the good old established order of things, and he was not a favourite, which may account for some part of the following adventure.

Holton had been playing a considerable time one night with greater spirit than usual—he had dared greater losses, and as luck would have it, his gains were proportionally large. One of the gentlemen of whom he had won, had been several times annoyed by the coolness of Holton in declining to play at the very moment fortune turned against him. On this night especially, after a considerable run of luck in his favour, and consequent winning, as soon as the tide seemed to be growing doubtful, Holton declined playing any more: and pocketing his winnings, sat down at an écarté table, at which game he was considered skilful. On this night, at least, he might well have been successful, since his antagonist was intoxicated. He continued to play, however, unaware that the gentleman with whom he had been playing at the public table was at his elbow, intently watching him, until after some time, the gentleman suddenly caught his

arm, and held it on the table, crying, "A thief—a thief!"

"Les damnés" of these Tartarean fields quickly gathered round the table on which Mr. Holton's hand was imprisoned, which when it was opened, displayed a certain king to which the gentleman asserted he had no right. Holton's adversary was not in a condition to give very direct evidence; but in spite of the fierce adjurations of Holton himself, a motion was carried, nem. com. that he should be expelled from the room. But as the door was opened to carry this motion into operation, two or three of Holton's friends walked into the room, and seeing how affairs stood, insisted on having fair play for their friend. Holton's purse had been lying on the table, when this dispute began, and as he had been confined ever since, he had not been able to obtain it, and it was now decided by a majority of the room, that until the circumstances had been examined, the purse should be retained, in order, if necessary, to restore to the losers the sums they had been cheated of.

Holton and his friends walked down stairs into a private room to consult on what was to be done, and the result was, that in spite of Holton's very laborious self-defence, the gentlemen informed him that he must fight his accuser, or not only would he never again be admitted into good society, but

that they themselves should be obliged to challenge him, to clear their own characters from the imputation of being connected with a discovered cheat.

They brought in wine and brandy, which he readily drank until he was as ready as they could wish to meet his accuser, when they left him. He then pulled out his pistols, for nobody visited that house unarmed, and sat down at a table with the door open, watching every person that came down, till at length he beheld the person he sought.

He requested him to walk into the room for a minute or two, and when the gentleman complied, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, saying—

"You have insulted me, and must give me satisfaction. You can as well do it now as at any future time, for I don't want seconds to give information at Bow street. Here is a choice of pistols—this handkerchief will be a very good distance—it wants fifty seconds to two—let the first stroke be the signal!"

The other bowed, and after examining the pistols for a moment, chose one, and was beginning to examine the charge, when Holton cried,

"Look out, Sir,—you have accepted the terms—it wants but ten seconds—I shall fire," and taking one end of the handkerchief in his left hand, he threw the other rapidly to the gentleman—they

presented their pistols, and looked in each other's faces, listening to the tick-ticking of the clock. It struck!—both pistols went off with one report, and the strange gentleman fell, when Holton rushed to the door; but as he was unlocking it, the gentleman on the ground cried,

"You damnable villain! there was no ball in my pistol!"

And drawing a loaded pistol from his pocket, and taking a deliberate aim, he discharged it at Holton, the ball passing through his shoulder. Immediately afterwards the door was burst open, a cry of murder was raised, and Holton was thrust forth into the street.

CHAPTER IV.

Les fourberies les mieux concertées se démentent toujours, par quelque endroit où l'on n'a pas pensé.

BRUEYS. LE MUET, Acte. 5, Sc. 2.

NEVER was there a truer opinion uttered. A rogue would be the most prosperous fellow in the world, if his plans were as fortunate in execution, as elaborate in formation: since he would reap not only the advantages which are properly his right, but those which he seeks to obtain from the rights of others. But there is too often a loophole for the world in the best of his plans—there is too often a weak place for the attack of the honest man, so that in the end, it is a matter of doubt whether it might not have been as well for the rogue if he had been honest.

Sometimes the very best plan of roguery is practised on an honest man, who is quite as far-seeing

and cautious as the rogue, and all the labour is thrown away; but, even when the honest man happens to be the very "tool, that rogues do work with, called a fool," he is often carried safely through by the merest accident. And, oh! what happy men rogues would be, if there were no accidents! these they cannot guard against, and these—how often have they foiled the plan which seemed to bid defiance to every human intelligence! How many a murderer has been detected by a bit of paper or rag, dropped by accident near the side of his victim! The very wadding of the pistol, or the print of a shoe has brought the incautious murderer to the gallows. How many a burglar has been foiled and punished through the accidental return of a family to a house supposed to be vacant! Alas! roguery will never be carried to its legitimate perfection, until a genius shall arise able to look into futurity, and guard against every variety of accident.

Mr. Holton, although I am very far from calling him a rogue, was the victim of an accident. What he had done, he had done well. He had undoubtedly taken liberties which masters do not approve of in their servants; but he had managed so skilfully, that nothing had ever come to his superiors' knowledge which could injure him, and he had always possessed their esteem

and confidence. It might be supposed, then, that being recovered from his wound, he would hasten back to them; nay, that as soon as he became sensible, he would have applied to them, and thrown himself on their care; but such was not the case. Throughout his illness he had carefully concealed his residence, not only from his masters, but from his friend Parkinson; and it was only late in the evening, with a cautious step a muffled face, that at length he ventured to leave the house. His present embarrassment was caused by the accident of his being wounded. He might have prosecuted his plans for years with safety, so well had Parkinson and he managed to play into each other's hands: and indeed no scheme that in the least hazarded his own safety would have been executed by Holton; but when these plans were arranged, for want of the first order of genius, they had not allowed for such an accident as befel Mr. Holton; and our young gentleman began, like people in general, to feel great compunction for his misdeeds, when he became apprehensive of punishment.

The only evil which serves as a set-off against the innumerable blessings produced by that quality which people who know the world call prudence, and others selfishness, is that as the selfish man employs all his time in creating his own hap-

piness, so the rest of the world leave him to himself, and take care that he shall not find any of the materials in them. And here, if the conduct of the vast majority of mankind did not prove it false, I would suggest whether the more generous were not the surer method of passing a happy life, since in the one case, you have only your own good will to depend on; while on the other hand you can have the good wishes and the helping hands of all the people you have rendered grateful. Something of this kind passed through Holton's brain as he hastened through the back streets leading to London Bridge. He knew that he had not really endeavoured to gain a friend, and felt that in the enormous mass of human life around him, there was not an atom which could have had cause to wish him out of his present danger: he considered himself surrounded by foes, and doubted the expediency of the line of conduct which, however productive of immediate advantages, had concluded by an inevitable succession of circumstances in introducing him to his present desolation.

My affectionate readers will doubtless inquire what danger their favourite Holton is in? That question, however, is left to the readers' sagacity; since, as I shall relate all the facts which I can discover, they will be as able as myself to

form a correct opinion. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Holton, with such caution as though he not only felt that a stitch in time saves nine, but that a stitch loose now might cause a rent in his life which could never be mended, crossed the city and London Bridge; and after a few hundred turnings in the by-ways of Southwark, stopped before the door of his old friend Parkinson.

He paused, to listen whether his friend were at home, but had not to listen long; since Parkinson had very little talent for silence. The words of a well-known merry song, sung to a very dismal tune of his own extemporary composition, confessed the presence of the wished-for gentleman, and Holton knocked at the door. It was opened by the landlady, from whom, having an assurance that her lodger was alone, Holton walked up stairs, and entered Mr. Parkinson's room, where its owner was, as usual, refreshing himself after the labours of the day with a pipe of returns and a bottle of Geneva.

As Holton advanced into the room, Parkinson started from his chair in undisguised amazement and confusion, which his visitor dared not believe proceeded from pleasure at the unexpected call.

"Why, Mr. Holton," cried he; "well, I never. Bless my precious soul, can it be you? Why, a —were have you a been?"

"I have been ill, Parkinson; but tell me at once how things go on at the office."

"Oh! much the same as usual," Parkinson, replied, very quietly.

"You are there still, then?"

"To be sure—why not?"

"I thought there might have been a blow up—"

"What about?"

"Oh! by G—d it's all right, then, and you are a fine fellow, Parkinson. Why, to tell you the truth, I was deucedly afraid that as the firm must send somebody into the north, my last journey, you know, would be overhauled; and I am glad to find it all right."

"Well, really, now," said Parkinson, after a little hesitation and reflection, "now you mind me of it, the person they sent got acquainted with the move, although of course he couldn't bring it on me."

"And what did the firm do?"

"Why, you know you was always their favourite; and in course they kept the affair secret, and didn't pump me at all. But howsever, now I think on it, I can show you what they ha' been after."

Saying which, Parkinson hunted out a newspaper, which contained an advertisement from

to talk of honour, and all that—I must have money."

"I wish you may get it," replied the other, with a witty look that Holton did not enjoy, "but you'll get none of me, I can tell you."

"Then I shall write to Mr. Elphinstone, and confess every thing."

"And be transported for life."

"I shall be in good company."

"What do you mean, eh? Oh! by G—d, ah! Well, my dear friend—a—we'll talk over this affair. Sit down, and take a glass. I am sorry—very sorry for you; and would do every thing to keep you out of our firm's hands. If five pounds would do it, I am not the man to desert my friends, d——e."

"Five pounds!" replied Holton; "why, I have put hundreds in your hands."

"Ah, but you see times are altered; and you used to put more in your own. But really, now, my dear friend, Mrs. Chesterfield is very expensive—very indeed: and if I knew a good-looking lady that would live on less, I do believe I should part from her, although such things are very disagreeable in families; but one must do our duty."

"Well, Mrs. Chesterfield may be expensive, or not; I cannot say any thing about that. But I tell you, that if I should be compelled to go

abroad, I shall want a hundred pounds to carry me safe; and you must judge whether you will sacrifice that, or every thing you possess—for I shall certainly write to Mr. Elphinstone."

"Ah! Holton, you are devilish deep. You have got me tight, d——e, you have, and no mistake; but don't be hard on me. If fifty would do, perhaps I could raise it in a few days."

"Nonsense, Mr. Parkinson," finally replied Holton, "I will not be trifled with now. I must have an hundred in a few hours; and if you are obliged to pawn your clothes, I'll have it—you know how to redeem them soon enough."

After fixing a time for another call, Holton left the room; but as he slunk towards a wretched little hovel in a filthy court for safety, what would he not have given to have heard Parkinson, as soon as his footsteps were inaudible, exclaim, with a hearty laugh,

"Oh, my eyes, what a confounded flat, to think Elphinstone's after him, when the old fellow has been half out of his mind for fear he was burked, or summat of the kind. Well, I think I laid it on nicely. Yes, I did the trick. I shan't pawn my best suit for you. Thank God, I can command such a sum as that, any time; and if I once keeps you away, my boy, and gets your place, won't I do the thing swellish, that's all."

CHAPTER V.

Nay then farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY 8. Act 3, Sc. 2.

MANY very virtuous persons, who have never wronged anybody in their lives, talk very eloquently of the power of conscience, believing that the commission of an evil deed entails an inevitable succession of repentance, remorse, and despair, or reformation. But let a person who is not virtuous speak about conscience, and perhaps it will be found that the stings of conscience are not quite so certain as is supposed, and that a man will commit crimes with considerable pleasure, and live with very little compunctions of con-

science, until his thoughts are aroused by fear of approaching punishment: and the question which then arises for the metaphysician is, whether the agonies of the criminal arise from a consciousness of crime committed, or of crime to be punished. My own experience of human nature has not been small, and I can say I never heard of an evil deed having a beneficial effect on the person that committed it. I have, indeed, known a person commit a crime, and from the terror attending the probable discovery of it, resolutely pursue in future a virtuous life. But I never knew or heard of a crime successfully executed which had any other effect than of encouraging the perpetrator of it to a bolder attempt.

Mr. Holton, as has appeared by the dialogue in the last chapter, had not followed very precisely those antiquated notions of meum and teum, which the chartists had not yet abolished: and his mind was a prey to as many furies as pursued Orestes to the temple of Apollo. But I should abuse the power which I hold over the reader's belief, if I asserted that conscience had any thing to do with it. The "law in his own breast," had infinitely less weight with him than the law of the land; and his own convictions pained him much less than the thought of a conviction by twelve honest men well and truly sworn. He doubted

whether it were not more prudent to follow the old notions of honesty, unless one could serve an apprenticeship to the new ones, which, like other professions, are not often successfully practised by a novice.

It may appear strange that a person possessed of so much coolness of disposition and knowledge of the world as Holton should allow himself to be so easily duped by Mr. Parkinson, and the reader, perhaps, may form an unfavourable opinion of his talents for adventure, because he did not take proper steps to ascertain the truth of the matter; but the fact is, that though Holton knew Parkinson was not particular as to his mode of treating the rest of the world, he fell into the common mistake of supposing that their having been embarked in a common cause would prevent Parkinson from cheating him, especially as he did not see how his ruin or absence could be of advantage to Parkinson. Believing then that the firm were in pursuit of him, he could not hit on any plan for obtaining forgiveness which did not involve his giving himself into their hands, in which there was such risk, as he was determined never to incur.

One source of anxiety, however, was at an end, namely, the condition and intention of his opponent in the late duel. This had been at first a

great trouble, as his opponent, being a person of high connexions, could have commanded what degree of legal severity he wished. But this which threatened Holton was his safeguard, since the friends and relations of the wounded man insisted on his dropping all thoughts of prosecution as the price of their future assistance.

"Consider," said one of them with much reason, "how we must all be disgraced by its being proved in a court of justice, that so near a connexion of ours had fought with a person in such a rank of life. It must not be thought of. If it had been a gentleman, indeed, whose wife, daughter, or sister, you had carried off, we should have been as ready as you to have a pop at him; but here, my dear fellow, it was very thoughtless and wrong, and must not by any means be made public."

Thus one cause of anxiety was disposed of, and all that remained was the necessity of avoiding a meeting with any member of the firm of Dudley, Elphinstone and Co., and to contrive some scheme for his future life. This latter was a consideration of some difficulty, as it was of the very first importance. He received the hundred pounds from Mr. Parkinson, and promised to leave the country, though, of course, promises made to obtain money, are not more binding than those made

to women. This hundred pounds, with what he found in his purse when he left the lodgings Amelia Williams had provided for him, amounted to a sum which would have certainly provided for a young man, possessing Holton's abilities, until he could procure a situation; but Holton, unfortunately, did not possess one of the most necessary qualifications for obtaining a situation, and he knew it.

Many very excellent moral writers of modern times have enlarged on the injustice of society in punishing individuals, by withdrawing their countenance from them on account of the crimes which they have committed; and advocated the principle of treating them as though nothing had happened, leaving them to their consciences, which I should be willing to do, if I believed that conscience would be an impartial judge. If some lady finds the governess of her children engaged in an intrigue with their father, and turns her out of doors, these excellent moralists complain of the injustice of society, because married women, in general, afterwards decline to take this young lady into their houses to hold a similar situation over their children. It is matter of complaint also, that shopkeepers will not take into their service young men of decent abilities, respecting whom their former masters allege that they kept their

gigs and their mistresses: nor has it been thought a thing unworthy of animadversion, that bankers have been known to refuse the services of very clever young men, on the sole ground that they had been convicted at the Central Criminal Court. Now as such things as these are great hardships on individuals, and opposed to the law of liberty and equality, which is like the air we breathe—without it we die—I recommend the aforementioned moralists to unite themselves into a society for the employment of liberated criminals. For as people in general are so doubtful of the propriety of those principles of philanthropy which would entrust a thief with one's cash, this society would be able to enforce it, on the irrefragable basis of experience, after a few years' trial of shopmen for their goods, clerks for their cash, and spouses for their children, taken from the cells of Newgate.

But in the days whereto this history refers, it was Mr. Chrysostomos Holton's misfortune that no such society existed, so that whether he applied for the situation of cashier to a banker, or confidential secretary to a gentleman, his mouth, like Falstaff's with "security," was stopped with the magic word, "character."

And here let me make a few remarks on that curious word "character." This does not, as it would seem to imply, bear any relation to virtu-

ous actions, or any kind of merit; but solely refers to the opinions of a superior. With a character, a man, whatever he may be, passes current through the world as a very fine fellow: and to obtain this character he need only make himself useful to a person above him, no matter what the service may be. But then this character is good only below the rank of the person that gives it, though there it is omnipotent: since a man of rank would disdain to take a shoe-black on the recommendation of a tradesman, while a man of trade is most happy to receive as his confidential clerk a gentleman recommended by his lordship, though at the same time he suspects the gentleman may have been dismissed for peculation. Thousands of common men would have taken a wife and believed her chaste on the certificate of Rochester, while no man of rank would have deigned to look at a menial's certificate of probity signed by the plain name of Andrew Marvell.

There is one interesting conclusion to be drawn from these remarks, which, though a digression, the reader must pardon me for mentioning. As rank is finite in variety, so that when you get up to a certain height you can go no higher, it follows that persons of the very highest rank are compelled to take their servants without characters, which will account for their notorious roguery. I

beg, however, it may be understood, that from this class of upper servants I except cabinet ministers, and a few others of similar undoubted purity.

It will appear then that notorious malefactors, and the servants of the great, are the only classes of society which pass through life without the formality of a character: but there is this grand difference between them—when the malefactor is turned out of prison after serving his time, he is generally without a shilling with which to purchase a good word, while the right honourable, by the time he is kicked out of office, has generally managed to lay by what makes him independent of character and opinion for ever after.

Now, although Mr. Holton had not been turned either from a gaol or a cabinet, he was in a worse predicament than would have been caused by either of those casualties: since he felt himself out of favour with the world, without being bold enough or rich enough to despise it. It is not meant that every mode of life was shut against Mr. Holton, because he wanted a certificate of virtue; since many persons in the very lowest depths of society have acquired fortunes by steadily pursuing an upward course: and Holton might have found plenty of opportunities of getting an honest livelihood, by industry, integrity and economy. But though, if the offer had been

made to him, to escape from his present anxiety he would gladly have renewed his servitude under either Mr. Pounder, Mr. Hardman, or Mr. Prior, he feared to hold communication with any of them, since it was more than probable that he had been inquired for there already; and in town, where he was to devise plans for himself, such subordinate offices did not once enter his mind; so that not being able to obtain an office of trust and responsibility, he fancied there was nothing left for him but to live on his wits, and do the best he could as an independent gentleman. He felt that as he had chalked out a course for himself, in which it had been necessary to depend only on himself, it had become a necessity to persevere, and trust to fortune, although she had once deceived him.

It will not be necessary to trace, minutely, the progress of Mr. Holton during the next six months, as it did not materially differ from that of other men on town. Indeed, my limits are too confined to do justice now to such adventures, and I shall therefore reserve them for a future work in three volumes, to be entitled "Six months of a man on the Town," which work the reader may subscribe for as soon as he pleases. It will be sufficient to state that he again engaged in those pursuits which had formerly been so pro-

fitable to him, and that with careful betting at a billiard-table through the day, and cautious play during the night, he passed some months with various fortune—sometimes full of cash, but occasionally compelled to force Parkinson to grant fresh supplies, which he effected by dint of threats of exposure.

But this system could not last for ever. Parkinson became alarmed at having the sponge so constantly applied by Holton to his waste capital, and at length informed him that he would not advance another farthing. Holton swore he was utterly penniless, and would have money, while Parkinson swore he might inform Mr. Elphinstone if he would, since every thing must be discovered if the present system were carried on: when, after a quarrel, in which each threatened the other with the gallows, Holton hit on a scheme which promised to restore his fallen fortunes, and repay him what he had lost.

This scheme I shall not lay before my readers, because some of them might be so squeamish as to consider it not worthy the exalted character of Mr. Holton, and it is very necessary that the reader should continue to think well of one who occupies so much of his time. Suffice it to say, that this scheme referred to an American Agency, and was suggested to Holton's mind by the intercourse formerly maintained be-

tween himself and Parkinson, when he travelled for Dudley, Elphinstone & Co. This scheme required a large sum of money at the commencement, but the profit promised to be certain and large; and Mr. Parkinson strained every nerve to procure money to set the plan in motion, by which he was certain to be a considerable gainer, by a share of the promised profits, or by the absence of Mr. Holton.

A considerable sum of money, that life and soul, beginning and end of all earthly things, Holton undertook to raise, on condition that Mr. Parkinson would be responsible for the success of the scheme. Some of my readers may not approve of Mr. Holton's method of raising money; but there is no doubt, that like other people who commit bad actions, he did it from the best of motives. But whatever people may think, I am bound to state the truth.

A house of play which Holton had pretty frequently attended during the last few months, was visited during the sitting of Parliament, by Sir George Brockledon, a baronet, who possessed a good estate, and was fond of deep play, by which it was supposed his estate was not materially impoverished. It did, however, occasionally happen, that his purse became empty, when an order or acknowledgment was given instead of money,

and was indeed quite as good, since his estate was unquestionable, and his honour unimpeachable. This suggested the scheme.

A few evenings after the agreement between Mr. Parkinson and Mr. Holton, the latter went to the house above-mentioned, where, after a time, he met Sir George, who immediately began to play. On this evening he was a loser, and after parting with the small amount of cash he had brought, he was compelled to borrow from the bank, leaving his acknowledgment. Holton who had not yet played, but had carefully watched what was going on, joined the players when he saw Sir George's cash again lost: and the result was that he left the room without having lost or won much, but—which was of more consequence—he had two of Sir George's orders in his pocket.

These orders were not for very large sums, but were designed to be very productive: for the next morning having ascertained nearly the exact day when a vessel was to sail, he presented one of the orders to Sir George's bankers for payment. As Holton expected, it was not immediately paid, being of an unbusiness-like form. A clerk was sent to know Sir George's pleasure on the subject, and was sent back with a peremptory order to cash it immediately, with a compliment or two addressed to the whole firm, for not knowing his

signature. A few days after, Holton presented the other, which was for a rather larger amount, the money for which was handed over to him without hesitation. He then waited a few days, until having ascertained the exact time when a vessel would start, a few minutes before the close of business-hours on the previous evening, he presented a third order for a much larger sum than either of the others, which also was paid, and Holton felt himself on the high road to fortune.

He made the final arrangements with Mr. Parkinson at his rooms: and after spending the night with his faithful and affectionate friend in high jollity, he wished him "good luck," and in the early morning drove down to the vessel. But alas! an accident had happened which human sagacity could not foresee—the winds had changed, and it was necessary to wait for another change. He lived very secretly and watchfully during two days, until the signal for sailing was hoisted, when he went aboard: but alas! he had not taken ten steps towards the cabin-door, when he was accosted by a gentleman, who informed him that his journey was deferred by order of the King of England and the Knight of Bow-street.

I leave the affectionate reader to imagine the surprise of Mr. Holton at his utterly unexpected and terrible disaster. The police-office, Newgate,

or a thunderbolt
and to believe w
impress on the
to let him free:
"I assure you
meant to send the
America."

END O

ELPHINSTONE.

VOL. III.

and the gallows, appeared together in one horrible vision, and struck him to the earth with the force of a thunderbolt. I leave the reader to pity him, and to believe what he uselessly endeavoured to impress on the officer's mind, as an inducement to let him free:

"I assure you, upon my word of honour, I meant to send the money back when I arrived in America."

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO., 13., POLAND STREET.

ELPHINSTONE.

VOL. III.

ELPHINSTONE.

BY

ALFRED BUTLER, ESQ.

Quicquid agunt homines.....
..... nostri est farrago libelli.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1841.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO., 13, POLAND STREET.

BOOK NINTH.

The Prisoner.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron barres a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet, take
  That for an hermitage,

LOVELACE.

ELPHINSTONE.

CHAPTER I.

> Ah wod some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us.
>
> BURNS.

Of all the qualities or passions by which that combination of multifarious trickery called life or society is carried on, there is not one of such inestimable importance, and such omnipresent necessity as faith—by which I mean unsuspecting trust in the amiable professions of other people, confidence in their pretences, or belief that what they labour to persuade one to do, is for one's own benefit rather than theirs.

It was formerly thought that quack-doctors, methodist parsons, witches, and mining projectors were the classes that most calculated on the universality of this principle; and, indeed, these persons may be considered to have drawn

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ticle you are looking at costs him as much as he asks you for it, that the candidate swears to carry into operation in the House the glorious sentiments he utters on the hustings, that the young collegian prays for long life to the rich maiden aunt who supports him, that the shirtless patriot pledges his word that no reward should ever tempt him to accept place, that husbands and wives always say "my dear" to each other when company is present, that old maids declare they have really always had a decided aversion to undergo the fatigue of a family, and that the honourable, reverend, and sporting brother of his lordship, professes himself perfectly content with his village rectory, and would not exchange it for the troublesome dignity of a bishopric—none of which assertions could have been made, if those that made them had not been assured of a sufficient portion of credulity in the generality of mankind to believe any assertion that is made with a certain degree of hardihood.

But of all the persons who trust in human credulity, the fraternity which depends most solely on it, is that to which I have the honour to belong—namely, novel writers; since we assume to be judges of every branch of learning,

of all departments of morals, and of the manners and customs of all ages and nations, although it very often happens that we are ourselves entirely without either learning, morals, or manners. But even more curious than this bold assumption of universal knowledge is the simplicity with which the assumption is admitted. Quack doctors have been convicted of manslaughter, methodist parsons have been committed as common disturbers, witches have been ducked and projectors hanged, but who ever exposed the misdoings, or even doubted the probity of a novelist? A may make a hero fight a hundred years after his death. B may insert in his novel, without acknowledgment, a dozen pages from Boccacio's novel. C may make a Saracen warrior of the twelfth century charm all ears with the elegant sentimentalism of the Chaussée d'Antin. D may introduce her hero Wallace wiping his eyes with a French cambric handkerchief, and holding a vinaigrette to the nostrils of his lady-love. E may paint a company of ancient Romans talking like a mob of Scotchmen. F may make all her English characters speak in a language of her own invention, which, as it is not in English, is to be taken for French and Italian. G may

shew the monsters of the savage ages to have been those beau ideals of young men, so charming to the imaginations of very young girls and very old ones—and so on through the alphabet; and not one reader in a thousand suspects that the author has, in reality, only a faint idea of the subject which he is discussing: but, on the contrary, every reader receives the facts of the novelist with as much undoubting belief as though they bore the imprimatur of the "Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge."

Now, as I for one would be useful in my day and generation, and as I meddle with nothing beyond the limited range of my knowledge, I would suggest to my brother and sister novelists whether it would not be as well, considering the unlimited credence given to their statements, that they should make themselves somewhat conversant with the subjects on which they write. This preparatory study would undoubtedly be more troublesome than the off-hand style so much in vogue; but it would have advantages to counterbalance the trouble, for even if study should not make them more confident of the plaudits of posterity, which, perhaps, they think little about, it would have

the beneficial effect of making many of our celebrated novel-writers lay down their pens, and betake themselves to honest means of livelihood.

I have not opened this subject to settle it, but have mentioned it, as I have several other curious circumstances which have struck me in the course of writing this work, to employ the wits of men cleverer than I shall ever be; for I can no more discover why there is so much assurance in novelists, and so much credulity in novel readers, than I can why Gascony produces more boasters than any other part of the world, why Yorkshire is equally fruitful in cunning, or why Leicestershire is so justly celebrated for its profusion of pretty women, fat sheep, and stupid men.

CHAPTER II.

On pardonne tant que l'on aime.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, 337.

THE few weeks which Amelia had spent in the purest and most delightful employment that can engage a human being, namely, that of protecting a beloved object, had restored her mind to some of its original purity. She turned her mind with more calmness on the past, and more hope in the future; and had any friend spoken to her, she would have rejoiced to return to virtue: but she had no friend, and her want of decision and energy prevented the execution of her good wishes. The charming circumstances of childhood and youth embellished as they were by contrast with her

latter life continually arose before her mind, and she passionately longed that that time could be renewed, or that she were at her parents' feet forgiven. But then she thought—perhaps they knew not her guilt, and ought she to distress them by communicating it? If she went home poor, would they believe that repentance brought her home? would they on any grounds forgive her? if they did forgive her, was she not dying, and why return to convey to them the misery of her death-bed? Thus speculating on the event of what she dreaded as a time of terrible trial, she put off her journey homewards from day to day, until at length she had no money, and then she became what my pen may not describe.

She moved about with a slow and measured step as though every limb had been paralysed by contact with the hand of death. She had always been delicate, but had known nothing of disease before the night when she removed Holton from his lodgings in Piccadilly, when already heated by anxiety and her feverish desire to serve him, she thoughtlessly exposed herself to the unwholesome influence of the night air. Since that night she had had a settled cough, her breath had been short and she had

gradually become weaker. These she had heard were the symptoms of the mortal disease of her brothers and sisters, and she knew that the irresistible hand of consumption was on her.

Through the whole course of her miserable career she had loved to think of the possibility of dying with the pardon of her parents, but now when her thoughts inclined that way, she resolutely turned them aside, and clung only to the hope of being buried with them. Her despair took not the violent form of doing a desperate deed to rid herself at once of misery; but of a calm and determined waiting-for and looking-on a termination which she neither feared, nor hoped, nor wished either to retard or hasten. The effect of this sickness was in another way disastrous—those who had known her in the time of her more splendid shame now shunned her, and she was compelled to the society of wretches whose depravity being unaccompanied by the elegance and good breeding that conceals something of its nature, shewed vice in its loathsomeness. The effect of this was certain; she continued poor, although she confined her expenses within the narrowest limits possible—she took humbler lodgings—she began to lose the capability of distinguishing

betwixt good and evil: yet the equalization of her mind and situation rendered her not less miserable—she was falling into that state of despair which is rather the effect of despair—when the mind has acquired a habit of suffering from causes which are forgotten, or are remembered without pain. But she was roused once more.

Amelia was sitting in a melancholy humour in her room, in one of the wretched courts near Temple Bar. A newspaper was before her, which she seemed to be reading, but her thoughts were far away, among years long past. Her eyes wandered up and down the columns without remarking anything, until at length her attention was attracted by the words "Bow-street," in large letters. She recollected in what circumstances she had been there, and read on with some attention. The paragraph was as follows:—

"Yesterday a very fashionably dressed gentleman was brought before the magistrates of this office on a charge of forgery. The prosecutor is a man of high rank, and is determined to prosecute, as this is not the first time that the prisoner has been suspected of committing the crime. The examination was carried on in a private room: but we understand that the

evidence was so plain and direct, that the prisoner was committed to Newgate. The prisoner is the notorious Mr. Frederick Harvey, whom our readers will recollect to have been concerned in a mysterious affair at a notorious hell in St. James's, some time back. This affair will create a great sensation in certain circles."

The horror-stricken girl looked at the passage again, with eyes that seemed ready to dart from her head—she looked into the street —it *was* daylight—the people *were* walking there—it was *not* a dream. She rushed out of the house, the newspaper still grasped convulsively in her hand, and ran away at her utmost speed to the Old Bailey. She knocked at the door of the Governor's house, and when the servant opened it, rushed into the passage, and holding up the paper, exclaimed, "Is it all over?" She met with kindness; but she was in such a state as would extort kindness from the most unkind—she learned from the servant that the trial would not come on for two or three weeks—she went home to consider what was to be done.

Some months back when she had been well

off, she had put twenty pounds in a Savings' Bank, and she had since been very careful, and denied herself almost the necessaries of life, that she might not touch this money. It was meant to be applied to a curious purpose. She was not insensible to the fact that she could not live long, and she intended this money to defray the expenses of conveying her body to her native village, for her only hope for some time had been, that she might be buried among her family.

She was again roused from her despairing lethargy—what she could not do for herself, she could do for another; she could reflect, and arrange with energy whatever it was necessary to do. She reflected a little time, and concluded that as Frederick was in the hands of the law, none but a lawyer could assist him. In the street leading from the top of her court into Chancery-lane, she had passed many times a house with a brass-plate inscribed, "Mr. Clement, Solicitor," and as the only lawyer she knew anything of, to him she went. She rang the office-bell, and the clerk who opened the door, shewed her into the office; he was a handsome, kindly-looking young man, and she felt somewhat at ease.

After a few minutes' delay, Mr. Clement walked in, exhibiting himself as an old grey-headed, prudent, yet benevolent looking man. Having listened to her statement attentively, he sat down to reason with her.

"Has this person any money?" he asked.

"I fear not," was the reply.

"Any friends that would come forward to assist him?"

"I fear not," she said with a sigh.

"Nothing can be done without money."

"I have twenty pounds," said Amelia in tears, "will that be of any use?"

"It is very little for such a purpose," said Mr. Clement, kindly, "but it seems all you have. Why should you make yourself penniless for this man?"

Amelia answered, "I shall not want the money long, and perhaps I shall—have—some—more—soon."

The old lawyer, much as he had been accustomed to witness human sorrow, was evidently affected by the simple creature before him, and said, "I wish it were in my power to assist you, but I should advise you to let the law take its course—it is a very dark affair—and you see

even his friends, for he must have had some, have left him to his fate."

"Must his true friends forsake him," asked Amelia, "because his false ones do?"

The lawyer was again moved by the passionate coolness of purpose.

"I think I understand you," he said, "I know some of the particulars of this person's life, and I have heard that a beautiful girl whom he brought from the country, and threw on the town, has since preserved his life—I believe you are the girl."

She burst into tears as she said, "You have grey hairs on your head, and have had children—you can pity me: and I may say to you, that if I gave up everything for him, and became the miserable thing you behold me, what is a little money that I should keep it back when it might help him?"

"Consider how he has used you," said the lawyer.

"He is in distress," answered Amelia.

"You have already done him a most essential service—how has he requited you?"

She turned her face to the ground as she answered in a low and broken voice, "My

appearance tells you what a miserable and guilty creature I am, and what service could he or any one have done to me?"

"Has he seen you since you nursed him after that affair at St. James's?"

"We know not enough of his circumstances to be able to say why he could not visit me."

The lawyer shook his head, but Amelia continued, "It is not gratitude which makes me act thus. I seek not to save him in return for services he has rendered me. Perhaps it is for my own comfort I do this: for I could not live in peace—but I shall never live in peace—I shall not die in peace if I do not all in my power to help him."

"But what will you do yourself, my poor girl, when all your money is gone?"

"The surgeons," replied Amelia, "tell me that I shall not live over the spring."

"I feel very deeply for you, young woman," said the kind-hearted man of law, "but I must say that you ought not to help this man; for I know he is guilty."

"Then is he the more to be pitied," said Amelia, rising in considerable agitation, and speaking with unaccustomed sharpness, "but, Sir, I came to you willing to pay for advice

respecting this gentleman's liberation, and not respecting my own conduct. I see that you will not give it to me, and I must seek it further."

She was at the door, when the lawyer called her back mildly, and took her hand, saying, "Be not hasty, young woman, wait a minute, and I will give you all the help I can. I feel for your misfortunes, for I have had children; I think you deserve a better fate; and I lament the infatuation which has led, and still leads you to sacrifice yourself for such an unworthy person; but I see you are determined. As I told you before, this case is a very black one —very black indeed, and no respectable practitioner would wish to be engaged for the prisoner; for he cannot be liberated by legal means. I doubt whether I do not go too far in giving you *any* advice; but you shall have the benefit of the doubt. Now listen to me. Consult no attorney, for you might happen to go to one engaged by the prosecutor; but write a letter to the prisoner, telling him how far you can assist him; advise him to consult with an Old Bailey practitioner, and consult with him on the plan of defence. This is your only chance, and if it fail, depend not

on judge, jury, or prosecutor; your next application, and that will be useless, must be to the Secretary of State."

The old man affectionately pressed the poor creature's hand; she thanked him—the clerk showed her respectfully to the door, and she went home to follow Mr. Clement's advice.

CHAPTER III.

Ce n'est point à des avocats qu'il faut aller. Ce sont gens de difficulté et qui sont ignorants des détours de la conscience. Il y a d'autres personnes à consulter, qui sont bien plus accommodantes, qui ont des expédients pour passer doucement par-dessus la loi.

MOLIERE. LE MAL. IMAG. Act. 1, Sc. 9.

After many ineffectual attempts, Amelia wrote, and sent the following letter :—

"Sir,

I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken, but when I heard of your misfortune, I went to a lawyer, who told me to write to you, and request you to apply to an Old Bailey lawyer, who would be most likely to assist you. This is almost all I can do, for I am very poor; but I have a little more than twenty pounds, which I should be glad to

send you, if you would not be displeased ; and if I can do you any service, oh ! how happy I should be to do it.

AMELIA WILLIAMS."

The next morning, the postman rapped at the door, and she ran for the letter, which she opened with the utmost eagerness, for she fancied that perhaps *he* had written it: and she was somewhat surprised and disappointed at seeing, in the plain crabbed hand of a lawyer, the following lines :—

Crooked Lane.

"Madam,

I am instructed by my client, Mr. Harvey, alias Holton, to appoint a meeting between you and myself, for the purpose of consulting on the means of defence to a charge of forging and uttering, &c. I shall be at my office at 1 p. m. this day, when and where, if convenient to you, I shall be happy to meet you,

I am, Madam,

Your Obedt., Humble St.,

W. BYTER."

At the appointed time, Amelia mounted the four pair of stairs, and knocked at Mr. Byter's office-door, which was opened by the clerk. The principal, who [illegible]riting at one of the two desks, just looked [illegible] at her, and immediately continued to [illegible] without taking any farther notice of her, [illegible]at she had time to look about her.

The office was a lit[illegible] square room, containing one very dusty window, partly covered with a faded and ragged green blind, through which creeped what little light could be afforded by the narrow and dingy court in which the house was situated. The window looked as though it had never been opened, and the room being not more than eight feet square, and the whole extent of the walls, from floor to ceiling, being arranged in niches, which were crammed with bundles of papers of all colours and ages, it need not be wondered at, that the room had a musty and unwholesome smell. The only furniture in the room, and that just filled it, was the couple of very brown and ink-spattered desks, and a wood-bottomed chair. Yet the mean-looking place, in a few seconds, became a place of great importance in the opinion of the ignorant

creature present; she was awed by the silence, which was undisturbed, save when the lawyer or his clerk turned to consult a bundle of papers in one or other of the niches, or a book on the desk, and immediately after, the scratching of the pen and her heavy breathing, were the only audible sounds.

She was totally unaccustomed to such scenes as these, and when she remarked the solemnity of business painted on the writers' faces, and thought of her own business there, it seemed to her that this was the place where people came to rescue their friends from the grasp of the law—she fancied that she was in the presence of Frederick's judge. Nor was there much in his appearance to give her comfort. He was a short thin man, with a pale unwholesome countenance, and eyes sparkling with a cunning, that gave a sinister and malevolent expression to his whole appearance. Amelia trembled to consider that any one she loved was in the power of such a man.

At length the lawyer folded up his papers, and tied some red tape round them, and glaring through the cage-like bars of his desk, said to her,

"Well, young woman, what is your busines; come to consult me, eh?"

"I am come, Sir—I am come—" she faltered, and stopped.

"Well, what are you come for?" he said, roughly; "speak out quickly, for I've got an appointment," he looked at his watch—"I expect a lady here immediately."

"I believe, Sir—I think I—" the poor wretch could not open this terrible business, and she took out the letter she had received from the lawyer, and put it in his hand in silence.

"Oh! oh! I see, you are the la—the young woman I was expecting—sit down, young woman. I understand that you come on the part of my client, to make arrangements for his defence. I saw him for a few minutes this morning—"

"Is he well?" interrupted Amelia.

"Well!" the lawyer ejaculated. "Well! why really, young woman, I can't tell you, for I didn't go to him as a doctor, but I suppose I should have seen if he had been ill. What we have to consider is, what funds can be raised."

Amelia, trembling, took out her purse, and offered it hesitatingly to the lawyer.

"Oh! you are not come empty-handed, I see," he continued, "upon my word, a very good beginning. Let me see, five, ten, fifteen, twenty-two, twenty-two pounds—well, let me see, young woman; if we go on like this, we shall do very well. How many more such sums have you—you know this will soon be spent."

"I am very poor, Sir," Amelia answered, "and I am not sure that I can bring you much more."

"Not much more!" exclaimed the lawyer, in great surprise, "do you think I can bring a man off the gallows for twenty-two pounds? Perhaps you don't know the law of this case, young woman—this is it, Blackstone, book four, chap. seventeen, section two hundred and fifty." Then the lawyer muttered—"First offence—forging, or procuring to be forged—acting or assisting—uttering or publishing as true any forged deed, will, bond, writing-obligatory, bill of exchange, promissory note, endorsement or assignment thereof, with intention to defraud — person—corporation—felony without benefit of clergy. And by

Statutes seven, George II, Cap. twenty-two, and eighteen, George III, Cap. eighteen, equally penal to forge, or cause to be forged, or utter as true [illegible]—bill of exchange—number—sum [illegible]r note, bill, security of money, gen[illegible]al—forging—real or fictitious perso[illegible]rime—conviction—prisoner—hanged!

"Save his life, [illegible], for God's sake," Amelia shrieked, an[illegible]n her knees before him.

"Save his life," answered the lawyer, coolly "save his life! What should I save his life for?—what is his life to me?"

Amelia was silent in horror, that the life of an individual could be a matter of indifference to any human being, and she could not imagine how a person with the power to save, could hesitate in preserving the life which she would make such great sacrifices to effect.

"The prisoner has told me the particulars of his case," continued the lawyer, "and I must say, I never knew a man whose neck was in greater danger. The prosecutor is a man of property, and determined to prosecute, and do you think we can oppose his fortune with twenty-two pounds?"

"How much would be sufficient?" asked Amelia.

"Why, as for a sufficiency," answered Mr. Byter, "I can't say, but you can't bring too much. Fifty would be more sufficient than twenty-two, a hundred than fifty, a thousand than a hundred. In short, you will have law in proportion to your power to buy it—but law is not what this gentleman requires, for if he has law, he will infallibly be hanged—he must have something that will serve him better than law, and it is a dearer article."

"For God's sake, Sir," sobbed the down-hearted girl, "do all you can for him."

"As for doing all I can for him, young woman, I must tell you that I could do a great deal for him, if I were properly paid for it."

"If you could liberate him, Sir, oh! how grateful we would be!"

"Grateful! young woman, I don't understand you; in what way would you shew your gratitude?"

"We would pray for you night and day, Sir; we would bless you as long as we live."

"Oh, young woman, gratitude is a very good thing, a very excellent sort of thing, but gratitude is not money."

"Will not this money be of any use?"

"Oh, yes, as I said before," replied the lawyer, "it is a very good beginning; but we must stop short unless we have fresh supplies; for to go to law without plenty of money, is like a ship sailing on a long voyage without provisions."

"Well, Sir, I entreat you, do all you can for him with this money, and I will bring you all I am able to procure."

"Well, well," finally replied Mr. Byter, "this seems to be all you have got, so I'll take it, though I don't expect I can do any good: but call again this day week."

CHAPTER IV.

Non ti gravi
D'aprirmi la cagion del tuo dolore,
Che poco mali al mondo son sì pravi,
Che 'l uomo trar non se possa fuore.
Se la cagion si sa ; ne deve privo
Di speranza esser mai, fin che sia vivo.
ORLANDO FURIOSO. C. 46.

At the appointed time Amelia went to the office, but the lawyer as he put in his purse the little sum she had brought him, told her he feared he could give little hope of success ; money was the great thing, the only instrument of success wanting—with that anything might be done, without it nothing. He frightened her also by a description of Frederick's behaviour in prison, who, he said, having made an attempt to escape, had been very heavily ironed,

and constantly accompanied by a gaoler to prevent the violence which he continually threatened. Amelia left the office miserable beyond help, hea eyond hope; yet as she was slinki the back streets towards her wretche thought came into her mind that sudd led her with the buoyancy of pleasure. She ght of Mr. Elphinstone—Frederick l ally mentioned his name, and she knew e was the clergyman of Holton. The exac relationship or connexion between them she was not aware of, but that it was of an intimate nature was enough to induce her to believe that assistance might be procured from him in these distressing circumstances. But one important consideration was that Holton was more than fifty miles from London, and as she had just given up all her money to the lawyer, it seemed impossible that she could ever get there. Speculating on the means of removing this difficulty, she reached home; and looking round the untidy room, she gathered from the table, the walls and her trunk all the wretched remains of her former finery, which she took to a pawnbroker, and having thus obtained a few shillings, set out on foot.

She began her long journey in good spirits; for she was full of hope: but she had not walked more than five or six miles from the thick and bustle of the city, before she found that she had calculated too highly on her powers; for she felt already faint and weary, and was compelled to sit down by the road-side. After a time a waggon creeped along the road, on which she saw marked the word Holton, with names of other towns, and on questioning the waggoner, she found that it, indeed, passed through the town to which she was going. She got in, and weary as she was, soon fell into a deep sleep, so that when she awoke, a night had passed away, and she was at her journey's end. The waggon had stopped at an inn in the town; and as she had tasted nothing since she left London the morning before, she went into the tap-room for refreshment, and to ask permission to retire to a private room to make her appearance somewhat more fit for an interview with the clergyman.

But while she was waiting for the refreshment, some men of the town who were drinking and talking in the room, occasionally mentioned Mr. Elphinstone, and on paying more particular attention to their conversation, she found that they were drawing comparisons

very much in his favour between him and a new clergyman. She became full of fear, and with a fluttering heart asked if Mr. Elphinstone had left the town, when to her astonishment and horror, she found that he had died a few weeks back.

She turned from the untasted breakfast, and forgetting in what a condition such a mode of travelling had put her, left the house, and tottering down the first street she came to, went into the fields, where no eye could behold her, to give way to her overpowering grief. She stopped by a gate, and laying her hands on it, she bent her face on them, and burst into that bitter and violent grief, which destroys the frame and gives not in tears relief to the heart of the mourner. She was astonished at her misfortunes—she felt that God had not forgotten her, and believed that his omnipotence tracked her footsteps wherever she went, to mock all her hopes, and laugh at all her purposes—she wondered why heaven and earth were leagued against a creature so defenceless as she was—she thought of God without hope or fear, for all things seemed to have done their worst.

A brook murmured along through the green meadows at a little distance from her, and an irresistible impulse led her to the edge of it,

where she sat down, and bowing her face on her knees, looked eagerly into the clear stream, and longed to be lying in peace among the green weeds at the bottom. But before the course of melancholy and desperate reflections on the irretrievable nature of her misfortunes could hurry her into putting the strong and increasing temptation into execution, she saw a young man sauntering down the foot-path by the river towards the place where she was sitting: and whatever she intended to do do, must of course be put off until she was out of the reach of human eye.

Her eyes remained fixed on the bottom of the stream while the gentleman was passing by, and although she heard his footsteps immediately behind her, she did not look up until two or three minutes had elapsed, when she turned to examine whether the banks of the river were clear. Her eyes fell full on the face of the gentleman, who was standing but a few yards from her, and looking attentively towards her.

The mutual recognition was instant—the gentleman was the clerk that had spoken and looked kindly at Mr. Clement's: and the very thought of the kindness she had found

there, and there alone, although it had been of no service to her, yet had a mysterious influence over her feelings, and caused her to drop her face on her knees again, and sob with a violence that was audible where the gentleman stood.

He walked up to her, and with a manner and tone of sympathy asked what was the matter. How long a time had it been since a word of kindness had been addressed to her, save that once in Mr. Clement's office! It was not strange then that the poor wretch could not answer him—she did nothing but rock herself to and fro, and cry.

The young gentleman's kindness, however, seemed not of a kind to be repulsed by the indifference of despair; and he continued to speak, and suggest thoughts of comfort, until her attention was roused.

He spoke of Frederick, for of course he had heard her statement in Mr. Clement's office, and he now asked whether she had succeeded in any degree, and whether he could assist her in any way.

Never did sounds enter mortal ear more delightful than these were to her, for it expressed sympathy when she seemed abandoned by earth and heaven, and expressed the will if not

the power to eradicate the evil, under which she was sinking.

On his expressing surprise to meet her so far from London at such a time and in such a spot, and pressing her to explain it, she related to him the purpose of her journey.

"Well, Amelia," said he, when she had done, "it seems to me that nobody who knows you can doubt a woman's perseverance in an act of kindness. But there is one thing I cannot understand, and that is why you seem to be so certain that there has been so great an intimacy between Mr. Elphinstone and this Mr. Harvey."

"He told me so, Sir," she replied.

"Mr. Elphinstone was seldom out of the town, and had no visitors. In fact, his life was a very secluded and solitary one."

"I understood that he was brought up with Mr. Elphinstone."

"Indeed," said the gentleman in surprise, "was that the case! and was his name Harvey? did you know him by no other name? did you never hear the name of Holton?"

"Holton, Sir! I think I have. Yes, Mr. Byter mentioned it in a letter, though I could not understand it."

The letter had never been out of her possession since she received it, and she now took it from her pocket and shewed it to the gentleman. As soon as he had glanced over it, he said in a very kind manner,

"In one sense your journey will not have been in vain: for if I am not greatly mistaken, I shall be able to give you information that will delight you. Where are you staying?"

She had no place to rest in but where she was, and he recommended her to an inn which he pointed out, and promised to call with information that might be depended on. She went back to the town, and entered the inn recommended to her, where she took the refreshment she so greatly needed, and put herself in as clean and becoming an appearance as was then possible.

In the evening the friend called with an elderly female of humble but decent appearance, who was evidently an intimate acquaintance of his; and sitting down with the poor girl, he said,

"I do not pretend to feel any very great desire to benefit this Mr. Harvey in the way you wish to do, because in the first place, I do not know him, and besides, what little I have heard of him has been very unfavourable: and

this information I have had from Mr. Clement who does know him, and I am sure would not speak of him with unjust severity. But I feel for your own distressing circumstances, and will do what little I can to alleviate them. I must tell you then, that Mr. Elphinstone has left his property chiefly to Mr. Holton, and from some unexpected circumstances, this property will prove to be greater than might have been expected."

Amelia's face was brightening like the sun while the gentleman spoke.

"This property, of course, is not of immediate use to you, as it would require time to enter into actual possession: but you have only to mention the circumstances to Mr. Byter, or whoever is the attorney, and you will find no difficulty in raising money."

She looked into his face with a silent gratitude, more eloquent than any form of words.

"I need not advise you," said he in conclusion, "to get to London as soon as possible: but excuse me if I ask you whether I can render you any trifling assistance in getting there? Are you provided with money?"

She took out her purse, and poured out the contents in her hand—nine shillings was all she

had, and out of that she had to pay the day's expenses at the inn.

"Nine shillings!—The coach-fare will be ten—but you must get to London. Here are ten shillings for you. I wish it were more: but I am very poor indeed, and if I were to give you more I should not be able to return to London myself. Accept it with my best wishes, and my sincerest commiseration, and if you, yourself, should at any time be in need of the personal service of a friend, send to this address, and you shall find one."

He put a card, on which he wrote his name and address in her hand, pressed it affectionately, and went away. With the utmost impatience, as may be supposed, she waited for the coach, which was the only one on that day. When, however, it came to the inn-door, she unfortunately found it full: and as she knew that her money would not last till to-morrow, and did not like to ask her benefactor for more money, besides that she wanted to be on the road, she settled her account, and set out on foot for London.

Her progress was very slow, for her bodily powers were nearly overcome by her disorder, but by being occasionally assisted on the road

by waggons and carts, and walking as fast as she could at other times, late the next day with a worn-out body, but a joyful spirit, she caught sight of the misty dome of St. Paul's.

CHAPTER V.

And you can want no witnesses
To swear to anything you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses,
By th' labour of their consciences.
BUTLER, 3 HUDIBRAS, Canto 3, 725.

THE effect which the information Amelia carried to London had on the prospects of the imprisoned Holton, may be best communicated by describing an interview which took place within the walls of Newgate three days before the trial. Holton had been pacing to and fro in his cell to the music of his irons, cursing his fate, the prosecutor, and the world; and, as was very natural, leaving out of consideration that his own conduct had brought him to his present situation: for when people are in trouble they are exceedingly ready to forget that fate, prosecutors, and the world would leave them to themselves, if they did not thrust themselves

in the way. He had little hope of avoiding a public, shameful death, less of escaping transportation for life, and was certain of perpetual disgrace: for the momentary help that Amelia's assistance had brought him vanished when he considered the inadequateness of her means to accomplish his deliverance.

He sank on the ground, terrified by his own dreadful thoughts, and given up to the most horrible forebodings, when the door was unfastened, and Mr. Byter walked in. Holton looked up at him: but there was no ground for hope to be discovered in his face, the cunning and trickery which perpetually looked out from his countenance, making one involuntarily doubt the efficacy of assistance from his efforts, whether they were directed to a good purpose or a bad one: for even wickedness would have been afraid to trust one who looked so like an incarnation of treachery.

When the lawyer entered the cell, some private conversation passed between him and the man appointed to stay with the prisoner; and they seemed to shake hands. If, indeed, they had been lords or ministers, or members, it might have been supposed that the operation of bribery was

being performed—but it is best to be charitable.

This official of the prison was very civil to Mr. Byter, who went forward to the farther end of the cell. Holton did not speak, for there was no sympathy in the lawyer's face: and neither the guilty nor the innocent, in such circumstances, are ready to address a man who appears superior or indifferent to their sufferings: and Mr. Byter was left to open the conversation, which he did by observing, unconsciously rubbing his hands meanwhile,

"Well, Sir, the day will pretty soon be here!"

"What have you done?" Holton inquired.

"Why, there is not much to be done without money."

"Have you had none since you were here last?"

"None; and none I suppose I shall have—and nothing can be done without it."

The prisoner turned his face on the floor, muttering curses.

"Do you lie on this nice floor for the good of your health—as they make children do on backboards and such things. But I think your couch would be rather more inviting if you had

a good Brussels carpet under you: but if I were you I would rather lie on the bench there, though I don't call that a first-rate bed—still it is more like a bed."

Holton cast on his professional adviser a look which expressed, "If I had you in a fitting place, I would give you a weapon quite as sharp as your tongue."

But the lawyer knew he was safe, and continued, "Ah, I see you don't like the place; but no wonder, it is rather small and dark, and you havn't the very best company. But I've known persons, and very particular and delicate and gentlemanly persons too, in such circumstances as would make them wish for such a safe, quiet, private box as this. You would like to walk out, occasionally, no doubt; but what do you say to a short walk out of these walls, on a fine spring morning, and see the bright sky, and breathe the fresh air on a balcony erected for you alone, with officers to attend you, and thousands of people to receive you with shouts—ha! ha! ha!"

Holton did not at first understand the lawyer's allusion; but looking into his face, he remarked a certain malevolent expression of humour which brought the meaning home in-

stantly, and the prisoner lay on his face groaning with horror.

"Ah, I see," continued the lawyer; "I see that you think there are worse places than this in the world. It is devilish awkward, to be sure, to have that terrible Jack Ketch pulling about your neck, and fixing the rope—so very anxious about the nice fit of the cravat—ha! ha! ha! And then that long clean night-cap, tied down over your face and chin, to keep the last daylight out before you sink into your everlasting sleep, and the parson reading the prayers for *articulo mortis* people, and click—downgoes the footing, and——"

"Damnation! Do you come here to drive me mad, you thundering villain?"—shouted Holton, struggling on his feet, and throwing himself upon the lawyer, as though he would tear him limb from limb.

The turnkey, who had not left the cell, now sprang forward to interfere; but Mr. Byter could very well take care of himself, being a more muscular man than the prisoner; who, as he was also manacled, could do little besides show his inclination.

"Oh, never mind, never mind, my man," he said, waving back the gaoler; "we shall soon

understand one another. And so, Mr. Holton, alias Harvey, this is the way you use your best friends!"

"Friends!" repeated Holton, with a questioning accent.

"Friends! yes. You don't seem to like your situation here; and of course any one who would release you, ought to be considered a friend."

"Release! but how am I to be released?"

"You know the Rev. Mr. Elphinstone, vicar of Holton?"

"I did know him."

"He is dead."

"Well, how will that liberate me?"

"He has left you what property he had."

"Ah! by God that is good news."

"It would be better if you heard it in a merrier kind of place."

"Ah! damn it, how unfortunate that he should die at such a time."

"Not so unfortunate, perhaps, if it is the means of making you free."

"Free!—how the devil can his death make me free, unless it can prove me to be innocent?"

"He has left you money, the sinews of war."

"Speak out at once, you devil!" shouted Holton, "what are you driving at; your insufferable croaking is worse than the gallows itself."

"Ah, you don't know that from experience yet. But let us talk no more about Jack Ketches, and scaffolds, and ropes, and public executions on the gallows, but come to business. As I said before, it would be a friendly act to liberate you; but we lawyers have no friends—that is, speaking professionally. The law may be just, or not, as it happens; but we have nothing to do with that: it rests entirely with the makers of them; and we keep our offices open not to administer justice, but law. As I said before, we have no friends. The tradesman does not keep his shop open to supply his friends, but his customers. In the same way the legal profession is a trade or speculation in which we embark a capital, and sometimes win, but at others lose. Now in conducting this case for you, I embark my professional reputation in your defence; and, as without me you of course would infallibly be hanged, it is but right that my speculation,

from which you are to gain so much, and can lose nothing, should be more profitable to me, if successful, than as though I risked nothing."

To this reasonable proposition the prisoner assented.

"Would you not be ready to give up a portion of your property to be able to enjoy the rest?"

"Of course."

"You would give up a considerable portion?"

"I shall never enjoy a farthing of it, if I be convicted."

"Certainly not. Now I don't know how much Mr. Elphinstone left you, but I fancy it is a considerable sum; and I propose that you sign a deed for the payment of two thousand pounds."

"Two what!"

"An unconditional deed for two thousand pounds; so that if I get you liberated, you pay me the money, and if you are hanged, this will be so much waste paper."

Holton read the deed, which was drawn up with the strictest attention to form, and saw that the security for payment was certain land

that he had never heard of; and this gave him an idea of being probably a rich man, so as to be able to afford the money; and at all events he had no choice, so he signed the deed.

"You are aware," said the lawyer, as he folded up the deed, "that this is but so much waste paper, if you are convicted; so that for my own sake I shall do all I can for you. By the bye, it was a capital thing for you that girl interfering so—she has saved your life, Sir. For, let me tell you, if we had not got things in a fair train, not all the property which Mr. Elphinstone could leave would be worth a farthing to you, or give you a single chance of escape. No, Sir, it is a little money applied at a proper time that does the business—lucky for you—a capital girl that; but she don't look any great things now—a bad one, eh?"

What did Holton feel when his rescue, and the misery he had brought on his rescuer, were put in juxtaposition! Was it shame or sorrow that caused him to turn aside, as the lawyer continued—"Not but that I think we might possibly have managed to slip the gallows; but I suppose you wish for an honourable acquittal. You wouldn't like to be sent to Coventry by the great folks that you have been acquainted

with, or may be acquainted with, eh? So you see the girl has saved, not only your life, but your honour—your honour—ha! ha! Her money has been well applied—every thing is in its right place, and this windfall has made the matter certain. I don't know, I'm sure, what we should have done without it, though; for the girl told me, only last night, that she had not another shilling in the world, and had sold all her clothes, but what she stood up in, to procure what she brought me."

The prisoner was evidently moved by his solicitor's relation; but whether with shame at the meanness of the instrument employed in working out his liberation, or with contrition for the unutterable and irreparable injury he had brought on her, it is impossible to say. After a pause he said, "There has been enough said on this subject, and it seems to me that you exult too soon; for I don't see yet how I am to get beyond these walls."

"Ah! never mind, leave that to me," was the confident reply of the man of law; "your's is not the first case of the kind I have had, though I can't say I ever had one so bad as this—very bad case indeed; and if it had not been for that girl—but I see you don't like

the subject—you would not like to plead guilty, and depend on the mercy of the court—their mercy would be the gallows. You would not like to take the chance of a fair trial, and on conviction appeal to the mercy of government; their mercy would be transportation for life. You would not like to depend on the doubtful chance of a point of law, or any thing of that kind; for even if it were successful, and you were acquitted on it, of course you would be disgraced for ever. You want an honourable acquittal; and a million would not do now, what that girl's few pounds have done. Well, well, I won't mention her again. After what you have related to me of your case, you are, of course, not provided with witnesses to prove that you were some hundreds of miles from town on the very day that the draft was paid by you *in* town?

"Of course not," said Holton, with a bitter smile.

"Then it must be my case to provide them," said the lawyer. "You have no witnesses to prove, satisfactorily, that the writing on the draft is not your's?"

Holton shook his head.

"I must find them also," continued the

lawyer; "and mark me, there is a witness or two, which if brought forward, will give such proof against you, as it will not be in our power to gainsay. If we lived in Italy, we might soon arrange it; but in England we are obliged to use milder measures—there is such a bother made about trifles. It shall not be for want of exertion if I do not send them out of England for a time; and I shall take care that the prosecutor's counsel does not get a hint of this, or you know he would make your acquittal any thing but honourable."

"But," interrupted Holton, "what need of all this bother and planning?—why not buy off the counsellor at once?"

"No, no, that would never do. Those wigged gentlemen have got very high notions about honour and independence, and all that; and if we were to attempt a bribe, they would make a point of securing a conviction. But I shall see the prosecutor's attorney, who is a friend of mine, and tell him that you mean to let the law take its course, that you have not a leg to stand on, and are anxious only to escape the gallows. Now seeing that you are to make no defence, I can get him to make up a tolerable case, without those material witnesses; and for

a certain sum, I have no doubt he will draw up the brief accordingly.

"Now the counsel must have no instructions beyond the letter of his brief, and we will take them by surprise; we will come into court with our witnesses, and the best counsel the bar can furnish, and with a defence that I have no doubt will bring you off honourably. It will do—it must do; but it was a capital thing of that girl; for a million pounds would not do now what her five-and-twenty pounds have done. I am sorry, though, that she is so poor; but I suppose you will take care of her, now that you are a man of fortune. But I must not forget to tell you, that when you get out, you must let your money fly, to get at the documents in the case, for we don't know how things may spread; and if the newspapers get hold of it, your character will go to the devil. As far, however, as the trial is concerned, trust in me, and I'll bring you through. All that you will have to do, will be to come into court like an innocent man—ha! ha! ha! You look like an innocent man!—ha! ha! You must seem to look down with indifference on judge, and jury, and all the proceedings. Be bold in your innocence—ha! ha! ha! You don't know

what effect a prisoner's appearance has on the jury."

So saying, the ingenious and voluble attorney left the prisoner, who, although his fate was assuming a more favourable appearance under his auspices, yet felt somewhat relieved to find himself alone; for, not only was it mortifying to be continually reminded that his escape from punishment would be owing to the efforts of a prostitute, but the lawyer was so plain-spoken and descriptive in picturing trials and public executions, that his client in his presence seemed to have a foretaste of the horrors which it seemed very likely would be realized. It is not uncommon for persons to hate the instruments of their salvation.

CHAPTER VI.

The charge is prepared, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged, (a terrible show).

GAY, BEGGARS' OPERA. Act 3.

THE day of trial came, and long before the court commenced its sittings, Amelia was pacing to and fro in the yard of the Old Bailey—her face, pale from long watching and labour, and agitated from the inward conflict of hope and fear, turned up constantly towards the prisoner's apartments, as though her eyes could pierce the ponderous stones of those gloomy walls, and follow her heart, where it was ever living, in the prisoner's cell.

At length the court opened, and Amelia gained a place, where unobserved she could see all that passed. Two or three cases unimportant to her, were tried, and her patience was sorely taxed; but at length *the trial*, was

announced. She turned her eyes in fearful agitation towards the dock, and when *he* entered, she wept in uncontrollable joy. The word prisoner had been to her a sound conveying an indistinct horror; the squalid wretches whose trials and sentences she had just witnessed, had borne out her preconceived ideas, and she feared Frederick would be like them. But when she saw him with the same upright carriage, in the same elegant dress, and in all things like the Frederick whom she had known in former times, she was joyfully disappointed. He looked calmly on the judge, the jury, and assembled multitude, and they felt that he displayed either the hardihood of the most accustomed guilt, or the calm fearfulness of conscious innocence; but Amelia felt none of these things—she thought not of the prisoner, but of the man.

The preliminaries being over, the counsel for the prosecution rose, and drawing his robe around him, pulling down his wig, putting his foot on the seat, looking round the court and seeming to address no particular person, commenced an eulogium on the greatness and happiness of this country. He flourished on the excellence of its laws, he enlarged on their equal

openness to the rich and the poor, he extolled the manner in which they were administered, the impossibility of injustice, and above all things, the blessing of "trial by jury." He paused, and turning round to the jury, complimented them on their probable honesty and ability: he supposed them to be men of trade, he told them that England was particularly a nation of trade, the greatest nation of merchants in the world, he said that trade was the most important thing in the world, that the crime of forgery was the greatest of all imaginable or possible crimes, inasmuch as it tended to destroy security and credit, on which was founded the most important thing in the world; he showed that the prisoner's case was the very worst of the worst cases, and after an excellent address, which lasted two hours and a half, told the jury, that he would not trouble them with a long speech on what was so very palpable a case, and called his witnesses.

Amelia trembled as they gave their evidence, for it seemed so directly against him, and the counsellor had spoken so severely of him, that she feared there was no chance of escape. The prisoner's counsel cross-examined the witnesses on points which had not been touched in

their evidence, and though their answers were of a tendency different from their evidence, yet Amelia did not detect in those answers much ground for hope, until the prisoner's counsel addressed the court.

He began like his brother counsellor, by extolling all the institutions of England, and after congratulating the prosecutor, the court, the bar, the jury, and the world, on their happiness in possessing a pleader of such distinguished eloquence as his learned friend, begged the judge and jury not to pay attention to one word that had fallen from his lips; he was very happy to agree with his learned friend in all the excellent sentiments expressed in his eloquent speech, and was very sorry that those sentiments had been so entirely misplaced, as to appear in a case like this—a case, he would be bold to say, to the grossness of which the annals of all the courts in the world could not furnish a parallel. There was not the shadow of a tittle of evidence, that in the mind of an unprejudiced person could affect the prisoner at their Lordships' bar; he showed that the witnesses which had been produced were unworthy of credit, and that the witnesses whose evidence was most material

had been purposely kept in the back ground; he said, the prisoner's witnesses would prove his perfect innocence; he enlarged upon the burning injustice of putting an innocent person and a gentleman, in the situation of the prisoner at the bar, talked of a prosecution of the witnesses for perjury, of an indictment against the prosecutor for conspiracy, and called his witnesses.

These had been well trained by the lawyer in the part they were now to act, and they performed it with infinite assurance. They positively swore that they had transacted business with the prisoner several hundred miles from London, on the day on which it was asserted he had presented the draft *in* London; and, as they were dressed plainly and genteelly, and gave their evidence with great modesty, and rather in answer to questions than from an apparent interest, their evidence had evidently great weight with the Court.

They were cross-examined to no purpose, for they had been too well taught to disgrace their master, and the counsel for the prosecution, taken by surprise, sat down, looking unutterable things at his learned friend, the judges and the jury. Amelia's face was flushed with hope, and her exclamation of

delight, drew on her the indignant notice of the noisy officer that keeps the Court silent, as she heard the judge sum up the evidence in the prisoner's favour.

The jury turned round for a minute's consultation: but how many hours measure of hopes, fears, and anxieties were gathered into that minute for Amelia. There was a strange light in her eyes, she sprang from her seat, and sat down again continually; at every word spoken, she turned her eyes to the speaker; at every movement, she looked at the person moving; she gazed intensely and curiously into the eyes of the people around her, to discover what they thought; she watched every face in the jury-box, as once or twice they turned round to look at the prisoner; the poor wretch was excited beyond her physical ability, and when the jury pronounced the words "Not Guilty," she shrieked and fainted.

"Remove that woman," said the judge, in the cold, measured, conventional tones of the justice-seat. Then addressing himself to the prisoner at the bar, he said, "I congratulate you, Sir, on the verdict which the jury have this day pronounced—a verdict which after a most attentive examination of the evidence, I must say is

the only one which honest men could pronounce. And though I do not for a moment suppose the prosecutor to have been actuated by the motives alleged by the learned gentleman, your counsel, yet I consider that a little more consideration of the facts of this case would have prevented such an accusation against you. I again congratulate you, Sir, on your honourable acquittal, and am sure that all who have witnessed this trial, will unite with me in the opinion that you will leave this court without the slightest shadow of imputation on your character."

BOOK TENTH.

The Orphan.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And fortune smiled, deceitful on her birth
For in her helpless years, deprived of all,
Of every stay, save innocence and heav'n.

THOMSON. AUTUMN.

CHAPTER I.

Scribimus indocti.

2 Hor. 1, 117.

I have been often amazed at the intuition of the novel and romance writers of our days. In most branches of literature it is considered expedient, if not necessary, that a person should have studied, in some degree, the subject on which he writes, and many readers would doubt the qualification of a person to discuss a subject of which he knows only the name. Now as the novelist writes of human nature in its myriads of conventional phases, it would appear that this could not be more easily mastered than other sciences, from any apparent simplicity or obviousness. On the contrary, the desires, the prejudices, the vices, the follies, the weaknesses, and the passions of mankind, mixed up in various quantities as they are in various individuals, and acting on each other in the varying circumstances of life and society form one of

the most profound studies that can be offered to man! How then shall we account for the success of the two or three hundred of our most celebrated living novelists; not a dozen of whom have the least knowledge of human life or character, or possess the power of comprehending them if they were exhibited before them in their broadest view every day of their lives!

Sometime back there appeared a series of what the advertisements assured us were highly entertaining and life-like novels, called the Denounced, the Doomed, the Distorted, &c., by M. A. C. a lady of fashion, which when I read, to my great delight, I found full of lords, and dukes and peeresses, all moving about and talking just like life in a mixture of French, Italian, and German, which I did not understand, with a slight infusion of the vernacular not remarkable for purity. Of course I was highly delighted to read about my betters, and to be put behind the scenes along with half the peerage: and I had a mind to take lessons in the modern languages from our old schoolmaster to qualify me to talk with dukes and duchesses. How then was I surprised, after a time to find that M. A. C. the author was no

other than Mary Ann Cook the daughter of our butcher, who I am certain was never in company with the lady of even a knight, to say nothing of a real duchess or countess; and as to her skill in the modern languages, with which her books are so richly studded, I believe the only lessons she ever received were the casual conversation of our squire's French valet de chambre, and the wonder is how she can tell so exactly how lords and ladies speak, think, and act.

I have heard that the best way to learn anything is to endeavour to teach it, which principle is doubtless the secret of our novelists' success, who I believe shut themselves up with pen, ink and paper, and without any clear ideas of human character, write on vigorously until by dint of teaching the world, they learn something themselves.

But when our modern patriots shall have destroyed all lords and ladies, and things of that sort, as they promise to do in a few years, what astonishment will these works create in the minds of posterity, if indeed the works should exist so long. Men will wonder beyond measure at the records of a race of men and women so different in all respects from the flesh and blood of their own day. Posterity will be

surprised as I am when I take up a novel to find every old nobleman is a surly fellow always talking about garters and ribbons like a linen-draper, boasting of his ancestors, and endeavouring to force his son to marry a hump-backed lady of high rank, who has got half a million of money; and opposing his amiable propensity towards a fair recluse who is penniless, but who turns out to be the only daughter of the marquis of Hounsditch, the duke of Cripplegate, or some other of the oldest of our nobility. But if this old gentleman happen to have lost an only child which was stolen from the cradle, he is sure to be the most amiable old man in the world, nay, not even a committee of boarding-school girls could better arrange the set of charms and virtues suitable for "a nice old lord."

If, however, the son which the old lord has lost be illegitimate, bless me, how the case is altered, for the lord proves to be "a good-for-nothing old wretch," and he and his illegitimate son die in great torment! There is a fine moral in this, if the reader will pick it out: yet for the sake of the last moments of our peers, I hope it is not true that every one dies "so shocking" who happens to have a son not originally consecrated by the bishop; for if it were,

what a collection of dying scenes might be gathered from the Court Guide. But the legitimate son and daughter of the "proudest, haughtiest, tyrannicalest old lord," are always endowed with every virtue and grace under or in heaven. The gentleman twenty and the lady seventeen, both beautiful as angels, crammed with all the accomplishments that masters could give, adorned with every virtue, and overflowing with every sentiment that is sublime and beautiful;—future ages will wonder at the contrast between the old and young.

Some years back, when I was a youngster, I was very fond of old novels in which the wicked lover always carried away the lady and locked her up on bread and water to make her love him, as the chartists burn tradesmen's houses and noblemen's farms to win the sympathy of those classes. I recollect how I was puzzled to find, after a young lady had been locked up in a common chamber containing only a creaking bed-stead and mattress—no water, no towel, no bed-room furniture of any kind, and no person to be seen for a month or six weeks, yet when she contrived to escape at the end of that time she was as beautiful, as captivating, and delicate as when she was first confined. I won-

dered how a young lady could preserve such angelic charms a month without washing, and could not reconcile myself to those enchanting beauties that had not touched clean linen during so long a time. I remarked also that the young lovers, in their utmost straits always possessed plenty of purses of money to give away to every body. But I do not remember ever to have met with a "hero," who gave a crown or a guinea, but always a whole purse; so that I have been amazed at the number of purses young lords always carried about with them, and doubtful whether some of them had much in them.

These kidnappings, imprisonments and robberies, have, however, disappeared from the novels of our day, and the young nobleman, instead of rescuing his lady from the ravisher by dint of superior prowess, now tears her from her affectionate and match-making mother, and aristocratic father, by the power of a larger rent-roll and pedigree. So far is well—novelists must follow society, and kidnappers and banditti would be anachronisms: but I would suggest to our modern writers, that in the few thousand new novels of reputation that I have read within the last few years, I have invariably

found the young noblemen marry at twenty-one, whilst the testy father is sixty or seventy. Now I would suggest that if a man has a son borne when he is twenty-one, he will not be a testy old lord of seventy when that son is twenty-one, and, therefore, though one can understand that a sentimental young lord and lady may eventually become a testy troublesome old lord, and a spiteful calculating old lady, yet it is difficult to imagine a state of society which, generation after generation, consists of sons of twenty and fathers of seventy; inasmuch as the latter must live fifty years for the others' twenty, a thing, in my opinion, rather difficult to do. If, however, as I suppose these works are generally written by young ladies like my friend above mentioned, Miss Mary Ann Cook, I recommend them in future to make use of the following motto from Crispin in the Universel Légataire, which will be a sufficient apology for all anachronisms.

"Mais feu monsieur mon père, Alexandre Choupille,
Gentil homme normand, prit pour femme une fille
Qui fut, à ce qu'on dit, votre sœur autrefois,
Et qui me mit au jour au bout de quatre mois.
Mon père se fâcha de cette diligence;
Mais un ami sensé lui dit en confidence

Qu'il est vrai que ma mère, en faisant ses enfans
N'observait pas encore assez l'ordre des temps ;
Mais qu'aux femmes l'erreur n'était pas inouïe,
Et qu'elles ne manquaient qu'à la chronologie."

Those of my readers who have been accustomed to works highly seasoned with French and Italian, and lords and ladies, wiil be disappointed with my work, which contains none of those things; and the only apology which I can offer for the omission, namely, that I know nothing about them, will be exceedingly unsatisfactory, since nothing is more common in modern days than for authors to write on things with which they have the least acquaintance. To suit, however, as much as possible the prevailing tastes, I have gathered some mottoes in foreign languages from the Dictionary of Quotations, where the reader, if he chooses, may hunt them out with their translations: and Madame Leblong has treated the reader to some elegant French which was furnished by an ingenious youth of my acquaintance, who is a student under a celebrated professor, who engages to teach any pupil on a patent principle to speak fluently seven languages in a twelvemonth; and to the credit of the young man, I have been informed by several young

ladies at a boarding-school in the neighbourhood, that Madame Leblong's French is really of the purest kind, and quite equal to any they have met with in the last five hundred new novels. My apology for not relating the doings of lords and ladies, is pretty much the same; namely, that I never had the honour of acquaintance with them, and, therefore, hardly know the difference between a lord and a gentleman, or between a lady and a gentlewoman. The only lord I ever saw was a little fellow with a protuberant back, who was on a horse, and called by my school-fellows "my lord;" but as I did not hear him speak or see more of him than would be observed while he was passing by, I shall not talk familiarly of lords because I happened to see him; for as I have been determined, from my first chapter, to be quite original, I will follow to the end the maxim with which I set out, and which very few indeed would like to follow; namely, to write about nothing I do not understand.

[redacted]

[illegible]PTER II.

[illegible] present, lest
[illegible] where we digrest,
[illegible] to whom
[illegible] purpose come.
[illegible] CANTO I, 347.

[illegible] could leave the door
[illegible] he hastened to his

[redacted]

dertake the journey; but he knew that his own reputation was not of that unblemished kind which challenges the scrutiny of the whole world; he fancied that Mr. Elphinstone might have committed him with Mr. Prior; and as he was aware of that gentleman's inflexible love of justice, when he could gain more by it than by injustice, he, in fact, feared that to face Mr. Prior, would be to risk putting his safety in the keeping of Mr. Hoppy, the bumbailiff. He would have written, but he reflected that this would be more dangerous than an interview, since if Mr. Prior wished to trouble him, he would send a person to him, from whom it would be more difficult to escape than from his old master. He would have employed Mr. Byter to transact the business, but he considered that that gentleman had taken advantage of his circumstances to extort the deed which he held for the enormous sum of two thousand pounds—this he doubted the legality of, and was not willing to pay it without farther advice, but must be compelled to do it, if his property came into Mr. Byter's hands. Besides, he knew not the amount of the legacy, which after all, might be barely sufficient to pay off the deed.

After mature consideration of these important points, he came to the conclusion, that a cautious interview with Mr. Prior would be the safest and most economical mode of proceeding, and accordingly, having borrowed a few pounds of Mr. Byter, he went down to his native town.

In pursuance of his careful arrangements, he reached the town somewhat after nightfall, and immediately set about procuring an interview with Mr. Prior, in such circumstances as would make it impossible for them to be interrupted.

On examining the premises from the back of the house, he saw by the lights in the office, that both desks were occupied, and that, in all probability, Mr. Prior and his clerk were at work. He believed, however, that there might be some danger in venturing into the presence of both of them at once, and continued to watch the office window until he marked the disappearance of one of the lights, which he knew to be that belonging to Mr. Prior. He then hastened round to the front of the house, knocked at the private door, and was shewed by the servant into the sitting-room, while she informed her master that a "gentleman"

wanted him. Mr. Holton had waited but a few seconds, when Mr. Prior entered the room, and shook hands with his unexpected visitor; but though Holton watched him very narrowly, he failed to detect any change of colour, or movement of feature or person, which betokened an emotion, either of pleasure or surprise.

Mr. Prior was still the same cold, passionless, immoveable, man of business, and this impenetrability to human weakness, which is not often considered adapted to inspire pleasure, was now observed by Holton with great joy, since it tended to convince him of his present safety. He was not, however, of so easy faith as to neglect caution, because there was an appearance of safety; he knew Mr. Prior and lawyers too well for that, and his every word and motion was nicely adapted to secure himself. Mr. Prior welcomed him to the country, not, certainly, with heartiness or lively pleasure, for these were passions which had not been expressed in his face for the last thirty years; but Holton the more rejoiced at this, since it convinced him that the man of law was not attempting to gain his confidence by a hypocritical show of affection.

When, however, after inviting him to stay to supper, Mr. Prior was shuffling away to the office, as he said, to see everything fastened up for the night, Holton expressed a very strong desire to see the old office once more, and though Mr. Prior desired him to call in the morning, he persisted in following him.

The office was pretty much in the same condition as it had been some years back, when I took my readers into it; for, indeed, nothing had been taken from it, and little added, save a few bundles of papers to the shelves, another tint of age to the walls, and a thin-faced, middle-aged, patient-looking man, at the desk formerly occupied by Mr. Holton. But it will be readily believed, that our young gentleman found but little pleasure in contemplating the well-known scene; and, in fact, his desire to see it again, was only a determination to keep Mr. Prior within range of his eye, to prevent all secret communication between him and every other person whatsoever. Yet there seemed but little occasion for this caution, and Holton became gradually convinced that he was safe, since no whisper passed between the master and his clerk, the astute old lawyer shewed no wish to leave him

for a moment, and it was perfectly in his usual manner that he desired his clerk to shut up his books, put out the candle, and come in to bed.

The patient-looking man locked his desk, gave the key to Mr. Prior, fastened the windows and drawers, and slunk from the office, followed by Mr. Prior, who fastened the door. But when the poor fellow opened the stairs-door, and humbly wished his master and the visitor a good night, Holton whispered to Mr. Prior a very pressing request that Mr. Dolman might be allowed to join them at supper, which he consented to when Holton whispered that he would pay all expenses—liberality on the part of Mr. Holton, which the reader may attribute to pity, awakened by the destitute condition of the poor clerk, or to care for his own safety, in preventing any separation between master and man, until his own business was finished. Judging, however, of the expense of such a supper by the materials of which it was composed, Mr. Holton's offer would not be considered an extraordinary stretch of liberality, since the provisions exhibited on the table, were of the most scanty proportions, and not rendered valuable by ex-

the cup and sparkled not in t

Helen was wondering at t
of Mr. Prior, in the producti
ale, when the door opened, ar
It was now nearly a year sin
view with her, which had cre
such admiration of her bea
that admiration had been mix
others of a less lofty nature,
destroyed, since her present
as it happened, he had not
a greater confusion in his id
portional embarrassment in h
any woman had done before.

Clara Prior was, indeed,
more philosophical head t
adorned the shoulders of M
that we hear of beauty and ph
for her face and form wanted
charms which render woman

finish to a form and face which nature had done her best to render beautiful. Indeed, the effect which her appearance had on Mr. Holton, she owed entirely to nature, for she was utterly wanting in those external embellishments of the person, which have sometimes as powerful an effect on the beholder as grace or beauty. She was clad in the simplest manner consistent with her station; but the natural beauty of her figure adorned the garments, and made it impossible for a spectator to consider whether they were of satin or of cotton.

Mr. Holton, also, had sometimes created a sensation in the course of his life, but his charms were lost on Miss Clara, who sat down to supper with as little apparent timidity caused by his powers of fascination, as of coquetry from the consciousness of her own. The seclusion of her life acting on natural good sense, had taught her the necessity of caution; and what she had witnessed in her uncle's house, had convinced her of the danger of trusting to appearances. In short, Mr. Holton was somewhat surprised and mortified to find Miss Prior's manner not only totally unembarrassed, but actually tinged with a certain air

of condescension, as though the former clerk and the present one stood in precisely the same relation to her, which was highly offensive to Holton, after mingling, as he had done, with persons of quality.

Meals were never very long at Mr. Prior's, and this unprecedented one of supper was not an exception to the general rule, since the very scanty amount of substance laid on the table, although Holton's appetite was not provoked by it, disappeared in a few seconds, the paucity of destructible materials not being eked out with the charms of conversation: for Dolman dared not converse, Holton wished to get to business as soon as possible, and Clara having heard Holton mention London, and hastily inquired if he knew her cousin Henry, was reprimanded by her uncle with such great severity that she dared not speak again; and thus the party had full leisure to pay as much attention to the supper as a much better one would have deserved.

As the dishes and plates were being removed, Mr. Prior saw that Mr. Holton had drunk very little of his ale, and after several fidgetty looks at every person present, and a shuffling walk about the room, he took a couple of wine-

glasses from the cupboard which he locked, and handing his keys to Clara, said in a low voice to her,

"My dear, go down to the cellar, and unlock the door on the left hand, and on the second row you will find twelve bottles—bring one of them."

Clara took the keys and left the room, but after a long stay she returned with her face flushed as from exertion, but without the bottle, saying,

"I cannot turn the key, uncle."

"Dear me," cried Mr. Prior, starting up in great haste, "somebody must have been trying the lock and spoiled it. Ah! dishonesty and extravagance will ruin me. 'Twas a very good lock when we opened it last. When did you open it, Clara?"

"I never opened it, or saw it open," Clara replied.

"No, no, I recollect, it was I, so it was, dear me," said Mr. Prior, "but really it was not so many years ago; let me see, four, seven, nine—no, 'tis not so long. Some thieves must have been there, or the cellar is damp, and the lock rusty. Dear me! always something to buy. Light me, Clara."

Mr. Prior left the room, followed by Clara, who shortly afterwards returned for a hammer and chisel, which she carried to her uncle, and soon after he appeared with a black bottle in his hand, covered thickly with dust, and bearing on one side a white mark, so that altogether it looked marvellously like a bottle of fine old port. Apologizing for having carried away the only candle, Mr. Prior put the bottle on the mantlepiece beside the glasses, and after having ordered Mr. Dolman to bed, asked Clara for the corkscrew. The young lady commenced a search through the various drawers in kitchen and parlour which were not kept constantly locked by Mr. Prior, but was at last obliged to confess that the corkscrew was not to be found.

"Not find the corkscrew?" quoth Mr. Prior in astonishment, "bless me, there must be thieves in the house. Ring for Mary."

Mary was rung to no purpose, as she affirmed that she had never seen a corkscrew in the house. Mr. Prior then examined Clara, who gave the same answer as the maid, when taking out his bunch of keys, he himself joined in the search for the missing article. Very little that required a sharp sight escaped the

eyes of Mr. Prior; and in this case, in the course of a vigorous examination of every nook in the house, he was so fortunate as to discover the missing implement, which would have been very useful if it had not lost the screw.

"Dear me," cried Mr. Prior, as he held up the recovered instrument, "I forgot the cork-screw was broken some years back—let me see —let me see."

He took the bottle to the cupboard, and with a fork managed to free the liquid from the impediment which had so many years prevented its circulation, as Holton could tell by the popping of the cork.

An aromatic perfume pervaded the room from the opened bottle, which promised some amends for the muddy ale with which the supper table had been provided; but whatever effect the wine had on Holton, the very excellence of it made Mr. Prior looked exceedingly grave.

In this history, actions not speculations are recorded, so that it will be unnecessary to relate the thoughts which passed through Mr. Prior's mind. The reader may imagine them, when it is stated, that as he raised the bottle to fill a glass at the cupboard, he turned to Holton and said,

"My dear Mr. Holton, you a—really have had—yes, you have had a very long journey, and a—a—I dare say you must be thirsty—will you take a glass—a"—here he put the neck of the bottle sufficiently near his nose to obtain stronger proof of the excellence of its contents, looked very miserable during a few seconds, put the bottle into the cupboard, which he locked, and concluded his invitation thus, "really you must allow me to give you a glass—that is, another glass of beer."

The hospitable gentleman was then hurrying away to procure another glass of his sober beverage, when he was stopped by Holton declining to take any more, and requesting him to favour him with the particulars of the business on which he had come down.

Mr. Prior wished Clara a good night, which was a command for her to retire to her chamber, and drawing his chair close by Mr. Holton, began in a low confidential tone,

"My dear young friend—a—a—I am afraid the ale does not suit you; but a—we sinful creatures—really it is better than we deserve—a—that is, I mean myself, you know; for you, yes, you were really always a very excellent servant—a—that is, young gentleman—and I

don't think it right to indulge myself in any better; but indeed I cannot afford it."

"It is very good indeed, Sir," Holton replied with great external satisfaction, adding, after looking at his watch, "but really it is getting late, and I shall be obliged by your informing me of the particulars of Mr. Elphinstone's will."

"Will! my dear young friend, Mr. Elphinstone—ah! he was dreadfully blind in some important things; but, dear me, he's gone to his account, and his will—you will find yourself mentioned."

"What amount of property am I entitled to, Sir?"

"Oh! really now, it is impossible to say at present."

"But perhaps you might form a rough guess."

"Why—a—my dear young friend—you will leave it in my hands, and I will do the very best I can for you, for I always had a great regard for you; but at present, dear me, it would be quite premature."

Mr. Holton saw that there was no probability of drawing the particulars from Mr. Prior, but as he knew by experience the power

of liquor, he fancied that it could loosen the tongue even of the old lawyer, and manœuvred to gain the bottle of port, by observing with unnecessary delicacy,

"Well, my dear Sir, we will talk the business over, and of course I shall be happy to have you concerned for me; but really I feel rather poorly, and could fancy a little good wine. Perhaps you would be so good as to send out for a bottle and join me in it, and I shall be very happy to pay for it."

Mr. Prior cast a suspicious glance at his companion to mark whether there was any lurking consciousness of the opened bottle, but Holton's face was proof to his penetration, when going to the cupboard, and slipping the bottle under his coat, he left the room, and when he returned, after an absence of a few minutes, muttering something about the late hours at the George Inn, he placed the bottle of port and a couple of glasses on the table.

Holton duly paid for the wine, and he and his old master sat down and drank it; but the professional caution of the lawyer was not to be overcome by the generous spirit of the grape. He happened to have a slight cough, brought on by want of sufficient nourishment,

and he constantly turned the conversation in that direction when Holton wished to talk about his money. Mr. Prior supposed that his young friend might retain some of his old acquirements in the medical sciences, and he begged him to inform him what would be best for his cough; but Holton hated physic, and recommended Mr. Prior to speak to Mr. Pounder on the subject: and at length tired out by the old lawyer's caution, he left the house with as little knowledge of the state of his finances as when he entered it.

CHAPTER III.

Le vrai moyen d'être trompé, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. 127.

EARLY the next morning—that is, as soon as a shop could be observed open in the High Street, Holton went to call on Mr. Hardman, hoping to obtain from him more accurate information than could be gathered from Mr. Prior respecting his bequest, and also to ascertain whether it were quite safe for him to appear openly in the streets, which he was certain to learn from Mr. Hardman, since he could not be interested in deceiving him, and direct hypocrisy and treachery were vices which formed no part of his character.

To Holton's great astonishment, however, although the shop was open, Mr. Hardman

was still a-bed, a thing unexampled in the years during which he had been personally acquainted with the premises. He inquired whether the child or Mrs. Hardman were ill, or anything else were the matter, when the apprentice assured him all was well, and that Mr. Hardman would be down to breakfast. Down to breakfast! what words to apply to Mr. Hardman—to him who for thirty years had never once failed to be down before his shutters, which were down the first in the whole place! That Mr. Hardman could be brought to keep his bed while a penny could be turned over behind the counter was an astonishing occurrence, and evidence of such a radical change, that Holton almost expected to see in Mr. Hardman, a person, the lineaments of whose countenance were entirely unknown to him.

But this expectation was not realized, for when, as the clock struck eight, Mr. Hardman entered the little parlour, Holton observed so little change in his person, that he was very forcibly reminded of the many hours he had spent in that room posting books and writing bills.

Mr. Hardman was greatly delighted to meet his old servant, and welcomed him with a

that he had nothi
aware that if any
his disadvantage,
him by suspicious
man would have i
nion on the subject

As soon as this c
was over Mr. Hardr

"I hope, Mr. H
longer stay than you
last, for it is my op
away from an old fri
sight of him."

"I mean to stay so
Holton.

"Ah, that's right, th
the other replied, "I
and let me tell you, if
time you will hear of s
vantage."

"I suppose, Sir, you n
me by Mr. Elphin

"Can you inform me of the amount of the property?"

"Why, really—a—Mr. Holton," replied Mr. Hardman, smoothing his waistcoat and looking very lofty, "it would be contrary to—I may say, without pretending to more than I deserve, which is very wrong—it would be contrary to my principles to sign my name to a document which I have not heard read; and really now, excuse me, but I do feel—a little—"

"Pardon me," said Holton very meekly, "I was not aware that you were an executor or a witness to the will."

"Ah! in that case there is no harm done," Mr. Hardman replied blandly, "and I will inform you of all the particulars. But where are you staying at in the town?"

"At the George."

"Ah, it is a very good house, though I must say they do wrong in encouraging married men to meet there when they ought to be at home with their wives. And I must say it is wrong for such people to be in public houses when they ought to be elsewhere. But wait a minute or two."

Mr. Hardman left the room, but returned in a few minutes, saying with a cheerful countenance,

"Mrs. Hardman sends her compliments, and would be happy to have your company at breakfast if you are not engaged."

"I am much obliged to her," said Holton, "I hope Mrs. Hardman is quite well."

"Very well, I thank you. She was very sorry you could not stay when you were here before. You recollect I went up to the Vicarage to invite you; for it's my opinion there can be little friendship between people that never see each other. Other people speak as they think; but for my part I must say that I like to meet my friends."

Holton was joining very heartily in this sentiment when Mrs. Hardman walked in, arrayed in a gay morning dress, and accompanied by three or four of the olive branches which were springing up plentifully around Mr. Hardman's table. The ci-devant Kitty received Mr. Holton very graciously, and shewed the delicacy while they were at breakfast—notwithstanding her familiarity with him—to abstain from any allusion to his former situation in the

house, which might, to be sure, be accounted for on the same principle as the injunction not to throw stones if your own house have any glass about it.

Mr. Hardman also behaved very well, as indeed he had always done; but now his conversation was infinitely less authoritative than formerly, and Holton remarked, that no sooner had his wife entered the room than that tendency to give advice and express his opinions, which seemed inherent principles of his conversation, vanished as by magic, and the whole man seemed changed. But whatever might be the kind of chains worn by Mr. Hardman, he was evidently contented with them; and proud of his wife and children, appeared not to regret the days of former greatness, when he was the oracle of the George and the vestry.

In the course of breakfast Mr. Hardman explained to his wife the nature of the business on which Mr. Holton had come, and suggested, with some hesitation, the necessity of a visit to Mr. Prior; when the lady, who previously knew everything respecting the will, as of every other minutest circumstance in which her husband was concerned, said,

"Well, Mr. Hardman, of course you will

walk down with Mr. Holton; of course you know best what is to be done, and I should not think of advising you in matters of business. I hope you will bring back Mr. Holton to dinner."

Mr. Hardman again seemed to feel a weight taken off his mind, and walked away very cheerfully with Holton to Mr. Prior's office.

They had been in the office only a few seconds, when Mr. Prior's servant came in, and said hurriedly to Mr. Prior,

"Mr. Pounder's coming, Sir," and Mr. Prior immediately left the office, followed by Holton, who wished to make a few inquiries of his old master.

Mr. Prior went to the front door, where carefully assuming a careless air, he awaited the approach of Mr. Pounder, attended by Holton, who fancied that Mr. Prior, in his own manner, was putting in practice his advice to obtain a medical opinion from Mr. Pounder, and for that purpose stationed his servant to watch the doctor from his house to pay his morning visits. When Mr. Pounder came opposite to the house, for the first time in his life he was accosted by Mr. Prior, who made him a low bow, and wished him a "Good

morning." Mr. Pounder, who was a very polite man, stopped to return the bow, and make some polite remark, when Mr. Prior invited him to step in and speak to his old servant. The doctor did so, when having expressed his pleasure at meeting Mr. Holton, made sundry inquiries respecting things in general, and the conversation having arrived at that embarrassing point which always happens between the best friends when the weather and the crops have been discussed, Mr. Prior led the conversation the way he wished by observing,

"A—Mr. Pounder—do you find this a time of great visitation?"

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Pounder, unconscious of a witticism, "I have a good many visits to make just now."

"I mean whether it is not a time of great sickness."

"Pretty well, I have known much better; but I have no right to complain, for I am pretty busy on the whole."

"Ah! there's no doubt that intemperance—sinful indulgence in the luxuries of eating and drinking is the cause of much sickness."

"To be sure it is; too great repletion causes over-exertion of the digestive organs, which by re-action, produces relaxation, besides a host of sympathetic disorders."

"I dare say—a—Mr. Pounder—a—you don't approve of—a—luncheons and such things between meals."

"Why no, it is decidedly best to accustom the stomach to regular moderate meals, which a person cannot enjoy if he is for ever taking luncheons."

"I thought it would be your opinion," quoth Mr. Prior quickly, "but I am glad I asked you, for I was just on the point of telling my servant to bring in a bit of cold meat, or something of that sort; and as you don't take it, it would be mere idle compliment to ask you. There seem a good many coughs about."

"Hem—a—hem!" replied Mr. Pounder, with a slight confusion, "as for luncheons, my dear Sir, just a bit or so two or three hours after breakfast, I cannot but say—a—

"Yes, Mr. Pounder," said Mr. Prior, interrupting the doctor's recantation, "I agree with you, that they are unwholesome, and I would

not—no, I am sure I would not ask you to take any against your conviction. I should be very sorry for you to injure yourself out of compliment to me. But, as I was saying, I think, haugh, haugh, there are a good many colds about now."

"Why no, I don't think there are more than common."

"I have met with many cases—haugh, haugh, haugh—among my clients."

"Not patients of mine then."

"Why—a—my good Sir, I suppose some of them are too poor to employ a gentleman in such large practice as you."

"But I never refused to do the best I could for a person, whether he could pay or no."

"Well, dear me, so I have heard; but really now, I did not—a—quite—believe it until you mentioned it. And to be sure, how your practice differs from ours. But, my good Sir, I think some of these people would not like to go to a doctor, and I have often thought I should like to be able to tell them what would do them good."

"You could not do it. They must have proper medical advice."

"But surely I might say what would be likely to be of benefit for a cough."

"Quite a mistake, my dear Sir, since a medical man must be decided by a careful examination of symptoms. For instance, cough may arise from local irritation, from the presence of a foreign body in the larynx, or trachea, or from general inflammation; and a cough may also be only the sign or symptom of other diseases, such as phthisis, catarrh, bronchitis, &c., which diseases must be treated in order to remove the cough."

"But," said Mr. Prior, very helplessly, "I don't exactly understand what you have said. Could you not tell me what would be the likeliest method of curing a cough?"

"To be sure I can, or I should not be able to carry on my practice. If cough arise from inflammation of the bronchi, the trachea, the larynx, or any of the respiratory organs, you have only to find whether it be catarrhal, plastic, or ulcerous inflammation, and I could decide at once on the exact diaphoretic aperient, or general, or topical phlebotomy likely to be useful. Again, the cough might arise from catarrh, and you must find whether it be

gravedo, cynanche, or whether from irritation of the glottis or epiglottis, and I could recommend the diluent or inhalation which would probably effect a cure. Cough may arise from hepatis acute or chronic, when hepatics will be indicated rather than diaphoretics. Coughs may also arise from phthisis, in which case it will be necessary to discover if congestion has taken place, or tubercles begun to form. In the early stage of this disease, it will be necessary to discover hæmoptysis, and inflammation. In the second, the same symptoms aggravated with the superaddition of opaque expectoration, indications of pleuritic inflammation, and profuse diaphoresis. The last stage it is not worth while to mention. Cough in the first stage of this disorder, must be treated with emetics, diaphoretic aperients, venesection, or local bleeding, and counter-irritation; although if inflammation be not indicated it would be well to try aromatic tonics, or anti-inflammatory medicines, in which cases the hydrargyrum chloridum, the extractum hyoscyamus and acidum hydrocyanicum will be found useful, if administered as carefully as such very dangerous medicines require. Coughs also arise from—"

"My dear Mr. Pounder," cried Mr. Pr
in perceptible alarm, "I don't understand
single word that you have said. I did n
think—surely you do not mean seriously th
coughs are such dangerous disorders?"

"Ah! that is the general mistake," said M
Pounder. "People think there's no danger in
little cough, and they watch the prognosis
it, while they should attend to the diagnosis
discover the secret disorder of which cough
an indication."

"My dear friend, you mistake me, inde
you do. I did not mean a cough of su
a dangerous nature, haugh, haugh, haugh.
meant a little faint cough attended by a lit
want of appetite, a little weakness, and a lit
dimness of sight. Surely some little thi
might be found for that."

"Why, to be sure, if the person were
come to me, I could judge what would be bes
but let me tell you that the symptoms y
mention attend the most desperate cas
Thus, where close application, low diet, a
cetera have brought on febris hectica, tho
symptoms attend the facies hippocratica."

"And what is that, my dear Sir?"

"A sharp nose, hollow eyes, a lead coloured face."

"And what do those signify?" asked Mr. Prior in some alarm, as he unconsciously raised himself to look in the glass, where he saw the original of the picture which Mr. Pounder had unwittingly drawn.

"Those symptoms," replied Mr. Pounder, "betoken a certain and speedy death."

"O Lord! what will become of me," shrieked Mr. Prior, and fell back in his chair without sense or motion.

"What! is it some friend of yours that is ill?" asked Mr. Pounder, when Mr. Prior had somewhat recovered.

"Friend, Oh dear—friend!" said Mr. Prior feebly, "I must consider. Let me see—what shall I do!"

"If you have any friend so ill as to affect you thus, if you will send him to me, I will do the best I can. But really I have stayed too long. I must wish you good morning. Good morning, Mr. Holton. I shall see you in the course of the day." So saying, Mr. Pounder went away.

Such was the result of Mr. Prior's endeavour to obtain a medical opinion gratis, in

which he had the worst of it, for Mr. Poun
lost nothing but his time, while he not o
lost his time, but gained a fright from M
Pounder's unconscious description of a f
which for many years had been exactly t
possessed by Mr. Prior.

Just after Mr. Pounder left the house, t
clerk entered to say that Mr. Hardman co
not wait much longer, when Mr. Prior a
Holton went into the office, where at M
Hardman's desire, Mr. Prior produced t
draft of the will. In this document, Holt
found himself named in the most affection
manner as an amiable child of adoption, a
left heir to whatever property his benefac
possessed, which after deducting some f
debts which Mr. Prior was to discharge, wo
amount to about five thousand pounds, t
greater part of which sum had been lat
bequeathed to Mr. Elphinstone by a sis
who was too high to notice him during life.

Mr. Hardman then took his leave of M
Prior and Holton, saying very gravely to t
latter, "I have seen a good deal of the wor
young gentleman, and I can tell you, and
tell you, that it isn't every young man that g

a legacy of five thousand pounds. Mark that. And, therefore, I seriously advise you to make the best use of it you can." Mr. Holton did not leave with Mr. Hardman, because he wished to ascertain the best way to get immediate possession of his property, which he supposed Mr. Prior would proceed to communicate. But he was mistaken. Mr. Prior, who under the influence of his fright could scarcely draw his body into the office, had no sooner placed himself at the accustomed desk, than the spirit of the place, which had animated him so many years, again restored him, and after looking anxiously at Holton, he said,

"My dear young man—that is, friend—I hope, I do indeed, that you will not be angry at what I am going to say: for really, dear me! I wouldn't offend a human being. But I have so much to do, and my work is so behind hand—and oh! really, how much obliged I should be if you would be so good as to do a little writing for me—you write so nicely, you know. You can have Mr. Dolman's desk, and he shall write on the table—it will so put us in mind of old times."

To this request Holton replied that he was engaged to dine with Mr. Hardman. But.

after taking into consideration Mr. Prior's c
nexion with his interests, and the opport
ties he should have of seeing Clara, he p
mised to return in the afternoon as early
possible, and do whatever Mr. Prior wished

CHAPTER IV.

Latet anguis in herbâ.

VIRG. 3 ECL. 93.

BEHOLD Mr. Prior and Mr. Holton once more in the relation of master and clerk—a relation very welcome to Mr. Prior, since, not only did he esteem Holton at least as highly as any other person in the world, but what was of quite as great importance, he was getting his work done gratis. His present occupation was in itself by no means grateful to Holton, whose habits, of late, had disgusted him with sedentary labour: but it was doubtless sweet to think that he was devoting himself for the loved and lovely Clara. Indeed, some motive of this kind must have induced him to undertake it, since there could have existed only one other—namely, that he was taking the most

certain method of procuring the early payment of his legacy.

Mr. Holton was by no means afraid to suffer his money to remain in the hands of Mr. Prior, so thoroughly was he convinced of that gentleman's ability to pay it: but he was of opinion, that so far as lay in his power, he would continue it in his own keeping, which would be inconvenient to him. He, therefore, kept Mr. Prior in excellent humour, by continuing to work for him without salary: but before he commenced this labour of love, he had written to his friend Mr. Byter for information respecting the readiest mode of obtaining the money. This advice, of course, did not involve any important point of law. Mr. Holton found that he had only to express his wishes to the executors, and the business would be at an end; and Mr. Hardman soon put in his hands the power to receive the money from Mr. Prior, who gave him proper acknowledgments, with permission to draw on him—subject, of course, to the few debts due by the estate. And Holton found himself in the possession of nearly five thousand pounds.

The intelligent reader who has patiently continued with me thus far, and formed a correct

estimate of Mr. Holton's character, will conclude, that as soon as he had the power, he withdrew every farthing of his property from Mr. Prior's custody, and bade an eternal farewell to his native town. But such was not the case. He left the greater part of his money in Mr. Prior's care, to which he was induced by that gentleman's representation of the excellence of mortgage in comparison with every other kind of security—Mr. Prior, at the same time, promising to invest it in the very best manner, which was conduct on his part exceedingly disinterested, since he could not possibly gain anything by it besides his profit on the mortgage-deeds, and whatever he could bargain for as commission.

Nor did he only leave his money thus, but he continued to work in the office without stipulating for salary—not working quite so much, certainly, as he formerly had done, but still he did a considerable portion of work. For not only were Miss Clara's eyes of a bewitching brightness, his sensibility to which will make him admired by the romantic, but, which will raise him higher in the opinion of those that have acquired a more sterling sense, in his letter to Mr. Byter he had made sundry in-

quiries respecting Clara, Bankruptcy Courts, and Doctor's Commons, the result of which was an assurance that Clara need not be altogether so dependent on her uncle, if she had a friend to look into her affairs.

Clara was a very charming young woman, and it was unquestionably a great pleasure to sit at table with so fair a creature. The day's servitude could not have been a high price for an hour's familiar conversation with her. Mr. Holton's estimate of that pleasure must have been high, since he continued to pay the price without gaining the object: for Clara, humble and simple as she was, either through ignorance of the manners of the great world, or indifference to manly merit, continued to behave to him without a particle of friendliness or familiarity—obedience to her uncle's commands being the sole feeling by which her behaviour to him was signalized. Mr. Holton's feelings were, however, of too powerful a nature, and founded on too firm a basis to be shaken by her coolness or indifference, and he persevered in his attentions to her and her uncle as warmly, at least, as if he had been a favoured lover. With one of them his success was indisputable, since Mr. Prior's esteem for him was grown to

the extremest height which his heart could contain, and the steadiness with which Holton worked for him would have incited him to any act of gratitude, besides that of offering him wages.

Thus affairs went on for about a week, Mr. Holton serving Mr. Prior for the sake of his fair niece, an union with whom was highly recommended both by Mr. Hardman and Mr. Pounder, as well as desired by himself. But, indeed, there could be no doubt of its propriety, so far as he was concerned, though its practicability might have been rather doubtful; since, though there was only one person whose opposition was to be feared, that person was of some importance in the question, being no other than Clara herself. But Holton persevered—watching for an opportunity to address Mr. Prior on the subject, as he did not doubt, seeing the subjection to her uncle in which she lived, that his influence would be too powerful for any opposition she might be disposed to make.

He had been thus engaged with Mr. Prior about a week, when one evening, after the day's work was done, he procured a couple of bottles of Mr. Prior's very excellent old wine, on the same terms as the former, and sat down with

him to drink it, and converse over it on his affairs. When this special subject was disposed of, and Holton fancied Mr. Prior must be warmed with wine, he observed that he thought Miss Clara a very excellent girl.

"Excellent!" cried Mr. Prior in amazement. "Excellent! dear me, you shock me! What! apply such words to a sinful human being!"

"Sinful! Mr. Prior," said Holton amazed in his turn, "Surely Miss Clara has not—that is—you don't mean that she ——— "

"I mean that we are all wretched sinners."

"But you didn't mean any thing particular about Miss Clara?"

"Particular, Mr. Holton! I meant that she, and all of us, are in the broad way that leads to destruction."

"But, really now, Mr. Prior, Miss Clara is a very amiable girl, so obedient to you, so modest, and so industrious!"

"These are all filthy rags, abominable filthy rags: and he that puts his trust in them shall find them not a lamp to his feet, but a snare and an overthrow. For what goodness can there be in this wilderness of thorns and briars, or what fruit can grow in these habitations of wickedness?"

"But, my dear Sir, I only spoke comparatively, you know. I compared Miss Clara with the people one meets with in the world: and although the world is very wicked, yet there are spots not often profaned by vice, of which surely I may say this house is one."

"Well, my dear Sir; yes, there are sanctuaries even in these habitations of wickedness, and rivers of pure water even in this thorny wilderness; and if I did not trust, with Divine assistance, to be a faithful steward, I should not have recommended you to leave your money with me. No, indeed, I shouldn't. But the best of us is—oh yes, dear me—the best of us is bad enough; and I, even I, am far from perfect."

"You are very modest, Sir. But speaking of Clara, not only is she an amiable and industrious young woman, but really a very handsome one."

"Pooh, Mr. Holton—excuse me, I thought you were above such thoughts—thoughts that savour too much of this world. What folly to speak of one of the Lord's creatures as more handsome than another. They are all made for a purpose."

"But still, Sir, I must say some are m
attractive than others."

"Attractive! This is to speak with
tongue of a man of this world. As if I co
run after an arm, or a nose, or a cheek, beca
it was of a particular shape; or feel my he
elated because some one said my face
fair or my figure graceful. Pooh! the l
that can walk, the eyes that can see, the te
that can eat, are useful; and every thing
sides is deceitful, false, and a snare laid by
evil one."

"But, my dear Sir, you must consider t
every one is not of your opinion, and t
Miss Clara might make a very powerful i
pression on a young man, who might be a
to make it mutual."

"Well, I do not see how such follies afl
me; since having her in my sight continua
no harm could arise."

"But, Sir, do you not know that a v
small degree of seclusion more than she lik
would make a woman go any lengths to
free, and if she and any young man were
meet—"

"Why Clara is but a child—let me s
twelve, sixteen, seventeen—"

"A most dangerous age."

"What did you say would happen if she and some wicked young fellow were to meet?"

"I cannot say exactly what would happen: but I am sure if she has not all the liberty she would like, she might be tempted away by the tongue of any young man that promised marriage."

"Oh, my God, my God, I never thought of that!" cried Mr. Prior, in undisguised amazement. "What traps and pitfalls are laid for me! She shall be locked up in my closet; she shall be starved to death, rather than married. Married! Oh! dear, what will become of me?" He then hurried to a row of books of law, one of which he took down and examined at a part marked "husband and wife," muttering as he did so—"No, no! no marriage. Bless me. Husband sues for wife; no, no marriage. I shall be certainly ruined."

The discomposure of Mr. Prior evidently arose from some reflection more powerful than that of the possible unsuitable marriage of his niece; since his affection for her had never been signalized in such a manner as to make it probable that her fate formed an interesting subject for his earnest thought. But what-

ever might be the cause of his discomposure, Holton seemed to guess it, and with a wary tongue addressed him on the subject which he had so much at heart, but which he might not have found courage to mention, if Mr. Prior had not drunk a considerable portion of the two bottles of wine.

"I see that you are very anxious for the welfare of your niece," Holton commenced, in a flattering manner, "and it really would be a pity that a young lady possessing so many merits, and having the honour to be your niece, should throw herself away on a person who did not deserve her."

"Don't talk of marriage—she shall never go out of the house any more."

"But allow me to say, Sir, that means might be found to avoid all this trouble, and be more effectual. For suppose you were to lock her up; remember love laughs at locksmiths, and she is no woman if she would not make herself heard; her tongue would pierce the thickest wall, if her nails failed to do it. Now, if I might presume to advise a gentleman of your great experience, I should say the best plan to avoid every kind of danger, would be to choose her a husband yourself."

"No, no, it must not be," said Mr. Prior, in a positive manner, and speaking in great haste. "She must not marry—never. You don't know the circumstances. She must not marry. Change the subject."

"With your permission, Sir," Holton continued, "I will just make one remark, and that is, that whatever may be the circumstances you allude to, you might find a man with whom you might make arrangements more to your satisfaction, than living in continual fear of Clara's elopement would be."

"Dear me, what do you mean, young man?"

"Why, my dear Sir, you have known me a long time, and I trust that no person can lay any imputation against my character."

"No, no, you have been a good young man."

"Well, Sir, please to fill your glass; I admire Miss Clara, and should be very glad to marry her on your own terms."

"A—a—Mr. Holton, my dear young friend, you are very kind—but—a—do you know, that she has got no money—nothing—not a farthing, and her father was a bankrupt?"

"Yes, I know it all, Sir. But I am quite

content to marry her, with your permission. This arrangement would be most delightful to me, and I should think not inconvenient to you, since Clara and I would live with you still, and fill the same offices as before; and with the interest of the four thousand pounds in your hands, we could find ourselves in all necessary articles."

"Well, really, my dear young friend, let me see. I can give you no answer immediately, for it is a very serious thing. You are a clever young man, and the plan you mention seems a good one; but I must think over it—I must think over it."

"I must observe though," said Holton, with great candour, "that I am not quite disinterested in my offer; for I confess, that from what I have seen of your honourable profession, I should like to belong to it; and, therefore, after our marriage, I should be happy to give a handsome sum to be articled to you, in the hope of practising myself some day."

"Well, well, we will talk further over it," replied Mr. Prior, "we will talk further over it. It is getting late—bless me, we must part; I am afraid I shall be compelled to send for

Mr. Pounder; for I really feel a very curious sensation; no pain, but my head goes round, and my feet seem to slip from under me. I don't know that I shall be able to get up stairs. I wish Mr. Pounder was here."

So the friends parted for the night, Mr. Prior making as much use of his arms as of his legs, in his progress to his bedroom.

CHAPTER V.

> If you persist I ne'er henceforth will see you,
> But rather wander through the world a beggar,
> And live on sordid scraps at proud men's doors;
> For though to fortune lost, I'll still inherit
> My mother's virtues, and my father's wrongs.
>
> OTWAY. THE ORPHAN, Act I.

THE next day was Sunday, when Mr. Holton dined with Mr. Prior: and after dinner, when Clara had gone into the kitchen, and the clerk into the office, Mr. Prior resumed the conversation of the night before, by observing,

"I have considered what you mentioned last night, my dear friend, and really I must say, I think your offer is a very fair one."

"You consent then to my marrying Clara?" was Holton's reply.

"Why—a—if you like to marry a person without any property, I don't see any objection I can make to it."

"I am willing to do it, Sir, at once; and I do not think you could dispose of her more safely."

"Ah, no, no; you are a very good young man, and I always liked you—I did, indeed. You are behaving very liberally; and, let me see —yes—I will be as liberal as you. Some men of the world, avaricious greedy men, would make a charge to a rich young man like you, for the education and board of a young woman so many years, for she has been with me nearly six years. But I will deal liberally with you—yes, very liberally. I will not charge you any thing for keeping her so long—I will not, indeed. As you will take her without a farthing, we will mutually execute a release to free us both from future responsibilities."

"I do not exactly understand," said Holton, doubtfully.

"Why," replied the old lawyer, "I will give you a written acknowledgment, that neither of you owe me any thing for the expense of Clara's board; and you shall give me a written acknowledgment, just by way of form, you know, that I owe you nothing—that the duties of my guardianship have been completed, and that I owe you nothing as guardian or trustee. 'Tis a mere matter of form, to prevent future disputes—quite, I assure you."

"When must the releases be executed?"

"Before you marry."

"Well, Sir, I shall be ready to sign. But excuse me, I fancy we have forgot one important point."

"Eh?—one important point! What?"

"Whether Clara will consent."

"Consent!—to be sure she will—why not. She always does what I order."

"But young women have sometimes strange fancies; and one cannot tell before-hand what they will like or dislike."

"But Clara has no fancies—she shall have no fancies. She is very obedient—she shall be obedient."

"But still, Sir, these are the cases in which young women are most obstinate."

"Oh, she will obey me; she never disobeyed me yet, and wouldn't dare do it in such a thing as this, when it is for her own good. If, however, she be guilty of the sin of disobedience, I will have her talked to by one of the elders, and then I'll lock her up in her bed-room, or I'll——but she will be obedient; and the mutual release shall be ready for signature in a day or two."

Mr. Holton then pleaded business for a short absence, when he went to his inn, and

wrote to Mr. Byter for his opinion, whether such a release would be binding; to which it may be observed, *par parenthèse*, that Mr. Byter considered it doubtful whether the release would be binding on his own part; and that it was certain, if he ventured to carry it into court, though his own character might suffer, yet Mr. Prior would give up Clara's property, if he had any belonging to her, rather than suffer the case to be made public.

After despatching the letter, Holton returned to take tea with Mr. Prior, who, when the meal was over, ordered Clara to accompany the young gentleman to meeting, which command, though with evident reluctance, she obeyed. Holton was very attentive to her, and hazarded a few compliments on the road, which as she did not reply to them, he feared had but little effect; but his love was of that vehement character, that nothing, not even the repugnance of its object, could turn it aside; and he congratulated himself that the uncle's will was more powerful than the niece's in this matter.

Clara had never before walked out of the house with a companion of the male sex; and she was so very simple as to endeavour to conceal

her face as they walked through the streets. She blushed in the most painful confusion at Mr. Holton's officious politeness in meeting; and as soon as the service was over, she managed to slip from him and return alone—a monstrous disgrace to a young man who rather prided himself on being a lady's man.

When the supper table had been cleared that evening, Clara read a chapter of the Bible, as had been her custom for many years, which chapter this evening was the fifth of Ephesians, on the duties of husbands and wives, selected by Mr. Prior.

As she shut the book, Mr. Prior said, "Clara, my dear, that is a very excellent chapter you have been reading."

Clara made no reply; for she was used to hear the Scriptures praised without being obeyed, and was unwilling to join in doing it.

"Mr. Holton and I have been talking about you," he continued; "we have considered the dangers that young women are exposed to at your age, and have concluded——"

"I am sorry," interrupted Clara, "that my circumstances are such as to give Mr. Holton so much trouble."

"Trouble! Clara, he does not think it trouble; and, indeed, he is very happy to serve you."

"I am not aware, uncle," she replied, "that Mr. Holton can render me any services."

"Perhaps it would be a more delicate way to allow me to address Miss Clara alone," Holton whispered in Mr. Prior's ear.

Immediately afterwards Mr. Prior arose, and walked towards the office door; when Clara arose to go out at another, but was called back by her uncle, and ordered to wait until he returned.

"Miss Clara," Holton commenced, with some embarrassment, "you may guess, from your uncle's remarks, what I am thinking of."

"I have not thought of it," Clara replied.

"You must have gathered my wishes from my attentions."

"I do not understand you, Sir."

"And can it be a piece of fresh information to the beautiful Clara that I love her?"

"Do you love me?"

"With my whole heart."

"I am glad of it."

"Thank you, my charming angel."

"You must not thank me, Sir; for I ought to

be glad that you obey the Scriptures, which command us to love each other."

"But, a—but, that is not exactly what I mean; and do you love me as the Scriptures command."

"I am ashamed to say I do not, Sir."

"I am sorry for that; for I admire you more than any body in the whole world. You must let me teach you to love me."

"I never love any of my uncle's clerks."

"Why?"

"Because they join with Hoppy in oppressing poor people, whom I would gladly assist."

"But, my dear Clara, I am not your uncle's clerk now. I have enough to live on; and if you will promise to love me, I will never enter his office again."

"I do not know; if you would have me love you, you must deserve it."

"Thank you, my angel," cried Holton, seizing one of her hands, and endeavouring to kiss it, when she burst from him, crying in tones of the utmost indignation—"What do you mean, Sir?—Uncle! uncle!"

"What is all this noise for, n the Sabbath evening? Clara, I am ashamed of you," said Mr. Prior, shuffling into the room.

Clara was too much alarmed to speak, but burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Prior looked puzzled at first; but after a short whisper with Holton, said to Clara, in a decided manner, "I wonder at you, Clara. Is this the end of all the admonitions you have received, that you turn away the hand that is raised to do you good."

"To do me good, uncle?"

"Yes; did I not tell you that Mr. Holton and I had been considering your circumstances? You must have heard me, and known that whatever he said or did was sanctioned by me."

"Surely, uncle, you would not suffer him to be rude to me."

"Rude! Miss Clara," Mr. Holton interposed, "really I did not mean to be rude; and I must say, most ladies would be very far from offended at such a thing."

"To be sure," said Mr. Prior, "it is nonsense to make this to-do about the matter. Mr. Holton may do as he likes with you now; and as you are to be his wife, you must not presume to set yourself in opposition to his will. But bless me, after reading such a chapter, to

think of your immediately disobeying it—ah! it shows the evil of your heart."

"What, uncle," replied Clara in amazement, "do you say I am to be Mr. Holton's wife?"

"Yes, in a few days."

"Mr. Holton's wife! Mr. Holton's wife!" she muttered to herself in a tone of reflection, and then rising and rushing to her uncle, she exclaimed with a sudden consciousness of danger, "My dear uncle, what does all this mean? What are you going to do with me? Surely, uncle, this cannot be true?"

"Yes, quite true, my dear little Clara, so don't be frightened. You are going to have a nice husband."

"Husband! uncle, what do I know of marriage, or love. I have never thought of it. I will not be married."

"Nonsense, my dear, I wish you to be married and out of danger, and you must be married."

"Danger! uncle, what danger can I be in with you? I know and have done my duty as a poor and dependant niece; but of the duty of a wife I know nothing but what I have read

in the bible, and that I never considered with reference to myself."

"You'll soon learn it all, my dear. Your husband will tell you what to do, and then you will only have to do it. You are an obedient girl, and you'll soon learn it. Dear me, Clara, you must not set yourself against marrying. Why, your mother married, you know."

"My mother! my mother! Yes, uncle, I recollect my mother, and I see what you require of me; but it cannot be. I understand it now. I will not marry Mr. Holton."

"Pooh, you must, my dear."

"No, uncle, I see it all. My mother's name has opened my eyes to your meaning. I recollect well the kindness, the attachment of my parents to each other and to me; and how dare you, Sir," she cried with a flushed face, and an exalted voice, turning to Holton, "how dare you presume, you and I could ever be on such terms? What conduct of mine has allowed you to believe that I should endure your familiarities?"

"Why, Miss Clara," replied Holton with hesitation, "I flattered myself that my addresses would be received more favourably, and I assure you that my attachment is not

in the least weakened by your present conduct. I have known ladies"—

"If you have known ladies who would welcome your professions, why bring them to me, when you see how they distress me?"

"Let us have no more of this folly, Clara. Be a good girl, and obey me without trouble; for dear me, I should be sorry, I should, indeed, to use harsh measures."

"Harsh measures, uncle! What can you wish me to do when I tell you that I dislike Mr. Holton, and would rather die than marry him."

"Still you must marry him."

"And why can you, uncle, wish me a fate worse than death?"

"Clara, do not talk of death so lightly. Consider the sin of it—a judgment will fall on you; but oh! the sin of disobedience and ingratitude. Have I not kept you for this many years as though you were my own child, and now you refuse me such a thing as this, which is for your own good. Oh! if your father and mother did but see you now, what would they think?"

"Oh, would to God that my father and my mother were here! they, uncle, surely would

not force me to do a thing so repugnant to my heart and conscience as this. And I beg and pray you," and she fell on her knees before him, "I entreat you, uncle, to let me go away. I can work for my livelihood. I have been used to work, and I would rather endure any difficulties than such a life of horror as you are preparing for me."

"Get up, get up," cried her indignant uncle, "if mild admonition will not make you dutiful, correction shall. Let you go, indeed. Ah, you want to be gadding among the vanities and vices of the world. But I will stop you. Go to bed, you evil girl, and mind me, you shall not leave the house but to be married to Mr. Holton."

Such was the result of Mr. Holton's declaration of love to Clara Prior—a result by no means flattering to him; and the conduct of the young lady will doubtless appear of a very unjustifiable nature to every admirer of her lover's character. But whatever repugnance she shewed towards the suit which was thus urged on her, it was not suffered to have any influence on her fate, since Mr. Holton advanced it, and Mr. Prior supported it with as

much earnestness as though it had received her fullest approbation.

But Clara turned a deaf ear to all their remonstrances; and though her uncle's commands were listened to and replied to with respect, Mr. Holton had the mortification of finding all his solicitations met with obstinate silence, or repelled with irrepressible evasion. And, indeed, if the reader consider all the events recorded in this history, however he may admire Mr. Holton's character himself, he will see that the events of his life, and the qualities of his mind, however useful they might be to himself, had not been of a nature to attract a young heart so perfectly unskilled in the ways of the world as Clara Prior, especially as she had previously found a model for her admiration in the character of cousin Henry. But Holton was not of a disposition to be kept from his purpose by the scruples of an ignorant girl, and he persevered in his suit with a warmth which drew from Clara such unpolite remonstrances, that Mr. Prior, out of regard for her welfare, felt himself compelled to keep her prisoner in her room, except at those seasons when he thought fit that her ears should listen to the whispers of faithful love.

But events were thickening on Mr. Holton. It was less than a week after he had declared himself, when, having with Mr. Prior signed the mutual releases before spoken of, and bound themselves in penalties of a thousand pounds for breaking off the match, Mr. Prior put in his hands a letter of a most important nature—one which, indeed, materially affected all his relations with society. The letter was in fact a key to the whole of his former life and circumstances, since it related to his birth, parentage and expectations, which had been hitherto as great a mystery to him as they have been to the reader of his memoirs.

This letter, which was from Squire Elphinstone, of Leicestershire, I might have communicated to the reader at the beginning of this history; but considering that he was not entitled to greater consideration than Mr. Holton, whose memoirs I am writing, I conceived I was justified in keeping it back until Mr. Holton himself received it, for which I trust to receive the intelligent reader's approbation. I shall not, however, give the letter verbatim, but rather the subject of it, with proper explanations, which I believe will be quite as intelligible as the letter itself; for to say the truth,

CHAPTER VI.

Difficile est plurimum virtutem revereri qui sémper secunda fortuna sit usus.

CICERO AD HERENNIUM.

It has been stated that the Reverend Mr. Elphinstone was the younger brother of a certain Squire of ten thousand a year. This was Gerald Elphinstone, Esquire, of Elphinstone Manor, in the County of Leicester, who was a very worthy representative of a race of country Squires. He hunted and kept hounds, of course; and, of course, spent all the ten thousand a year, which was his income. He loved the king and constitution, without a very accurate idea of the meaning of the latter; though, perhaps, he was not far wrong, in considering the constitution to mean some power which secured his estate. He loved good eating and drinking, and as he always had them, he was a great supporter of our ancient

institutions, and a fervent admirer of the principle of remaining in "statu quo." He loved the church, and never failed on a Sunday morning to be seen in the family pew, that being, in fact, the only place in which he enjoyed a nap before dinner. He was charitable with his purse and in his opinions, to all men besides poachers and papists, the first of whom, he inclined to believe, ought to be treated little better than murderers, and the latter certainly very much worse.

But for the latter feeling, the Squire had very sufficient reason—in fact, as good as ninety-nine men out of a hundred have for religious hatred. Within half a dozen miles of Elphinstone Manor lived a Roman Catholic family, as old as the Elphinstones, if not older, the head of which, at the time spoken of, was Reginald de Vesci, Esq. Now with this Reginald, Gerald Elphinstone had never exchanged a dozen sentences; nor, indeed, had he any reason, from general report, to form an unfavourable opinion of him, as an individual —but not only was the de Vescis' park a mile more extensive in circumference than his, and his income supposed to be a thousand a year

greater, but about three hundred years back, there had been considerable enmity between the two families, respecting the boundaries of a certain bit of waste land; and before this quarrel had dropped to the ground, namely, in about a century, the Elphinstones became protestants, which furnished another stronger reason for hating the de Vescis. At the time of the glorious revolution, however, and after the de Vesci and the Elphinstone took the same side of politics, the former being a jacobite for the sake of papacy, and the latter, for the sake of legitimacy. But this agreement in opinion was rather a source of dissension than the contrary, for the Elphinstone seemed to consider his opinions as his own private property, (but not, as most people do, to sell them,) and the de Vesci cheated him by taking them also. And one very material consideration prevented this embarkation in a common cause from leading to a more gentle opinion of each other; namely, that it was not a common cause for the prosecution of their own individual interests. But the strongest reason of all for hating the de Vescis was, that when some time in the reign of the first George, the de Vesci gave his interest to a candidate for

the representationship of the county, Mr. Elphinstone had himself proposed; and as the de Vesci was so unneighbourly as to succeed, it is not wonderful that ever after the Elphinstones hated, worse than anything besides on earth, the de Vescis and all papists.

When, however, the eldest son of Gerald Elphinstone grew up to manhood, his father, as a matter of course, sent him to travel through the countries inhabited only by papists, for his improvement. In one of those "damned outlandish places," as the Squire would have called them, it was the fortune of the young Wentworth Elphinstone to meet with a lady, who, without entering into religious polemics, cast from his mind every antipapistical dogma which his father had spent twenty years in fixing there. How could he believe it was any thing but scandal that was hinted about the harlot of Rome, when she had such a pure maid in her train? Could he look upon that lovely face, and believe it was wrong to worship the Virgin? Could it be any impediment to marriage that she kept a priest in the house?

The lady belonged to one of those fine old noble families, whose wealth and power de-

clined so rapidly after a police was established in their country. The owner of a dozen names, and as many titles, no honour seemingly could be an object of their ambition, unless, indeed, it were the honour of being asked out to dine; for it must be confessed that very frequently, the list on the carte à dîner was in inverse proportion to that on the carte généalogique. There were, however, fifteen ages of pride accumulated in the bosoms of the head of the family, and his moustachioed sons; and the cheapest terms on which the young English Squire could obtain possession of the lady, was marriage.

The marriage was contracted and solemnized without the consent or knowledge of his father, as may be readily supposed; but that is a matter of little consequence to lovers. When, however, persons have been married a few months, it is remarkable how tender their consciences become on this point; and how heavily sits on their mind the sin, or impropriety of doing such a deed clandestinely. But fortunately for Wentworth Elphinstone, he had not to endure much repentance of this kind, for he had scarcely finished the tour marked out by his father, and taken some

quiet lodgings in London, wherein to
away his wife, when she fell sick, and
after making him a present of a son.

The sorrow of the bereaved husband,
untouched, and sacred; all that is necess
be known is, that immediately afterwards h
home, when his father, not aware that
giving him advice that he had already act
told him he considered that he was no
enough to marry, and at the same
pointed out a young lady in the neighbou
of the most engaging and unobjectionabl
son and property, with whose friends h
entered into arrangements. Wentwort
assured of two or three thousand a year
by the match, and, of course, entered i
with proper acknowledgments.

But what was to be done with his so
heir? To confess the existence of such
son, was not only to break off the ma
once, but to ruin himself with his
Such a thing was not to be thought of
yet the child was an Elphinstone, and m
cared for in some way. He thought of p
it out to nurse, but feared the people
die, or perhaps exchange children, or pe
blunder out the secret, which would be a

He thought of the Foundling Hospital, but recollected that he might want some day to claim the child and was afraid to trust the hospital books and servants. At length, recollecting an old-fashioned uncle of his, that he had seen at home some years back, who seemed the very fittest person on earth to be entrusted with the bringing up of such a child, both on account of his probity, his connexion and slight intimacy with the family, and his retired and motionless life, he drove down one afternoon to a village near Holton, and sent his valet to leave the child at his uncle's door, and after staying a day or two, to be certain that the child was received into the house, returned home, and married.

Whatever reluctance he naturally felt at parting with a child so dependant, was soon absorbed by other and stronger interests. Horses and hounds, and his increasing family, drove from his heart and mind all affection and anxiety for the boy. So long as his uncle lived, it was not likely he would come to any harm, and he occasionally heard that the boy was still there.

When, however, his wife, after making him the father of four girls, declined producing any further addition to his family, the unacknow-

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CHAPTER VII.

Fruges consumere natus.

THE discovery, it will not be doubted, was of the most delightful import to our hero; for, though he had not imitated the established foundlings, who, while they are indulging in every luxury that human wit can devise or wealth purchase, spend their days and nights in miserable speculations and lamentations for their undiscoverable parents—and, although our hero had not much to complain of against the world, since he had never suffered any ill, save what he had brought on himself, it was gratifying to know that he was the eldest son of a great squire, and if he lived long enough, should some day be a great squire himself. He summed up in his mind the items of gra-

tification, which were comprised in ten thousand a year, and prayed fervently that the present possessor's days might not be long in the land.

He could not rest quietly in one place; but strutted up and down the High Street with infinitely greater consequence than ever, as though every one knew his good fortune, or could read it in his countenance; although what they did read, perhaps, was a smirk, which, knowing what he had been, made them merely set him down for a ridiculous puppy. But what people might think in his disfavour was now of no account to him. He knew his good fortune, and was rapt by it to such an ecstacy of self-complacency, that the most decided smile of derision would have contributed to his satisfaction.

He now thought of what he had originally intended respecting Clara. He felt himself too great a man to marry the niece of a mere attorney, and he determined to obtain her on easier terms. Having, therefore, made her acquainted with the sudden exaltation of his fortunes, he discussed very eloquently the advantages to be secured by ten thousand a-year; spoke rapturously of the delights of London,

and sounded the praises of a carriage and pair. But the seclusion in which Clara had been kept, through the avarice of her uncle, had been advantageous to her, in preserving her mind free from that slight acquaintance with the pleasures of a gay life, which must be the ground-work of temptation; and her beauty was so chaste, and her purity so awe-inspiring, that even Mr. Elphinstone dared not utter in her ear a wish which a modest mind could condemn—his genius was abashed before that innocent girl, the very simplicity of whose innocence threw over her a shield impenetrable to any weapon in the hand of vice. Mr. Holton, therefore, determined that he would marry her, which certainly could not be thought a disadvantageous thing for him to do, if we consider not only her beauty, but the property she was really entitled to, and the very great fortune which it was likely her uncle must, at some time, and judging from appearances, very shortly, leave her.

The affairs of the young gentleman whose memoirs are the subject of this history, bore now the promise of a most luxuriant prosperity; still they must be considered yet as only giving the promise, inasmuch as the dis-

covery just made of his birth had not received the personal authority of his supposed father, which would be necessary before he could fully enjoy the luxury of wealth which probably was his right. Having made arrangements with Mr. Prior, therefore, he bade adieu to him and the rest of his friends in the town, and proceeded towards Leicestershire, to introduce himself to his father. He was obliged to pass through London; but he called on no one there, save his old friend Mrs. Parsons, the alliance with whom he had never broken off. Mr. Parkinson and his friends he could not think of acknowledging now. Mr. Byter he had some reasons for wishing to avoid; and, besides, his acquaintance was a disgrace to him, unless his professional services were required; and his uncle, Mr. Elphinstone, he was afraid to meet, until he had devised some arrangement to make him thoroughly believe in the honesty of his old servant, which, with the command of a considerable quantity of money, he did not despair of doing.

Mr. Gerald Elphinstone of course travelled by coach into Leicestershire. He was put down at the end of the lane up which he brought Amelia, whence he walked down to West-

bourne, and so across the fields to Elphinstone Manor, without calling on his old friend and instructor Farmer Williams. He looked now with a more delighted and examining eye than before on the moss-covered walls and hoary oaks of the ancient park, and the old house where he had formerly spent two pleasant weeks—for all these were to be his own. But were they really to belong to him! Was it not a dream! Should he not find himself, when he awoke, in a lawyer's office, or in a cell of Newgate! Could it be possible that he, who had been accustomed to the most servile offices, and who had got through the world hitherto by means of a cautious exterior and a reverential submission to every little creature who could injure him, was now to take his place among the aristocracy of his country! There was something astounding in the conviction.

Mr. Gerald Elphinstone's opinion of himself had always been at least equal to his merits; and it was considerably raised by the late discovery: yet a curious kind of bashfulness came over him as he approached the house, to claim his prospective right to it; since it seemed probable that what he claimed must now be possessed by some one; and it was just possible that he

might be kicked out of the house for impertinence.

It was a brilliant day when he arrived; and clad in the rich hues of spring, the park and the whole landscape were very beautiful. At the grand front of the house there was a delightful lawn, green as an emerald, and studded with choice flowers, through which the carriage road ran up to the principal entrance. But although Mr. Gerald felt that he ought to take that road, he dared not venture on it, but went to the kitchen door; at which all persons, from the beggar to the curate—that is, all persons below the rank of gentlemen—were obliged to knock for admission.

"Is Mr. Elphinstone at home?" he asked, of a person in very gloomy livery, that came to the door.

Now this man had never heard his master called at that door by any other name than *T'Squoire*. *Mr. Elphinstone* was a term to be used at the private entrance, which a more finely dressed footman attended; and he felt somewhat insulted by a person at this door asking for "Mr. Elphinstone," instead of "T'Squoire."

"Do ye main T'Squoire?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Gerald; "is he at home?"

"Ees," answered the man; "T'Squoire hanna baine oot leetly."

"Can I see him?"

"Naw, ye caunna say'n. T'Squoire's at dinner."

"Well, I'll wait; but you will be so good as to say that a person wishes to see him on particular business."

The clownish footman took Mr. Gerald into the house, where he introduced him to the fine gentleman that attended the private entrance, who was sitting at his ease on a chair in the hall, engaged in reading Chesterfield's Letters; and who, casting a supercilious glance at the visitor, motioned him to take a seat, without rising himself, and continued the perusal of his useful work. It happened, however, in a few minutes, that a bell rung, when the fine gentleman hastened away, and soon after returned, to show the stranger into the presence of the 'Squire; when he found that the servant had drawn on his imagination for the fact that the 'Squire was engaged in dinner; for he found him quietly discussing some biscuits and a bottle of wine.

The 'Squire was a portly red-faced, mid
aged gentleman, possessing the kind of be
very proper for squires; and, from his splas
top-boots and cutaway greencoat, had evide
very lately returned from the sports of the fi

"Well, young man," said he, to his unkn
son; "and what is your business with me
any complaint to make?—if so, I must
you, I never listen to judicial business in
afternoon."

"No, Sir," Mr. Gerald replied, advancing
the table, and laying on it the Squire's le
to Mr. Prior—"I believe, Sir, Mr. Pr
of Holton, received that letter from you."

"Yes—oh, I see; but why the h—ll coul
he come himself, if he had any thing to
me? Does the d——d thief think I sho
not pay him? I suppose you are his clerk."

"No, Sir, I believe—a—that letter is c
cerning me."

"Concerning you!—how! Do you m
that you are the boy I put with that d——
prig of a parson, my droning uncle George?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I have only your word for it-
may be all humbug; but yet I suppose yo

have known that you must be found out devilish soon, if you were telling lies. So I suppose you are my son?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Yes!—how the h—ll should you know whether you are or no? But I dare say it is right, if that scoundrel of a pettifogger can prove that you are the person that lived with him."

The young man proved that fact to the 'Squire's satisfaction, who then said—

"Ay, I was a d——d fool, when I was young. My father was such an ass as to send me over to the continent, when I left the university, where I fell in with a woman that took my fancy for the time; and her infernal tribe of whiskered papistical relations got me to marry her, like a fool as I was—that was your mother."

Gerald bowed.

"But I say," continued the 'Squire, "what have you learnt? Are you a good shot?"

"No, Sir," he replied.

"Hunt?—a good seat?—course?—fish?"

To all of which questions when the young man replied in the negative, the 'Squire said—

"Then how the h—ll have you been brought

up?—Why, you know nothing! I should advise you to put yourself for the next year under the gamekeeper and groom, or I'll be d——d if you'll ever come to any good?"

So saying, the 'Squire rang the bell for those two favourite servants, to whom he introduced Mr. Gerald Elphinstone as his only son, ordering them to take him under their protection, and turn him out a good sportsman, or he'd lay his whip about their shoulders.

Such was the affecting interview between the father and son at their first introduction to each other in that relation—an interview quite as natural as those which certain authors like to describe, in which two persons fall round each other's neck, and appeal to all the saints in the calendar for blessings on each other's heads, and then faint, because somebody has said they were father and son. Squire Elphinstone behaved just as ninety-nine out of a hundred persons would do in such circumstances—he gave the man he believed his son the run of the house, and the command of whatever was desirable in it, and left all extraordinary demonstrations of eternal affection for the time when the young man should deserve them.

And this he was not long in doing: for on being introduced to Mrs. Elphinstone and her daughters, who at first looked daggers at the interloper, by dint of the most unwearied and submissive attention and obsequiousness, he acquired their good-will, which was the more readily obtained, by the good lady reflecting that even if this young man were not, her daughters could not be, heir to the property; and there was a chance of doing more with Mr. Elphinstone's son than with some stranger of a nephew. In a very few hours, therefore, Gerald received an invitation from the ladies to join them in a ride to see the wonders of nature and art in this district; and as he had been pretty much accustomed to driving a gig in his Sunday excursions, he ventured now on handling the reins of a pair of horses, and managed them, much to the ladies' satisfaction: and, as they seldom had a beau with them, unless when they could prevail on the Squire to let them go to a watering-place, they were so delighted, that they gave the Squire a flaming account of Gerald's skill, which raised him considerably in his father's estimation.

Mr. Gerald studied very assiduously under the gamekeeper, and as he had practiced a good

[illegible]

[illegible] with the [illegible]. He became [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHAPTER VIII.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.

In about a week after his arrival at Elphinstone Manor, Mr. Gerald set out to put in operation the prudent advice of Mr. Byter. Conscious of the danger of writing, he ordered his carriage and drove over to Brockledon Hall, which was about twenty miles off, to endeavour to prevail on Sir George Brockledon to give up all the papers in his possession, concerning the late transaction at the Old Bailey.

Brockledon Hall was a noble gathering together of the different orders of old English architecture, which, though the classical and incomprehensible tourist would pass unno-

tion, and with the ground
ance of cleanliness and an
the peaceful valleys of Br
degree in which Brockle
these charms might be imp
it had always belonged to
the very uncouthness of
spected, as it was a stand
antiquity of the family. T
in fact, lived here many c
formality of a town resid
good and popular landlord
always been on the spot, a
with their tenants: the pr
followed the wise practice
he spent here as much of
possibly spare from New
ford's.

The carriage was driven
of ancient oaks, and wh

into a room, while his master was informed that a gentleman wished to see him. Mr. Elphinstone was entirely unknown at Brockledon Hall, of course, but his carriage, which was of a very fashionable appearance, was sufficient guarantee that he was a visitor of importance; and when the respectful lackey had stepped up stairs to receive orders, he requested Mr. Elphinstone to follow him, which he did into the dining-room, which seemed to be the grand hall of reception. It was a noble room furnished after a rather modern fashion; but the room itself was old, and panelled with very brown oak, in which were inserted the *lively portraits* of many a departed Brockledon, the heads of the family, and very great men in their day. Before Mr. Elphinstone had come to a decision as to the reason why people had such curiously melancholy faces in olden times, Sir George walked in, and was evidently amazed as his visitor turned towards him, and addressed him,

"Good morning, Sir George—I believe the ceremony of introduction is not necessary between us."

"I know you very well," Sir George replied with a very decided perpendicularity; "and

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] I have any one [illegible]
[illegible] happened between [illegible]
[illegible]?"

"Two years, I presume [illegible]
[illegible]?"

"I assure, Sir George, [illegible]
[illegible] possibly [illegible]
[illegible]."

"Mistake, Sir, why, [illegible]
to pretend—but I wish to [illegible]
circumstances, Sir; a jury [illegible]
as you are in no danger [illegible]
again, I should suppose [illegible]

"No, Sir George, I [illegible]
not—I never was in any [illegible]
malevolent tongues in the [illegible]
able this affair might [illegible]
offensive manner."

"Pooh! pooh, Sir, I [illegible]
are not so tender as that [illegible]

"Well, my dear Sir George, you recollect our meeting at a certain house in St James's ——"

"Stop, Sir, you honour me with an excessive degree of familiar affection, which I lay no claim to, and do not pretend to deserve. In that, however, you will follow your own taste: but I beg you to observe, that though I suffer myself, occasionally, to be in the company of a certain description of persons when I am away from home, I do not choose these persons to be my associates in Brockledon Hall; and I request you to observe, that any observations on such persons and places I consider offensive."

"Well, Sir George, to explain the purport of this visit—you have a certain paper in your possession which may ——"

"I repeat, Sir, these allusions are offensive. Any communications of this kind must be made to my solicitor."

"Really, Sir George, this is hasty. Allow me to explain the nature of my business—surely that courtesy is no more than one gentleman has a right to expect from another."

"Courtesy! Gentleman!—really, Sir, you must excuse me—I am busy."

"I will not detain you a minute, Sir George —my object is to obtain possession of the documents ——"

"I cannot listen to this, Sir—you have had my answer—permit me to ring for your servant —I wish you a good morning—order this gentleman's servant to show him to the carriage."

This last sentence was addressed to the servant who came in answer to the bell, and Sir George was leaving the room, when Mr. Gerald Elphinstone observed,

"I wish to say one word, Sir George, and that is to inform you that I consider your behaviour insulting, and that I hold you responsible for it; and no man ever insulted an Elphinstone with impunity."

"An Elphinstone!" said Sir George with some surprise.

"Yes, Sir, an Elphinstone. My name is Gerald Elphinstone, and I believe I am the only son of Mr. Elphinstone of Elphinstone Hall."

"Wentworth Elphinstone's son! indeed! I believe Elphinstone is not the name I have seen on your card?"

"Perhaps not, Sir George."

"I believe it was quite a different name that you were—ahem—"

"Oh, yes, Sir George, undoubtedly. The fact is, family circumstances of an uncommon nature, prevented my bearing my undoubted name; but those circumstances no longer exist."

"Indeed! well, I really supposed Mr. Elphinstone had no son. Let me see, I recollect his marriage, and the birth of his eldest daughter—did you say you were Mr. Elphinstone's heir?"

Undoubtedly, Sir. I am his only son by his first marriage."

"Well, I certainly am surprised—a—Mr. Elphinstone—I think you said your carriage was at the door."

"Yes, Sir George!"

"And have you driven over from Elphinstone Manor this morning?"

"Yes, Sir George."

"A very long drive indeed. Excuse me a moment, I will have the pleasure of ordering refreshments, and, perhaps, the horses may be as well put up until we have talked over our little business."

Mr. Elphinstone made a superlative bow, and Sir George went out to the coachman,

after ordering luncheon to be sent immedia
to the ladies' room.

"Nice horses these," said Sir George to
staid antiquated looking fellow on the box.

"Yes, your honour, purty good'ns;
T'sqouire doosna loike anny oother."

"Your young master then is a good judg
horse-flesh?"

"Naw, I main t'owld Squoire. Yoong Meas
Gerald hayna gotten hissen a stood yet."

"And have you driven from Elphinst
Hall this morning?"

"Yes, Sir."

"It is rather a long drive for such a b
road."

"Tis rayther too much, your honour, b
they'll stond it."

"Well, I think you had better take th
out for two or three hours, and get yours
some refreshment in the hall—my servant he
will show you the stables."

Sir George saw that the crest on the carria
was that of the Elphinstones, and he could n
doubt the information given to him by the c
coachman; but he had not been on the turf
long to learn to take people's word: and wh

there was a possibility of his being taken in, he was determined not to give full credence to the apparent truth. The documents respecting the late trial, including the forged bill, were in his possession; and he was quite determined not to give them up without greater certainty that he was what he professed to be. But as, if he were no impostor, the greatest apparent confidence and friendliness might eventually be found profitable, he determined though he would not sacrifice the bill, he would introduce him to his wife and daughter.

He accordingly stepped to the ladies' apartment, and finding everything arranged, and his wife and daughter prepared to see company, he went for his guest.

"Come, Mr. Elphinstone," said he, "we are going to take luncheon—perhaps you will be so good as to join us—we shall find time, in the course of the morning, to discuss other matters."

Sir George took Mr. Elphinstone's arm, and as they entered the boudoir, said,

"Mr. Elphinstone, allow me the pleasure of introducing Lady Brockledon and our daughter Catherine to you. My dears, this is my young friend Mr. Elphinstone of Elphin-

stone Manor—an old acquaintance of m
I trust he will be of yours."

Mr. Elphinstone bowed to the very
some ladies, and sat down with them
bountiful and elegant repast, which s
especially inviting by being presided ov
such fairy-like creatures, in a room, the ir
of which united all kinds of richness
luxury, and the open window letting in a
gale of sweets from the extensive flower-ga
and commanding views of many miles
of the fertile plains and wooded uplands o
cestershire and Northamptonshire.

When luncheon was over, Sir George ir
the ladies to a walk to shew to their gue
antiquities and everything worthy of not
the park; and in a few minutes Sir Georg
his lady, and Mr. Elphinstone and Mis
therine set out. After a couple of h
inspection of the relics of all the Brockle
the dinner bell rang, and the party return
the hall, Mr. Elphinstone certainly very
pleased with his walk.

"My dear young friend," said Sir Geor
him when they met in the dining-room b
the ladies came down, "I am sorry I ca
find those documents to-day respecting

unfortunate mistake made by my banker and lawyer, which I am sorry has caused you so much inconvenience. I will take care, however, that they shall give you no more uneasiness; I shall be in the neighbourhood of the Manor this week with my daughter, and though I have not the honour of personal acquaintance with your father, I will do myself the pleasure of calling."

"Sir George Brockledon's name is too well known in this country, for him to doubt a hearty welcome wherever he condescends to visit," was Mr. Gerald Elphinstone's polite reply.

"You are very good, my dear friend," said the worthy Baronet; "I will then call the day after to-morrow, and leave with you everything you require."

The ladies came in, dinner was served, eaten, the remains carried out, the ladies followed in the usual order of things, and the gentlemen sat down to a few bottles of claret, during which Sir George informed Elphinstone that Catherine was only eighteen years old, that she was his favourite daughter, that she was a most estimable girl, and would make some man a happy husband, if he could be prevailed on

to spare her, which he never should do save to a friend and neighbour. He asked Elphinstone if he liked music, and finding he did, took him to the drawing-room, where Miss Catherine exhibited her skill on the harp and piano, and accompanied them with her sweet voice. And the long and short of it was, that it was very late at night when Mr. Elphinstone returned home, after spending a much happier day than he had anticipated.

CHAPTER IX.

He was a knight of high degree,
And she a humble maid;
And yet he sought her for his bride
And would not be gainsaid.

OLD SONG.

THE day but one after the above interview, Sir George Brockledon, according to promise, drove over to Elphinstone Manor. Miss Brockledon was with him, but he did not take her into the house, for he left the carriage with the manner of a person in great haste. When the worthy Baronet was closeted with Mr. Gerald Elphinstone, he apologised for his rudeness in running away so soon, but he was taking his daughter on to an old friend whom she was very anxious to see, so that he could not possibly make any stay.

Now the young man was not particularly

anxious for personal intimacy with the B
and if he could have immediately secured
sired document, he could have been v
signed to Sir George's hasty departure.
elder gentleman, however, was too well a
the value of the power in his possession t
with it lightly; and in answer to Mr. G
hint, informed him that he was very sor
lawyer had not yet been able to lay hi
on the papers, as they were mixed up
large mass of documents kept in a box
priated to himself, but assured him that he
be quite at his ease, since no one but h
and his solicitors would have access t
box.

Mr. Elphinstone was astonished and cha
by this information, as he had fully dep
on being able on this day to defy the o
of the whole world: he suspected somew
Sir George's plans, and immediately b
very pressing to be allowed the pleasure of
ducing Miss Brockledon to his family. A
good many entreaties on his part, and a de
ing earnestness of excuse on the part
George, the worthy Baronet was prevailed
allow the horses to be taken from the car
and he and his fair daughter were duly
duced to the Elphinstones.

It is to be understood that the two families were not entire strangers to each other: and, indeed, two families of such local importance residing within twenty miles of each other for so many generations must be certain to meet occasionally, and form a slight acquaintance with each other. In this instance, however, the acquaintance had not been carried into intimacy. The families had intermarried two or three times in as many centuries; Sir George and Mr. Elphinstone had met a few times at county meetings, and their ladies occasionally at the county balls, and this was the whole amount of personal intimacy. They were, however, so well acquainted with each other's history and affairs from general report, that there was little formality in their present introduction, and the heads of the families began immediately to converse familiarly on a variety of subjects interesting to both.

Catherine Brockledon was welcomed by Mrs. Elphinstone and her daughters as heartily as the Baronet was by the Squire; for as this was not the time of the year when there could be hopes of a jaunt to London or to a watering-place, a fresh companion, although not of the male kind, was something to be very glad of, and Brockledon Hall promised a pleasing relief

from the constant labours of their lives, which was to make existence bearable—a thing not very easy to minds gifted with a superabundance of vacuity.

When the party had taken refreshment, carriages and hacks were brought out to convey them round the park, and through the neighbouring villages more or less dependant on Elphinstone Manor; but by the time they returned to dinner Sir George Brockledon had sunk many degrees in Mr. Elphinstone's estimation, from his apparent ignorance of the merit of various covers and preserves pointed out to him by the delighted Squire, who gave the history of many a celebrated battue, drag, and run, in which things the Squire was very learned, and like other pedants judged of other people's merits by their skill in his own favourite study.

The Baronet, however, gained a portion of Mr. Elphinstone's esteem before he left the house, for he proved himself both able and willing to cope with the Squire himself in the science of drinking. The three gentlemen were about equal adepts in this; and as the most successful practice of this science begets neither envy nor jealousy, the display of similar talents created nothing but mutual esteem.

The conversation was very interesting, for the wine was very good. But as the subjects discussed produced none of the grand events of this history, it will not be necessary to relate them here. One, however, may be mentioned briefly, as it appeared to have some bearing on the interests of our hero, and was introduced in the following manner—

"I very much admire the condition of your estate," Sir George remarked, "I used to fancy my own was pretty well; but I see what it wants by comparing it with yours."

"Why, Sir George," the Squire replied, "the estate is sure to look pretty well, for I am always at home to look after the lazy thieves about me."

"I see, Mr. Elphinstone," replied Sir George in a complimentary manner, "that there is nothing like a master's eye to keep every thing in order; and I believe I shall make up my mind to live at home entirely; and I only wish I had a fine-spirited son like Mr. Gerald to enable me to do it."

"Why, surely," replied the Squire, "you can keep at home without a son—I did it before my son came home."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Elphinstone, you might do it; but recollect how many years I have sat in the House for my borough of Rottenham, and without a relation I can depend on, who can I give the borough to?"

"True, true, Sir George; but I wouldn't neglect my estate for the sake of the borough."

"No; but it would never do for me to throw the borough open, and give up my interest with government; and, if I were to let it to a stranger or friend he would play his own game in the house, and make interest in the borough. Ah! if I had but a son! not that I would rather have a son than my Catherine: for no man had ever a better daughter."

"Yes, she seems a well-behaved girl."

"A very affectionate and accomplished girl; and if she were married to a man I approved of, I could easily put him in "the House:" but really, young men now are so extravagant and unsteady, and so careless of their real interests, that I fear it will be a long time before I shall find one that I could depend on."

"D——n 'em," said the Squire vehemently, "the young fools think of nothing but their cursed French finery and gambling; and, since

my time, are become mere milksops not fit to be taken from the nurse; and one half of them would prefer wishwashy French stuff to such wine as this, which is so natural to an English constitution."

"Too true," Sir George replied with sympathy; "but I would have none but a thorough Englishman for my son-in-law: a neighbour with a moderate estate would content me, and the borough of Rottenham would be a good opening for him, both for fortune and rank. Did you ever hear Catherine sing? Gerald considers her a good performer. By the bye, she is a great admirer of your Hall."

"Is she! Well, she looked like a girl of judgment, and I think I should like to hear a song. Suppose we join the women a bit."

"Look at that man," said Mr. Elphinstone to his son, as Sir George Brockledon drove away in the evening, "look at that man, and see what it is to have one's education neglected in youth. Sir George does not want merit or ability—I never saw a man take off his bottle in a better manner—but then most likely he taught himself that. But what a scandalous shame in those who had the bringing him up, not to teach him one single branch of useful

knowledge. You heard what ignorant remarks he made on hounds, fish, and scent. The man knows nothing."

"Sir George," expostulated the younger Mr. Elphinstone, "is a pretty good judge of horse-flesh."

"Ah, I dare say he is," was the reply; "but every body understands horses if they are not complete fools; for all the points about a horse a man can get hold of in a very few hours. His daughter seems a niceish girl."

"Pretty well, sir."

"Only pretty well! why I thought you seemed devilish attentive to her. I suppose you'll be thinking of taking a wife before long; but it won't do there, until I get out the necessary information."

"I have no wish to marry Miss Brockledon," Gerald replied.

"No! that's right. You must not think about it until I give you leave; for though Sir George has always lived in good style, his estate is entailed, and it's very likely he has not much money to give his daughter, and you must not be such a fool as I was at your age—you must marry a woman with a good fortune."

"But, I suppose, Sir," said Gerald, handing his father a fresh decanter, "I suppose there will be some difficulty in obtaining a rich woman unless I were a rich man."

"Ah! to be sure, I did not think of that. A man of fortune would not give you his daughter unless you had my estate. What's to be done! I dare say when you came down you thought you should get plenty of money out of me; but you will find yourself devilishly deceived. I haven't got a sixpence more than I want; and what with the women gadding to Brighton and Cheltenham, and buying horses, and one thing and another, I have hardly ever a pound in my pocket."

"But if I were to marry a woman with considerable property in a certain rank of life, I suppose her father would expect me to have as much."

"To be sure he would. He would not give you a daughter and fortune to keep you with, also."

"You think then," Gerald suggested, "that it would be best for me to remain single."

"No—d—m it, that will never do. The estate must go in a straight line, and you must

marry young—there's no question about it. My life is twenty years good yet: and if you live single so long as that, and get to know the world, 'tis ten thousand to one, that you'd as lieve see the devil in your house as a wife. I shall see Sir George again in a few days, and endeavour to make something of him; and now I think of it, if he can't give you a large fortune, he will give you a seat in the House, which will be nearly as well, if you behave properly there; for you must give your votes very foolishly indeed, if you cannot make it the minister's interest to give you a good place. I'll go over to Brockledon to-morrow."

"This subject requires a little consideration," suggested Gerald.

"No consideration at all," replied the Squire, "if Sir George will lay down a moderate sum, and put you in the House for Rottenham, you shall marry his daughter—so that is settled."

"Still, Sir," Gerald replied, in a hesitating manner, "there is one slight obstacle in the way—a—a—"

"Well, go on; what obstacle?"

"Why Sir, I am very sorry to have acted

contrary to your wishes: but, before I knew I was so fortunate as to be your son, I—a—promised—that is—engaged—"

"D—m it, young man," cried the Squire, springing on his feet as well as he could, "do you mean to say that you are married?"

"No Sir, not married," was the reply. "And when I engaged myself I considered I was doing an advantageous thing."

"And who is the lady?"

"A niece of Mr. Prior's, Sir."

"Prior! Prior! what, the scoundrelly lawyer at Holton?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Pooh! it's all right then: but you put me in a fright, though. You will give Prior notice at once that the affair is off, and if he brings an action, as the rascal will be sure to do, I dare say he won't get above a hundred pounds damages, and I don't suppose we shall be troubled to find that sum."

"Of course I should wish to do every thing you desire," dutifully observed the young man to his father. "But before we proceed any further in this business, it will be as well to look at it a little closer. Mr. Prior is a very rich man, and will undoubtedly leave all his

money to his niece: but even withou
Miss Prior is a very good match, as
entitled to a considerable fortune, whi
uncle keeps from her knowledge; but
sake of his reputation would give u
law-suit were threatened."

"And what kind of a creature is thi
—an old maid that understands preserv
pastry, and physicking the poor with
physic?"

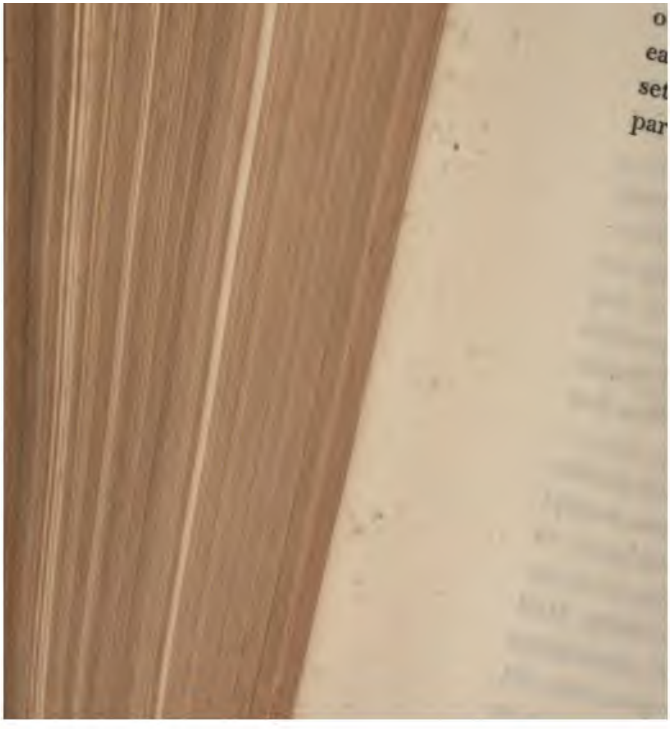
"No, Sir, she is on the contrary
young; and is a very beautiful and a
girl. There is one thing to be noticed,
If I were to marry Miss Brockledon in
ence to your commands, it would be ne
to keep her in the same style as she ha
brought up in, which is not to be thou
without money from you, or her father,
place under government. Now that
I fancy, it would be impossible to p
before marriage, and it might take som
after, while the expense of such a wife
be immediate. But, Sir, Miss Prior has
brought up in the plainest manner, and
require no preparation to be made fo
reception. The recoverable part of her f
would be sufficient to keep us in or near

don six months in the year, and if you please we could visit you during the rest of the year."

"Well, we'll talk about it to-morrow," said the Squire, half-a-sleep, and three parts drunk. "Just put the bottle this way, and give me another cigar. It is a d——d pity a man can't have heirs to his estate without the bother of marrying."

As Mr. Gerald was very earnest in prosecuting the subject which had been so favourably opened, the next day, after dinner, he again led to the discussion of it, and by dint of renewing, in a variety of shapes, the argument that his marriage with Miss Prior would cause no inconvenience to his father, in a few days he wrung from him his consent.

During this time, however, the young gentleman did not neglect the Brockledon family. On the contrary, he was very assiduous in his daily attentions to them, and when he could not himself go over to Brockledon Hall sent a servant with a letter of apologising regret—in which he had one object that Sir George did not discover; and this was, as he could not get into his own possession the documents which might do him harm in the

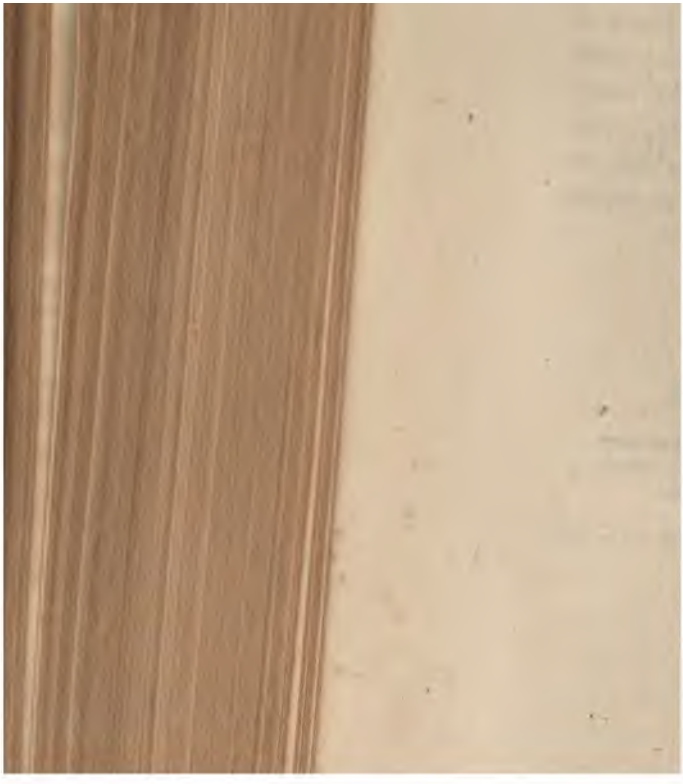


BOOK ELEVENTH.

The Lawyer's Clerk.

Thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases.

SHAKSPERE. HAMLET, Act 3, sc. 2.



CHAPTER I.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
And all the rest is leather and prunella.

POPE.

In these latter days when naturalists have described not only the skins of whales and elephants, but also the veins and muscles of thousands of animals, invisible to every eye as Providence made it—when they have not only walked through our woods and fields to take the portraits and cut into shreds the bodies of every fearful and harmless creature that fancied itself secure in its innocent solitude, but have penetrated every degree of latitude and longitude, nay, even out of all latitude, to cut into the bodies of animals to see what they have in their insides—when they have not only given the history of every louse that crawls on the

globe, but have dissected and classified t
min that associated with our antediluv
cestors, it is matter of astonishment th
have left undescribed and unanalysed o
important genus of their own order.

The body of man has, indeed, been
well slashed and shredded by anatomis
heroes, and his mind has been served in
much the same manner by metaphysicia
they have all treated him as though ther
but one species of the animal, and, the
one individual has been taken as a fair spe
of the whole. But this is an error, sin
human family embraces as many genuses
included in any of those long names in
by naturalists to puzzle the tongues and
of the rest of mankind. I intend, theref
offer to the notice of scientific men a few re
which may be of service to them when
set about a proper examination of the va
of mankind—the class which I have a
to being that variety of man, called 'A
tleman.'

Philosophers who have made us acqu
with those facts which the Bible left unto
according to them, mis-stated, among
curious pieces of useless information,

shewn us that as points of similarity strike man, originally, more than points of dissimilarity, man in his primeval state, though capable of inventing a general designation, was utterly incapable of imagining a special one. In other words, when man first saw a creature on four feet he gave it a name, which name he transferred to every animal he saw afterwards walking on the same number. Thus, if the first animal he saw happened to be a lion, then every dog and cat, elephant and mouse, would be called 'Lion' also. So also of trees—if the first he saw happened to be oak, then apple-trees, gooseberry-bushes and cabbages would be oaks with him: and this error would continue, until by long experience, man could distinguish the mane of a lion from the trunk of an elephant, and the fruit of the nectarine-tree from that of the fir—until, in short, man had learned to distinguish between classes of animals and vegetables, as he could at first between an animal and a vegetable.

In the same manner it might have happened some ages back, that some person who promptly paid his debts, kept open house for the weary traveller, protected the oppressed, and contributed a portion of his wealth to his poorer

brethren—who, in fact, discharged his d
God and to man in every particular, was
guished by the poor with the respectful t
gentleman. But as people in genera
more attracted by a fine house, a large
and public splendour, than they are by vi
it would happen that these accidental qu
would be taken for the essentials of that sp
designation, and the term "gentleman"
come to imply a person that had a goo
of money, rather than one that made a
use of it. After a time a fine coat mig
taken as evidence of a full pocket, and the
"gentleman" would be transplanted to the
sessor of that fictitious wealth: and thus the
"gentleman" which had pointed to a sp
of the great human family, would, in the c
of years, embrace a very great number o
tinct genuses, until, as in our day, this sp
term would be commonly applied to a
variety of persons who possess not one o
qualities which it originally specified.

It will be evident, therefore, that not
is the genus "Gentleman," capable of div
into many species, but that there is an a
necessity for the division, in order to arri
anything like exactness of speech, since th

of the word "gentleman" would no more point to a particular kind of man than the word "felis" would to a particular animal, signifying, as it does, every animal that has a certain kind of teeth and claws.

Thanks be to God, Old England is still honoured by a few persons who could prove their right to the appellation *gentleman*, by the virtues which created the name: but as they do not put themselves forwards as claimants, I question whether our modern classifiers will not place them among the well-meaning, the inoffensive, the eccentric—in short, in any other rank than that of modern gentlemen. . . . . But leaving these out of consideration to form a small class by themselves, there will be sufficient left to employ the powers of a first-rate classifier. I shall not, however, enter into a particular examination of the different orders of men included in the term *gentleman*, as I mean merely to give a hint to future classifiers; and I must remark, that it would be well to settle the boundaries of the genus as soon as possible, since, not only are encroachments daily made on it by persons who seem to have but a distant claim to the appellation; but people, in gene-

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estate, or

best friends, and afterwards give them satisfaction by shooting them through the head: these were formerly bullies, ruffians, and swindlers; afterwards men of fashion, blackguards, and bucks; and so on through the various names of adventurers, sporting characters, and blacklegs, until, in our day, the person to whom all those pleasing names are applicable, is a *sporting gentleman.*

There is the man who charges six and eightpence for teaching a poor fellow the shortest and most certain way to ruin himself; the man whose life is spent in dragging out, from its inmost recesses, all the blackest and most venomous filth of human nature, and spreading it over the heart to render man as much as possible like the devil—this man was at first a lawyer, then a pettifogger, then an attorney, then a quill-driver, then a solicitor, and at last is become a *legal gentleman.*

There is also the man whose life is employed in journeying over Britain, to sound the praise of a particular firm, and to persuade people that they could "do business with our firm better than any other in the trade"—whose subsistance is derived from cajoling and wearying tradesmen into buying articles they do not

vant, then an attendant, and in our days this brilliant and haughty personage is a *gentleman's gentleman.*

There is also the European Thug—the man that kills those intrusted to his care, without the possibility of punishment. This person speaks a dialect peculiar to his fraternity, to conceal his intentions from the rest of the world—from the ignorant, as it differs from the vernacular, and from the learned as it bears but a faint resemblance to any language ever spoken by a nation. This friend of hen-pecked husbands, of expectant heirs, of husbandless mothers, and unwilling fathers, was originally an apothecary or quacksalver, after which he became a doctor, then a surgeon, and now, O Dî et homines! he is a *medical gentleman.*

But if I were to enumerate all the species of modern gentlemen this volume would not contain them: and I shall, therefore, leave these few specimens for the use of the writer willing to pursue the subject. But as I am about to introduce an individual belonging to the old original order of gentlemen, I request the reader who knows the world, to close the book at this point, and read no further, as I cannot

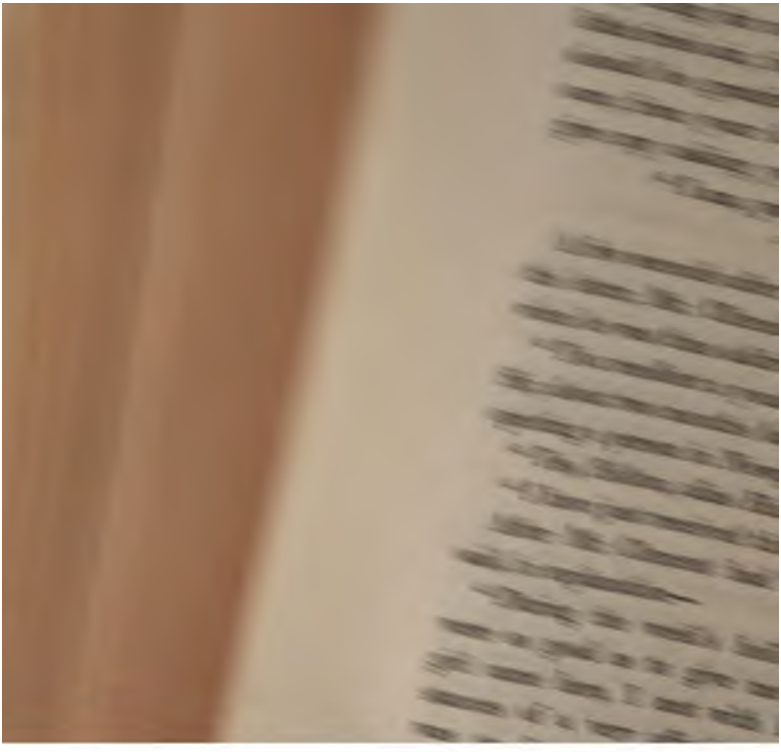
CHAPTER II.

> Je meurs, et sur la tombe où lentement j'arrive,
> Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs.
>
> GILBERT.

About a month after Mr. Elphinstone's, alias Holton's, trial at the Old Bailey, the twopenny postman took a letter to Mr. Clement's office, in Chancery Lane, directed to the clerk already introduced to the reader of these memoirs, which, when he opened, he found as follows .—

"Sir,

"You have been very kind to me, and I should be ashamed to trouble you again, but I have not a friend in the world. I am in Newgate. I do not know why they have put me here; for I have been so ill, that I could not understand what the magistrate said, only that he told me I should be hanged. I do not think I have done any body an injury, and if



my assistance, if at any future time she required the services of a friend."

"Well, Sir?"

"As my time belongs to you, perhaps I had no right to offer my services to the poor creature; but under the circumstances I could not help it."

"Well, Mr. Courtenay," said Mr. Clement, "I suppose you want to go to Newgate?"

"Yes, Sir, I want to go to Newgate, but I also want the command of my time afterwards; for it is not likely that I can do any good merely by going there. I shall probably want two or three days; and as there is a good deal of work in the office, with your permission I will send in a young man who I consider is fully qualified to fill my situation, and is perfectly trustworthy."

"Well, Mr. Courtenay, you make a good many conditions in asking a favour, as though you wouldn't like to accept it unless it were reduced to the smallest possible amount. But you ought to know, from the respect you have earned in this office, that it must be a favour of great importance indeed, which I should not be glad to grant, to show my esteem for you."

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existence of any kind of virtue; it depends on other causes, which it would be useless to describe. But I must tell you, that in my experience I have met with hundreds of instances of boundless affection from the most wretched of this class towards the individuals who had destroyed them—instances of the most perfect self-sacrifice for the worthless objects of their regard: and these very faithful creatures were, at the same time, capable of every crime, and commonly practising every wickedness."

"But this poor creature is ill, and appears incapable of violence."

"So she does, and I do not wish to prevent your assisting her; but I wish you to be careful to do it with safety to yourself."

"I am obliged to you for your caution, Sir, and will not forget it."

On applying at the Old Bailey, Mr. Courtenay was immediately shown into the cell occupied at present by Amelia Williams. It was a small place, looking like a square hole cut in a solid block of stone, the furniture of which consisted of a stone bench, and a narrow wretched-looking bed, which seemed more like that kind of truck on which a coffin is carried from the church to the grave. The hole was not dark

nor particularly confined; but the
very full, and the crowded cells on
together with the state of the inhabit
gave Mr. Courtenay a feeling of suffo
horror.

Amelia was lying on the bed, with
cheek and a sparkling eye; but with
ing and rattling respiration which sh
plainly that the brilliance of her co
was not a sign of health. Courtena
the hand, which, with an arm nak
elbow, lay on the coverlid as motionl
arm of a corpse, and felt that their be
a dignity and richness to the miser
such as would be felt in a room wl
tained nothing but a masterpiece of
or Corregio. For a few seconds he
the delicate fingers and arm moulde
rich proportions of womanhood, thou
parent as wax, and small as those of a
But it was only a few seconds that his
tion of her beauty absorbed the pity w
misery had occasioned. He addressed
to the purpose which had brought him

"Well, Amelia," said he, "what
matter?"

The poor creature looked up when s

the voice, faintly pressed the hand which held her's, then burst in tears, and turned her face on the bed.

"Come, my good girl," Courtenay said, in an encouraging tone, "you must cheer up; and I dare say your friends will soon get you out of this place."

"I did not want you to come here, Sir," she said.

"Not wish to see me, Amelia!"

"Not hope to see you, Sir. 'Tis such a dreadful place; and they're going to hang me —oh, dear—oh, dear: I wish I could see my mother."

And the poor wretch turned away again, and cried as though her heart would break.

"And so you shall see your mother, Amelia," Courtenay replied, "if you will only answer me a question or two. Why have you been brought here?"

"Please, Sir," said a woman, rushing up to the bedside, and speaking in a very audible voice, "the doctor says she is not to talk or be agitated, otherwise she will go off directly, and that's the reason why we can't move her."

This was said by the nurse in a tone of in-

hear you.
portance t
want to as
agitating h
for her. H
week, and
Having
offered no
putting hi
pered—" C
and let me
you here?"
" I don'
" Canno
done that
" No, Si
" And y
of?"
" Accus
being at a
more."
The gao

when the gaoler said he believed that the girl was imprisoned on the prosecution of Mr. Byter, for paying him a forged five-pound note.

"I understand," said Courtenay, when he was again at the prisoner's side; "I understand you are accused of paying Mr. Byter a forged five-pound note?"

"Yes," she said faintly, "I recollect now —I am very weak—but I'll tell you all about it as well as I can. When I left the court, after Mr. Harvey was acquitted, I went home, and as I had no victuals, or money, or clothes, and was very ill, I fainted away; and when I came to myself I was in bed, where I had been lying several days: but as I had no money, and the woman wanted the room, she made me get up as soon as I was sensible, and leave the house; but I could not walk far. Before I got to the end of the street I fell down. I was picked up by the police, and carried to a station-house, when some one said a warrant was issued against me, and I was carried before a magistrate, who sent me here to be hanged."

"Pooh, Amelia, don't be in such terror, you will not be hanged any more than the magistrate."

"He said I should be, Sir; but I don
I shall live long enough."

"Oh yes, you will live long enough,
very well, if you will only tell me abo
five-pound note which you gave to Mr.
Did you know it was forged?

"Oh! no, no. Do you think I wo
such a thing?" replied the poor girl with
ness, and bursting afresh in tears.

"Well, excuse me, Amelia, I am you
yer, you know; but I can do nothing f
before I know all the facts of the case.
tell me what money you paid to Mr. Byt

"Oh dear, oh dear," the girl muttere
ing her hand on her head as though in
"they might do what they like with m
could only see my mother."

"Well, Amelia," Courtenay said
"you shall certainly see your mother
will let me get you out of this place.
money did you pay to Mr. Byter?"

"Some notes, and gold, and silver."

"And from whom did you receive
money?"

"Two pounds I had before, twenty p
in notes I had from the Savings' Bank,

pounds from a pawnbroker, and the silver—the silver—from"—she broke off, and hid her face, which was covered with blushes.

"Are you sure that all the notes were from the Savings' Bank?"

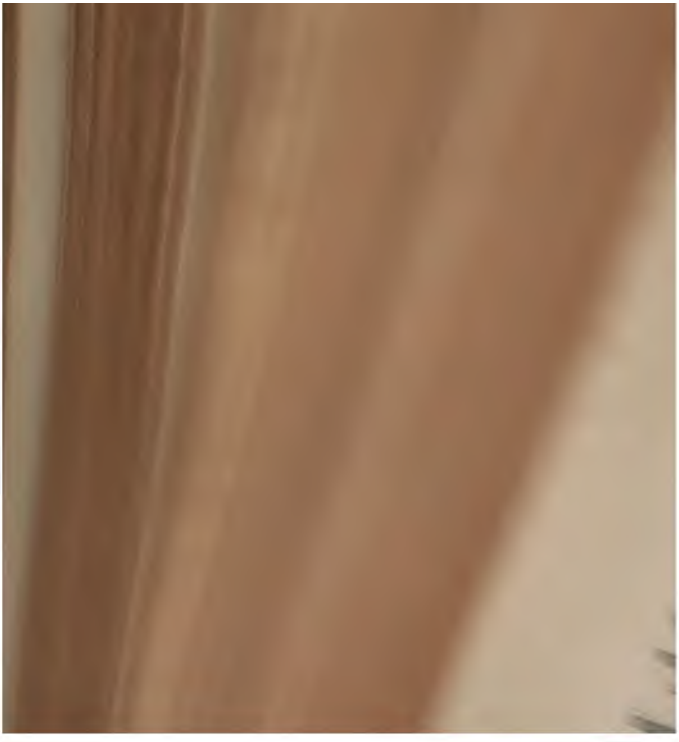
"Yes, I had no more."

"And this money was paid to Mr. Byter for his professional services on behalf of Mr. Harvey?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, Amelia, keep your spirits up. I will go to the Savings' Bank and to Mr. Byter, and I have no doubt that I shall procure your liberation from this place as soon as you are able to leave it; and I will go down and fetch your mother if you will promise to keep yourself quiet."

This she promised, and when Mr. Courtenay had learned some of the leading events in her life, and the circumstances of her present condition, he went away, engaging the nurse's particular attention by a payment and a promise.



"And mine is Courtenay—Henry Courtenay. I should be obliged by your allowing me to say a few words to you without a witness."

"Why, Mr.—a—Courtenay, my clerk, in all affairs of business, is the same as myself—and we happen to be very busy to-day. Perhaps you could make an appointment?" by doing which it is to be understood Mr. Byter would have charged one guinea instead of six and eight-pence.

"No," said Courtenay, "what I have to say must be said at once; and it was for your own sake I wished to have no witnesses to our conversation. I come to speak to you respecting the poor girl whom you have sent to Newgate."

"Well, Sir?"

"I am come to request you to apply to the magistrate who committed her, to release her from confinement, for I know her to be innocent."

"Innocent, Sir! what do you mean?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Byter, there has doubtless been some mistake, which I now give you the opportunity to rectify, as I do not suppose it was done on purpose: but the girl is innocent, and must be liberated."

the prosecutor in reality, but merely the solicitor for the prosecution. I have the honour Sir, to be the solicitor for the Royal City of London Association for the Prosecution of Suspected Felons; and whether I succeed in this case or not, my expenses are secured to me."

"So that though you are in fact the real prosecutor, you are without the responsibilities of one, and have a direct pecuniary interest in procuring a conviction."

"Yes, Sir, exactly."

"But in this case, Mr. Byter, it might be attended with difficulty and danger; for I am provided with the numbers of the notes which this girl paid you."

"Are you by G——d!—a—Mr. Courtenay—a—the girl did not know the number of the notes she paid me. Are you sure that you have ascertained them?"

"Quite sure."

"Perhaps—a—you will favour me with them, as that would settle the affair at once."

"Excuse me, Mr. Byter, this is not the exact moment for doing that."

While this conversation was passing, Mr. Byter was turning over the leaves of his book

of instructions or day-book, to exam
entry of the case; and Mr. Courtena
understood the book quite as well as th
lawyer, and was not so squeamish as t
fice the poor girl to a point of good r
with such a person as Mr. Byter, cast
glance over the pages until he came to
on which he supposed the money ha
paid, when he discovered, that after the c
notes of five pounds each were enter
their numbers, &c., but entered in a body,
unless the notes had been previously r
or some other entry made, it would be
sible for Mr. Byter to pick out with ce
the four which Amelia had paid; and t
the point on which the case rested.

"Will you allow me to ask you Mr. I
continued Mr. Courtenay, "whether Mr
vey is acquainted with this prosecution?"

"Not exactly, perhaps: and yet—but
say he is not aware of it. When I disc
the forgery of the note, I told him of i
thought, considering the wealth he had
to, he would make it good; but he swor
he had never paid me a bad note, and
do nothing in it; so that I was compe
do as I have done."

"You are sure then that the note came from this girl, or from Mr. Harvey?"

"I said nothing of the kind, Sir. Allow me to say that I have been too long in the profession not to see the drift of that question. That question assures me that I made a mistake in supposing you to be a gentleman; for I am sure on the contrary that you must be a lawyer. As such I must decline answering any question in this case; and, indeed, I should not have allowed the conversation to continue so long, if you had not so confidently asserted that the case against this girl must fail."

"Be assured it will."

"Will, Sir? I should like to know in what way that can be proved, as I should not like to get in any scrape—that is, I mean I should not like to prosecute an innocent person."

"I will be open with you, Mr. Byter. I suppose that you received four five-pound notes from Amelia Williams, and one or more from this Mr. Harvey, and that not having marked them separately at the time you put them together, you were not able to separate them afterwards."

"You must prove what you assert before you can gain a verdict."

would have done. Yet in spite of this, the reader will have observed that he did not commit himself or injure his case by making any communication which could be turned against him even when he had become doubtful of the propriety of going on with the case, which would be beyond doubt hopeless if the numbers of the notes could really be proved by the gentleman.

Mr. Byter it has appeared was by no means particular, since he was ready to hang the girl for his expenses, because he was not certain whether it were she or some other person who had paid him a forged note; and he would not have hesitated now from compunctions of conscience: but he knew there was such a thing as being struck off the rolls. Mr. Byter and men of his kind are bold as regards the enormity of the wickedness they undertake, but they have not a particle of courage to face the consequences: and the threat of a bold honest lawyer is as dreadful to them, as their own is to a poor wretch whose life depends on them. Mr. Byter was doubtful of his own knowledge of law, as he was indeed much less capable of a law argument than of that species of plan by which he procured an acquittal for Mr. Holton. He knew that he could not hope to have a

CHAPTER IV.

Welcome, thou relic of the best loved man,
Welcome from all the turmoils and the hazards,
Of certain danger and uncertain fortune;
Welcome as happy tidings after fears.

OTWAY. THE ORPHAN, Act 2. Sc. 2.

When Mr. Courtenay left Mr. Byter, he hurried to Newgate to make another inquiry as to the condition of Amelia, and to give her an assurance that she would be very soon at liberty. He found a clergyman and a surgeon with her, so that at first he concluded she was sinking very rapidly, but found that that was not the case: for the very benevolent manner in which those professional gentlemen had spoken to her had cheered her considerably. With their permission Courtenay approached her side, and whispered in her ear. "Cheer

come down and take me away. I am glad you have given me an opportunity of writing to you, for I want your advice and assistance more than ever. My uncle seems to grow more careful every day, so that I sometimes fancy we must all be starved; but the annoyance and disgust which that subjects me to I could bear: he has lately, however, used threats to compel me to—I do not like to mention it, but I must. A Mr. Elphinstone, who was my uncle's clerk after you left us, and was then called Holton, visits our house very frequently, and my uncle threatens me with great severities if I will not marry him. I would do almost anything to leave this house, but I do not like to do that. You will advise me well, I know, and soon—very soon: for Mr. Elphinstone is expected every hour, and my uncle is determined to force me to marry him immediately. If you could come down and stay privately a little time, I would endeavour to get out of the house and see you at Mrs. Wilson's. In great haste,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"CLARA PRIOR."

lawyer's clerk! I cannot make it out; but we shall see, we shall see. I really don't know what I think or what I say, I am so surprised. But tell me why you did not seek an interview with me in your own character. My dinner is just ready—come, and tell me all about it."

"Thank you, Sir, I cannot stay. I am afraid I have more business now to do in a short time than I shall do well. This letter from my cousin Clara gives me great pain, and I own my heart is inclined to run down at once and see what can be done for her: but the poor girl in Newgate is I think dying, her heart is continually running upon seeing her mother, I promised that she should see her, and received her thanks for the promise, and much as I love my cousin Clara, I will leave her to the protection of her own resolution and providence, while I endeavour to give a few moments' happiness to the dying wretch."

"The study of the law has not hardened your heart, my dear friend."

"I know not that my behaviour to this girl is proof of great tenderness of heart, Sir: for although I must have been under any circumstances greatly affected by her artlessness, I

was not so fortunate as to render her an
vice until I found she was the victim of th
whom my uncle had protected and sti
tinued to like. I do not cant, Sir—I do n
tend to greater tenderness than I feel:
confess that I hate my uncle, both for hi
tality to my cousin, and because he atte
to make me a villain, and I felt a pleas
rendering a service to any one persecuted b
or by any one of his friends. My feelin
a thousand times stronger now that I fin
man to be a persecutor also of my cousin,
would protect the poor girl with my life."

"Well, my dear fellow," said Mr. Clen
"you may lessen the merit of your own
deeds as much as you like, but you cann
vent me from having my own opinion;
indeed, the manner in which you have fill
situation of clerk in my office, considering
birth and expectations, commands my re
and I request that you will command my se
in any way the most beneficial to yourself

"You are kind, very kind, Sir, and it i
now that I first discover it. If you ar
tisfied with my services, I am gratified: b
must say I have reason to believe that
merit is due to me on that ground, for I be

my disposition to be of such an irritable nature, that if I had not found in you a master whose demands were invariably just, and whose conduct towards his servants acknowledged in them a sense of independence, and a feeling of honour, I should not have served you so long."

"Come, come, Henry," said Mr. Clement good humouredly, "no flattery—let us understand each other; what are you going to do—and how can I assist you?"

"I am going into Leicestershire to-night, to visit the parents of the poor creature in Newgate, and shall probably bring back one or both of them, to see their daughter before her death—if it please God that she die."

"My house is at their service, and you must bring them. But I have a great deal to learn when you come back."

"I have a few minutes to spare now, and I owe it to your benevolence to inform you why I did not sooner acquaint you with my relationship with your friend, my dear father. When I came to London, I had scarcely a farthing in my pocket, and neither acquaintance nor letters of introduction; but my heart was buoyant with a variety of projects for making

my fortune, and rescuing my cousin fr
miserable dependence on her detested
But whatever talents and industry I po
I found useless without interest, amon
millions of this huge city, and I bec
duced to the utmost distress—so far so,
as to want bread. I had heard of yo
friend of my father, and a benevolen
and determined to apply to you for wo

"But why did you not," interrupt
Clement, "mention your father?"

"I was determined not to owe my
hood to any one besides myself—n
to the merits of my father, until procu
otherwise was entirely hopeless. I ap
you for work, which you gave me,
length, suffered me to enter your office
out further recommendation than m
conduct. I gave you my own name, be
knew no reason why I should disown it,
a question had been asked respectin
family, I should have answered it; but
staining from mentioning it myself
sidered that I was preserving myself, in
dent of charity. You paid me liberall
not sufficiently to enable me to provide
cousin; for you are not the lavish old

man, nor I the amiable young one, of a modern novel—I was your clerk, and you paid me a liberal salary for a clerk. Whatever I could spare from my necessities, I applied to the prosecution of those studies which I had begun in early life, and which suited my former expectations better than the present; but the tastes implanted in my mind in early youth were ineradicable, and I endeavoured to complete my education, although it was not probable that it could ever become of essential benefit to me. When I have stated that the few days' absence which I have occasionally applied for, and which you never refused, were spent in ineffectual attempts to procure an interview with my cousin, I have told you all of my life with which you are unacquainted."

"And a very curious life it has been for a young man," said Mr. Clement, taking Henry's hand; "but depend upon it, something is turning up in your favour now. I say no more at present; but I shall be engaged on your account while you are travelling. My purse is at your service; and I insist on it, that you allow me to furnish you with money; and to spare your blushes, and rather uncommon delicacy, I tell you that I believe I shall be able to repay myself."

CHAPTER V.

> One moral or a mere well-natured deed
> Doth all desert in sciences exceed.
>
> BUCKINGHAM.

After travelling all night, just as day was breaking the coach put Mr. Courtenay down at that point of the road already mentioned, where a lane leads away to Westbourne. He turned down the lane a-foot, and by the time the sun had risen, came to a little eminence, from which he beheld the village in a little hollow about half a mile distant. There was little about it to admire; and immediately after leaving London, it seemed a mere clump of mean-looking cottages; but the birds were singing, the trees were very greên, the meadows sparkled with flowers, and there was a very brilliant light from the rising sun. These

were some of the commonest attribute
ture; but they had a thousand cha
Henry Courtenay, penned up as he h
during four years in the thickest part
metropolis. His heart was struck
sudden sense of peace and quietne
not the peace of a desert, for the
present man were here, and there
marks of desolation; yet so qui
still was every thing within the
that it seemed a personification of
and innocence, not less perfect, and
striking, than that of a desert—for here
the repose of human hearts.

The affecting business on which
Courtenay had come down, made him n
and reflect, and he wondered how the
the city could penetrate into such a s
this, and began to understand what hav
must make in the manners and lives
inhabitants. This led his thoughts to
Williams in her younger days and now;
the time he had arrived at the entrance
village, his imagination had brought hi
into a state of tenderness, exactly suita
the interview which he was now to hav

Amelia's parents. He knew the house as soon as he saw it, for Amelia had told him it was the farm-house by the church, and following this guide, he went directly to it. It was a very substantial and comfortable-looking house, built of dark bricks, or bricks become dark with age, and there was a wall around it, which enclosed a pretty garden and the farm-yard, about which were scampering innumerable creatures of the feathered kind, cackling, whistling, and chirping. The establishment altogether seemed to be one belonging to the better kind of farmers.

Henry walked through the well-stocked yard, and knocked at the door, which was presently opened by a rather young, and good-looking specimen of the English yeoman.

"Does Farmer Williams live here?" Henry asked.

"Noa," replied the farmer, scratching his head, and appearing rather confused, "noa, Sir, not exactly."

"Will you be so good as to direct me to him?"

"Why, Sir," said the farmer, "t'ould farmer's dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Henry, in surprise,

has he been dead?"

"About a year. But I'

So saying, the farmer tu
without the formality of in
though it were not the c
any body stand at the
Henry into a kind of pa
room, when his visitor, a r
him shouting to some one i
down breakfast directly.
ever, shortly returned to
he recounted the following
richest dialect of the very
Leicestershire.

"For moy awn part," sa
dunna say onny thing stre
Williams's death, cause we
toyme or oother—so why r
Soom o' t' ould women do
he doyed ov a brawken h

Sir, that gal, and I suppose when a mon has but one choild, he misses it more."

This information shocked Henry considerably, not that it was not what might have been expected, but because he happened not to have thought of it before, and he turned the subject to Mrs. Williams.

"Whoy, Sir," the farmer replied, "more than a year gone, ahter ould Williams's daughter went awee, as I tould ye, t' ould mon wanna loike the seem mon; ha didna luke ahter his fairm, or go to market; he wadna do nawt as he used to do; so t' Squoire tuke the fairm awee, and Oi rinted it. But t'ould mon had a gudish lump of money, so him and his woife tuke a bit of a house down t' street; but oi dunna know what was the matter wee'n, he sune doyed."

"But Mrs. Williams, farmer," Henry said.

"Well, Sir, I were joost going to tell ye. Ye say, Farmer Williams's woife wur a moighty boostling woman, and when shay had a hoosband and daughter, and a biggish house to luke ahter, she wur coomfortable enoo; but when she had na hoosband or daughter, and cood na foind anny thing to do i' t' house down there, she sune doyed too."

"Perhaps," said Henry, "you can inform me whether the farmer ever received any letters from his daughter, and if so, why he did not reply to them?"

"Whoy sir, when I tuke the fairm, in coorse, I had manny dailins wee t' farmer, and hard a gude deal of his affairs; but as for letters I am sartin sure he niver had one, 'cause he offered a good lump of money in the papers to any body that 'ud tell'n whur she wur, and woodna ha' done that if he'd knowed."

Henry had heard all that it was in the farmer's power to tell, and was scarcely able to restrain his tears. His imagination conjured up pictures of the old man rambling about the country searching with a broken heart for his daughter. He fancied he could see him return from the useless search, and communicate his want of success by a look of unspeakable misery, then sit down with his wife to talk in uncontrollable tears of all that their daughter had been from infancy. He beheld them cultivating a plot of ground, preserving toys, and hoarding up useless garments because they had been hers, and so withering away into death

CHAPTER VI.

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanis auctor
Perfide! sed duris genuit te cantibus horrens
Caucasus. Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera Tigres.

VIRG. ÆN. 4, 366.

Lieve intanto la terra, e dolce e pie
Ti sien l'aure e le pioggie, e a te non dica
Parole il passeggier scortesi e rie.

MONTI. BASSVILLIANA

It was yet very early morning: and as Henry had three or four hours to spare before the next London coach passed, he went across to Elphinstone Manor. He found that there was a cut through the park into the London Road, two or three miles nearer London than the end of the lane down which he had come: and he determined to call at the Hall and endeavour to procure some information respecting the five-pound note; which might be useful if Mr. Byter should have determined to pursue the prosecution.

He rapped at the door of the grand entrance, for although he had that proper sense of his own humble situation which, if any other house of similar pretensions had been concerned, would have taken him to the servants' door, he possessed a certain vehemence of character which sometimes led him to incautious and violent expression of his feelings; and here it seemed a pleasure to shew by a slight arrogance that a lawyer's clerk did not feel any respect towards a house occupied by the Mr. Elphinstone who had destroyed the one, and was persecuting the other of the only two women in whom he had ever been greatly interested. He was shown into a sitting room, in which after a few seconds Mr. Gerald Elphinstone made his appearance in full dress, although it was so early in the morning, and holding a travelling cap in his hand, which induced Henry Courtenay to suppose he was on the point of setting out for Holton, which supposition was confirmed by the carriage driving up to the door immediately afterwards. Henry had not sat down, and he said, with a slight bow, when Mr. Elphinstone entered the room:—

"Mr. Elphinstone, alias Holton, I presume, Sir?"

"My name is Gerald Elphinstone, Sir, and I once bore the name of Holton for a time," was the reply.

"My name is Courtenay, Sir. My business with you is to inquire whether you did not a few weeks back pay a five-pound note to Mr. Byter of Crooked Lane, London?"

"Before I answer that question, Sir, I must beg to know your reason for asking it."

"Doubtless, Sir. Nothing shall be concealed. I want to know the day on which you paid it, and the number of the note?"

"Still, Sir, I must beg you to be explicit, and inform me of the object of your inquiries."

"Mr. Byter received a forged note on the day he received one from you, and a person is now in Newgate charged with being the person from whom he received it."

"May I inquire in what capacity you ask these questions?"

"I am clerk to Mr. Clement, solicitor, of Chancery Lane."

"Do you know in what circumstances this supposed note was given?"

"I believe I do, Sir."

"And you come down to this place to convey the scandal you have picked up in your pot-

houses in town, and if possible to entrap me into a confession of circumstances that would make me liable to a prosecution for forgery?"

"No, Sir—I wish to clear the poor girl whom I believe to be innocent. I should leave the guilty party to his own conscience."

"I have no doubt that Mr. Byter is too able a practitioner to be mistaken in his grounds of proceeding; and at all events I could not risk my reputation by interfering in such a case."

"Do you know who the accused party is, Sir?"

"I beg to remind you, Mr. Lawyer's Clerk, that these questions are impertinent, and that doing your master's business to his satisfaction, will not prevent your being kicked out of yonder door."

"Do you know," said Courtenay, with great calmness of demeanour, but with a heart full of rage; "do you know, Sir, that the person accused of this crime, and now dying in Newgate for having committed it, is innocent not only of that crime, but of all injury to a human being on earth; and that she has been reduced to her present misery through a series of unparalleled cruelties and treacheries from the most thorough and unredeemable villain that ever cursed this earth!"

Mr. Elphinstone rang the bell, and desired the footman to send in the groom.

"My servant's horsewhip," said he, "shall teach you to be cautious when you next address a gentleman."

The groom entered, but before he could receive instructions from his master, Henry Courtenay said :—

"I have no doubt that your servant's whip could teach me better manners than his master could learn in the character of bum-bailiff under Mr. Prior: but I have one thing to inform you of, Mr. Elphinstone—which is, that if you order your servant to use violence on me, I shall immediately chastise you."

Mr. Elphinstone was evidently very much enraged, and rang the bell for another servant, so much staggered was he by Courtenay's firmness.

"A pretty pattern of an English gentleman, certainly," said Henry, contemptuously; "A man obliged to employ two other men to protect him from one unarmed man. But let me tell Mr. Elphinstone, Harvey, or Holton, squire, lawyer's clerk, or gaol-bird, or any other name or calling you choose to assume, that I hold you

accountable for your servants' conduct, and if you suffer them to lay a hand on me, or give me a single insolent look, you would do well to remain beforehand, that you possess one solitary virtue—and that must be courage. I give you this warning because I do not wish to meet you either as friend or foe; but if your insolent arrogance must be punished by my hand, the son of Captain Courtenay is not afraid to lay his claims to the rights of a gentleman before any body of English gentlemen in competition with such a very well-known character as Mr. Harvey." Courtenay opened the door, and walked out, unmolested by Mr. Highlander or his lackeys.

Mr. Courtenay returned to London immediately, and went straight to Newgate, very much embarrassed with the painful result of his expedition. He, however, was spared much pain that he had anticipated: for the poor girl had weakened very fast, and it was not difficult to deceive her. A smile expressive of pleasure and gratitude suffused her face when Mr. Courtenay returned—she held out her little child-like hand, and when he took it, whispered,—

"Did you say I should see my mother?"

"Yes," he replied, "you shall see her very soon."

"You are very kind," she whispered again, while a large tear stole out of her eye, and rolled slowly down her cheek. There was something very pitiful in a creature so young and timid, dying within the walls of a criminal prison without the presence of a single person in the whole world on whose sympathy, relationship or circumstance had given her a claim; and whose only friend was one of those hearts that Providence sometimes directs to the wretched to redeem the human race from universal condemnation. A feeling somewhat akin to this, respecting her desolation, struck into Henry Courtenay's heart a sharper desire to be of service, and he asked in a whisper if he could do anything for her, to which she replied:—

"No, thank you, I want nothing, but to see my mother." But after a pause she whispered, "Have you seen Mr. Harvey?"

Henry answered in the affirmative.

"Where is he?"

"A long way off—but do not make yourself anxious about him—he is a very rich man now."

"Ah!" sighed Amelia, "if he had not been a gentleman, all this would not have happened! How unfortunate we have been! I can hardly believe that I am the same girl that was dancing in the evening at Westbourne when those gentlemen came—how happy I was then! If I had but known it then, as I know it now! And what a terrible life mine has been since—to think that I should be such a wicked creature as to deserve to be shut up here, to be hanged."

"Don't think of that, my dear girl," said Courtenay, "you should be removed from this place immediately, if you could bear it."

"I don't wish to be moved," she said. "If I were to live twenty years, I would not wish to leave this place. It is the happiest place, I have been in for a long time: for I have received more kind words and looks, and been happier here, than for months and months before—since Frederick left me."

Such was the conversation that passed between Courtenay and the girl he had so ineffectually endeavoured to serve. The clergyman had left a bible with her, which Courtenay now opened, and still holding one of her hands, sat down by her side to read. He chose a chapter of comfort which he thought applica-

ble to her circumstances; but before he had finished it, he fancied he detected an alteration in the pulse, and turned to look in her face, when he caught a faint smile, and immediately was that she had sunk quietly into an everlasting sleep!

BOOK TWELFTH.

The Bridegroom.

How dost thou, Benedict, the married man?

SHAKSPEARE. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

. . . . . Multi
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato—
Ille crucem, pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

Dr. Johnson in his remarks on Tate's *improvements* of "King Lear," says "A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of human life; but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue. In the present case, the public has decided. Cordelia from the time of Tate has always retired with victory and felicity. And if my sensations could add anything to the general

suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play, till I undertook to revise them as an editor." The same Dr. Johnson in his "Life of Thomson," says, "The poem of 'Liberty' does not now appear in its original state, but when the author's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttleton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one man write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend—I wish

of such a poem as "Liberty," by such a poet as Thomson, against the respectful hand of such a man as Sir George Lyttleton, whilst he gives up such a poem as "King Lear" by such an author as Shakspeare, to the cruel mercies of such a man as Tate.

It is not, however, of this contradiction I intend to speak, but rather of the point started by the Doctor as to the propriety of observing what is called poetical justice in a literary composition. When he says that a picture of the prosperity of the wicked is a true representation of human life, he seems to settle the question, and decide against his own demand of poetical justice, since that which is a true picture of human life cannot in that respect be deficient as a work of art.

Before, however, we decide for or against, we must consider the object of the writer in observing poetical justice. If in making virtue always obtain prosperity in the world, we profess to show the actual state of things, we recommend virtue by an inducement powerless to a virtuous mind—namely, not for its own intrinsic excellence, but from the reward which is to be obtained by it: and, at the same time, this recommendation the majority of the world

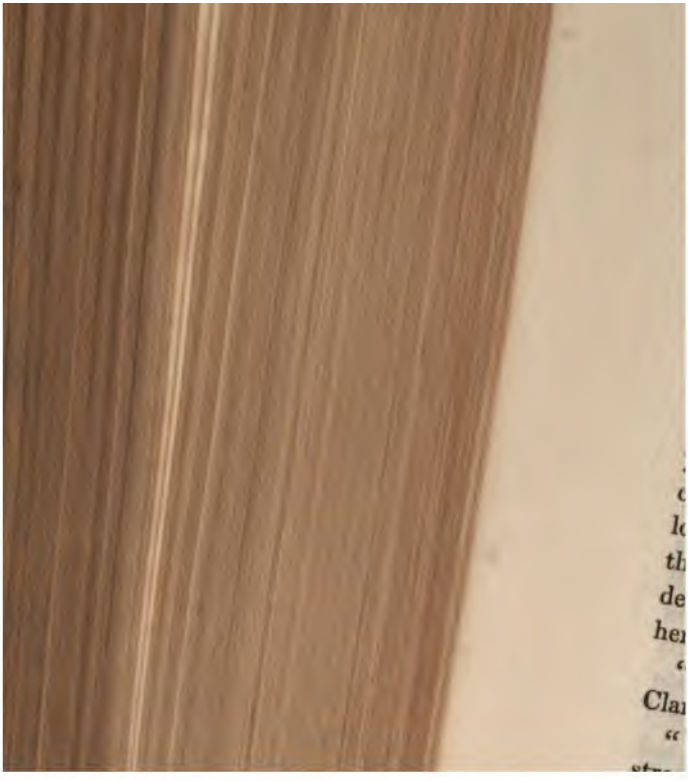
powers which are not in the list of virtues. But undoubtedly, virtue whether it fail or succeed in obtaining its objects, must obtain the result of happiness; for, though as Fielding objects, virtue may lead to poverty or captivity, the virtuous man, so far as that particular virtue is concerned, will be happy; and cannot lament that he did not secure himself from misfortunes by the practice of vice. The vices of others may make the best of men sorrowful; but his own virtue can never be a source of sorrow.

If then in any work I were to crown the good with the blessings of prosperity, and punish the evil with the pains of adversity, I would do it, not as picturing the inevitable course of things, but rather as shewing the direction which my sympathy would take: for in my opinion the picture of a man whom power and chance have beaten to the earth, yet who constantly maintains the virtue that led to his downfall, would contain the sublimest moral that genius could offer to the minds of men. And if it be true that a brave man struggling with adversities is a sight worthy of the Gods, a good man sinking with an unflinching heart beneath immitigable adversity is a moral

CHAPTER II.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens
HOR. 3. Od. 9.

WHEN Henry Courtenay left Newgate, he called at Mr. Clement's office, but found that the gentleman was from home, when he left a note for him, and set out for Holton to see what could be done for his cousin. It was late in the evening when he arrived at the village nearest to Holton, being about a mile distant, where he intended to stay until he could execute some plan for rescuing Clara. Having engaged a room at the little inn of the village, he walked over to the town to examine into the state of affairs, his first visit being paid to Mrs. Wilson, who was the lady who had accompanied him to the inn to see Amelia, and was the widow of Courtenay's former schoolmaster, reduced by his death to a lower sphere of life, but preserving more faithfully,



"What an account I shall have to settle with that wicked old man! But hush, some one comes."

"'Tis Miss Clara, I will go to the door."

Mrs. Wilson went out, and immediately after Henry heard a musical voice exclaim

"Is he come, Mrs. Wilson? Where is he?"

The door of his room was opened, and Mrs. Wilson walking in, introduced him to a young lady above the middle height, whose figure was of the most graceful yet voluptuous proportions, yet whose face was of that refined and statuesque delicacy which throws an air of chastity and sanctity over the whole person. Henry had arisen to take his sweet little cousin in his arms as before, for knowing that she was still only eighteen years of age, he had not fancied that the four years of his absence had made such a difference in her person: and he blushed, and was somewhat confused before the noble-looking creature, when he recollected what he had been about to do; for he thought it would be no trifling thing for a man to put his arms round such a glorious creature. Clara too was hardly prepared to find her cousin the tall masculine fellow he appeared; but she would have known him among a million of

men, for the peculiar tenderness and firmness of his primitive character stamped the individuality of his countenance, and that expression could never change, until a change had come over his principles, which were indeed those least likely to change. The worst part of this embarrassment, however, was but momentary. Clara did not, to be sure, greet Henry with the earnestness shewed in her previous exclamation; but she was glad to behold before her the cousin who had been formerly so kind to her, and her joy was not to be entirely repressed.

"I am glad to see you, cousin Henry," she said putting out her hand, "for I had given up all hopes of ever seeing you again."

"Is it possible," cried Henry, not however resigning her hand, "is it possible that I see Clara?"

"Yes, I am Clara Prior. Am I so much altered?"

"Altered! I see too well now what I did not think of before. I sometimes wondered why Mr. Prior retained you in his house. I see it now. And is it possible that a creature so beautiful and pure should be in the power of such a man as my uncle?"

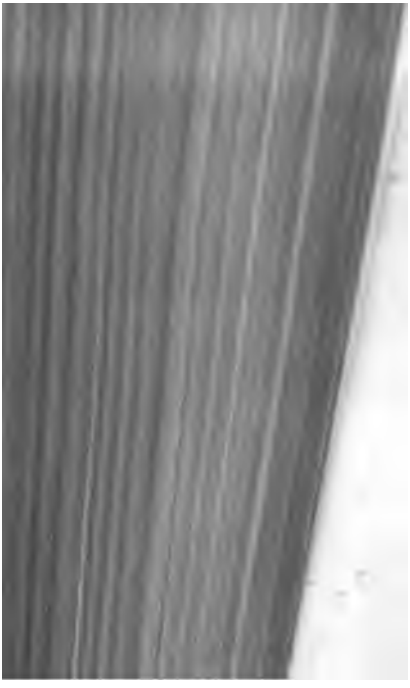
"Cousin," said Clara, with a smile and blush, "what are you saying?"

"You were, cousin, the sweetest and loveliest child that ever merited protection, and—it is not now the time for flattery or bashfulness—you are grown up into as beautiful a woman, and I doubt not that your disposition is answerable to the graces of your person. I tremble to think what our wretched uncle may have meditated respecting you. But this much I am certain of, that this marriage could not have been undertaken to secure your happiness. Do you love this Mr. Elphinstone, Clara?"

"No, cousin, I do not; and I like him all the worse for the very great haste with which he has pressed on the marriage, and urged my uncle to force me into it. I ought to be allowed time to think over such an important thing; but really, I am too young to marry yet."

"But, Clara, did you ever dream that you could marry this Mr. Elphhinstone?"

"I scarcely know what I have dreamed of, cousin. Yet, certainly, I never thought of marrying him until I was locked up in my bedroom and kept without food."



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little child; but you must immediately learn to think and act like a woman, or you will forfeit every chance of happiness in this world: for the man whom your uncle would have you marry is utterly unworthy of you, and would make you miserable. Depend on me, my dear Clara," Henry continued very earnestly, putting an arm around her neck, and kissing her, "let that kiss, my dear Clara, be a pledge of the renewed affection or relation of our younger years. We are somewhat allied by blood—let our similar misfortunes draw us still closer. Our growing age has not been protected by the care of parents; we have both been buffetted about by the world, and you must learn now to do what I have been compelled to do—to depend on yourself. I am convinced that the haste with which our uncle endeavours to make you the wife of this man is the consequence of some deeper scheme than we yet know anything of, and it cannot be good. If I were a rich man, my beautiful cousin, I could at once relieve you from all anxiety; but I am poor, very poor. Yet, Clara, an honest poverty is better than dishonoured riches. What I would offer, you can accept without shame—let us have one com-

" is, I suppose, mistress in her own house, and would not, I should think, allow you to make use of it for interviews between you and your respectable friends."

" Young man, young man, do not suffer your tongue to use bitter words. Clara, put on your bonnet this minute. I am your uncle, young man, and—a—my age should command your respect—yes, it should. Oh dear, I have long forgiven you the injury you did me."

" Injury! what injury of mine ever required your forgiveness?" shouted Henry.

" Oh dear! no violence, young man—keep a bridle on your temper—you recollect when you lived with me—that writ of Wilkins's—yes—yes—I have forgiven you. Come, Clara, come home."

" Will you go again to that man's house, Clara?" asked Henry.

" No, no, my dear cousin, I will never part from you," she replied, putting her arm within his.

" Stay here!—what!—oh dear! the wickedness of the unconverted heart!—stay all night—run away from home with a young man!"—

" Do you dare to insinuate, villain"—Henry shouted, and was rushing on his uncle, when

Olive, covered with blushes, interposed, saying:

"I am ready to go home, uncle. Good night, cousin," and in spite of all Henry's remonstrance the modest girl was so shocked at Mr. Dear's insinuations, that she insisted on going back.

CHAPTER III.

. . . . Soles et aperta serena,
Prospicere et certis poteris cognoscere signis.
VIRG. GEORG. I. 393.

THE next morning Henry Courtenay received a letter from Mr. Clement of the most important nature, but which need not be communicated to the reader, as the purport of it will be gathered from an interview which took place between uncle and nephew shortly after; for as soon as Henry had read it, he arose from the breakfast-table, leaving his meal unfinished, and putting the letter in his pocket went immediately to Mr. Prior's office. He rang the bell, when the clerk, who did not know him, asked him to walk in while he fetched his master. Mr. Prior was much surprised to see Henry there—too much so, in-

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I am very poor, very poor indeed. I cannot give you any money, I cannot indeed—I am very sorry—oh dear—you recollect that writ of Wilkins's—ah! if all my clerks had been like you, what would have become of me!"

"Listen to me, Sir, unless you had rather speak through the bars of a prison."

"Prison!" ejaculated Mr. Prior, turning yellower than ever. "Oh, dear! here he is," and he actually clapped his hands for joy at the sight of the mighty Hoppy entering the office.

"Is this fellow to be present at our interview?" asked Henry.

"Oh yes, yes, Hoppy, don't go. Hoppy must stay."

"Mind, Sir, I give you warning that I wish our interview to be private, not for my own sake, but for the sake of the name of Prior, which Clara bears: and if what I shall say, inflicts injury on your reputation, you will have only yourself to blame for it."

"What is all this bother about? Shall I pitch the scoundrel out of the window?" kindly inquired his robust friend of Mr. Prior.

"Oh Hoppy, my good fellow, don't swear, don't—it is so wicked—don't touch the young

man. You w
relations, both
have attempte
cruelly to us.
spirit of charity
Clara will forgi
oblivion, if you
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"Property lef
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"Yes, Sir, if y
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one, whom I shal
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"Oh, wicked y
you were always a
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"Silence, Sir,"
these infamous insi

years. I insist on your compliance with my terms, and that immediately."

"Ah! let me see—did you say her father left her property! Oh! how wicked to say so! did not you know her father died insolvent or bankrupt."

"Yes, I do know it; but I know also that you have looked very keenly after the debts due to the estate, and I know that you have received several thousand pounds, from one Portuguese house alone."

"Oh dear! bless me, don't go, Hoppy. Well—oh—let me see—"

"It is of no use to scheme any longer, Sir: I have a copy of the will."

Mr. Prior stood a few seconds aghast at the awful circumstances thickening around him; but after a little cogitation, he grew calm and collected, when he said, "The will, oh! you have seen the will. Then you know, I am appointed Clara's guardian, and am not accountable for her property before she is of age, unless she were to marry, when I should be accountable to her husband."

"Undoubtedly, Sir, you may believe so: but I tell you, that the marriage which you contemplate shall never take place. I am the only

friend Clara has in the world: and I will see that you account to her. The servile manner in which you have brought her up, and the loathsome offices which you have compelled her to perform, are proofs that you did not intend her for the rank which her birth and fortune authorized her to claim: and if you wish to marry her to a man of fortune, it is only to carry out some mercenary scheme. You never intended to restore her property, and I insist on it that you at once give up your guardianship."

"Go, go, young man, you are very silly and presumptuous," Mr. Prior said, "leave the office immediately. Give up her fortune, as you call it, to you! I will not—I will not—I have the law on my side."

"And you will not resign your guardianship?"

"No, never, indeed."

"Then, Sir, I come to a question, on which there can be no quibble, and where you cannot talk about law. I demand your instant compliance with the terms of my father's will. I demand my property, Sir, which you are withholding from me; and unless you instantly restore it, and give up every claim on Clara's

person and property, I will lay such affidavits before the Lord Chancellor, as will immediately take her out of your hands, and publish you throughout England, for the villain which you are."

"Property, Henry! your father's will!—oh dear!—what will!—what are you thinking of!—"

"Yes, Sir, you know that my father's will was sent to you through the army agent in London, before I came to England; and you know as I know, that a considerable sum belongs to me. Not to keep you in suspense, I will inform you of what you did not know, that a copy of that will was made, for fear of accident, and that copy is now in possession of Mr. Clement in Chancery Lane. I need not inform so good a lawyer as you, that if you do not choose to produce the first will, I can claim my property under the second."

Mr. Prior was dismayed—he muttered, "Bless me, every thing is against me—blessed are the persecuted; but what have I done to have all these crosses; dear me, I shall be ruined, I shall, I shall," and the wretched old man fell back in the arms of Hoppy his faithful friend. The compassionate bumbailiff tweaked the

[illegible] of his revered master and friend, and gave him sundry jerks and pinches in various parts of the body to no effect, when he ran to the house-door for a little brandy or water, but found the doors and windows all fastened, and no sign of a living being within the house.

Mr. Pratt was still insensible when Happy returned, and Henry fancied that a more powerful personage than even the Lord Chancellor, had compelled his uncle to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth. But lawyers do not belong to that class of persons whom the Gods love, and who, therefore, die young: for lawyers are unfortunately the longest-lived of all the sons of men. Mr. Pratt eventually came to himself, but suddenly sank back again in fear,

young man," said Mr. Prior in a wheedling tone, after a long pause, "you forget that I am your uncle."

"No. I remember it too well," said Henry, "you suffered me to endure the utmost poverty, while a mere boy, because I would not be a scoundrel, though at the same time you had a large sum of my money in your hands. You rob and oppress my cousin. You intercept my letters. You use your interest against me in London. I cannot mention the thousand proofs you have given me of relationship."

"Stop, stop. Harry, my dear young man. You have not been very long of age, you know. And I hardly knew where to find you in London, or I should have paid you—yes, oh dear me! dear me! I shall be ruined—yes, I should have paid you the trifle—oh dear!—belonging to you, after deducting the expences of your education under my care here."

"Education!"

"Yes, to be sure, Henry, it is lawful—it was not my fault, that you would not learn your profession, you know. Yes, let me see—ah—next week—yes—I shall be ready to settle with you—oh dear me—next week—this day

[redacted]

earnestly, "you must not go. Wait a minute. This gentleman, Henry, is Mr. Elphinstone of Leicestershire."

"Oh, Sir," said Courtenay contemptuously, "the gentleman will inform you that I know him perfectly. But still I ask, is that gentleman to be a party to our agreement?"

"No, Henry, no to be sure—how could he? But go now: return to London, there's a good young man, and all your affairs shall be settled next week."

"Well then, Sir, I must see my cousin, and then I will leave you till next week."

"See your cousin! no, you can't—no she is upstairs—that is in bed—she is ill."

"You will then deliver up your guardianship, and resign my cousin's prop—"

"Oh my good young man, Henry, do go—do go—do go. You distress me—Mr. Elphinstone is not a party to this affair. This day week it shall all be well. Return to London, do I pray you, and I will—yes—I will pay—I will pay your expenses—that is, in part—I will indeed."

"Meanwhile you will of course be so good as to inform Mr. Elphinstone that he need not trouble himself to visit Clara any more since—"

CHAPTER IV.

Nostrum est tantas componere lites.
VIRG. ECL. 3. 108.

When Mr. Clement had heard Henry Courtenay's account of his proceedings during the last few days, he was silent for a minute or two, and appeared to be in deep reflection. At length he said,

"My dear Henry, you have done well in many respects: you have behaved like a man of courage, honour and understanding; but you have erred in one thing—you ought not to have come to London. An old lawyer like me sees deeper, and acts more cautiously than a young hot-headed fellow like you. A lawyer may be honest, although that is not generally believed: but until clients are honest, and all lawyers honourable, every one who would serve

his client must lose that simplicity of cl
which is one of the greatest charms of
nature, and meet the tricks and cunn
deep a cunning. You ha
Mr. Prior's agreement t
xt week. Now I never
in a cunning man, and
he is playing a game i
r incalculable loss. Now
ipression your cousin m
you."

"Why, Sir, she is very beautiful and
but in her manners quite a child, fr
perfect seclusion in which she has been
up. I do not think she can want intelle
such a face and heart as hers; but she
overpowering terror of her uncle."

"Well," said Mr. Clement, "Mr.
has never admitted before to-day, tha
was entitled to any property; and I
believe he will admit it at all to Mr. E
stone, who probably wishes to marry the
lady, partly on account of her beaut
partly from expectation of the great
which her uncle must leave at some
Now suppose your uncle has entered int
arrangement with Mr. Elphinstone to

the lady without dreaming of the property she has; so that he wishes to hasten and complete the marriage, because it would put him in legal possession of all her fortune—do you not see, that your leaving the town puts it in his power to use any harsh methods he may please to adopt, to frighten the timid girl into concurrence with their plans, which young as she is, she would not do if she had a friend by her side like you to support her?"

"I see it—I see it all, my dear Sir," Henry cried, springing up from his chair, "what shall I do?"

"Sit down a bit, my dear boy, and let us talk the affair over. It is a good thing that you came to an understanding with me, since it led me to search over London for the documents and evidence which has put your uncle so much in your power. The thing to be done now is this. You must make affidavit before me of cruelty on the part of your uncle against his ward, which I will take care shall be in the Chancellor's hands to-morrow, and then your cousin will be removed, and I hope into my care. But to prevent your uncle from either conveying away Clara out of our reach, or compelling her to marry, you must be on the

Clara; but found it impossible, and he continued invisible to everybody besides Mrs. Wilson. Late in the third evening, however, after his arrival at Holton, the parish-clerk arrived with the information that there was to be a marriage the next morning at Mr. Prior's; and when Courtenay inquired whether it were as openly acknowledged as usual, or whether there were any marks of secresy about it, the clerk said with a smile that Mr. Prior had promised to reward him very handsomely if he would prevent any person besides the wedding-party from entering the church.

"Well, my good fellow," said Courtenay, "you must let me into the church before the ceremony begins, and it shall be the best day's work you ever did."

Proper arrangements were entered into between them, to the great delight of the clerk, who, like all persons in his rank of life, admired beyond all other gentlemanly virtues, that of liberality: and, consequently, was delighted to trick Mr. Prior, who was notoriously deficient in that virtue. Henry, however, did not so entirely depend on this information, as to go quietly to sleep on it, and wait for the morning. Mr. Clements had made him cautious—he saw

those that make you forget whether it is covered with cotton, lace, or satin. Mr. Pounder looked more weather-beaten and good-humoured than ever. Mr. Hardman was a very sedate and mild-looking man, extremely attentive to the spirited Kitty who hung on his arm, the envy and despair of all the servants in the town, brilliant as she was in the extreme of fashion. But Mr. Prior, too, had brushed up for this occasion, having discarded his usual tawny suit of original black, and hunted out from some secret recess a suit of blue, of twenty years' standing, which contrasted very forcibly with the cadaverous yellow of his fleshless cheeks. His eyes, however, were bright as the sun when he came into the church, and a smile of strange grimace distorted the usual stagnant placidity of his features, until he approached the altar and saw Henry Courtenay leaning against one of the pillars, when he started as if smitten by a thunderbolt.

"Henry, Henry!" said he, "I thought you were in London. You are not wanted here—go, go, there's a nice, good young man—you shall have all your money in a day or two."

fetch Hoppy, nor move out of sight or hearing of any of the proceedings.

"Really, Sir," said Mr. Pounder, standing immediately before Henry, with his hands behind, lifting up his coat-tails, "really, Sir, this conduct is most unprecedented; and as I am bridesman for my friend, Mr. Elphinstone, —my name is Pounder, Sir—Mr. Pounder, surgeon—really, my dear Sir, on his account I must demand an explanation."

"I shall leave Mr. Prior and Mr. Elphinstone to give you a full explanation," said Henry; "meanwhile, Sir, you may see that this young lady is disinclined to marry, and may hear from her lips that she has been brought here by force. I wish you all a good morning."

"No, no!" shrieked Mr. Prior, "they must not go—Gentlemen, help me, help me!"

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Hardman, very solemnly, extending his hands like a blind man in a strange road, or what often amounts to the same thing, an orator beginning a speech, "young gentleman, it is my opinion that this is a strange proceeding of yours. I must, therefore inform you, that marriage is a very serious

"Is there nobody here," asked Mr. Elphinstone, "who has authority to order this person out of the church?"

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Hardman, "I advise you to attend to what I said a short time back. There is a severe punishment for brawlers in the church. Let me recommend you to leave the place like a gentleman, and after the ceremony is over, you can take what steps you please."

"But I tell you, Sir," said Henry, with a smile, "that the ceremony must not be performed."

"Young gentleman," replied Mr. Hardman, with great gravity, "really I am very much surprised at a gentleman of your appearance saying so. I have informed you that marriage is a very serious affair, and, therefore, it is a very serious thing to stop it. And I must inform you, young gentleman, that if this had happened four or five years ago, when I was churchwarden, you would have heard of it again—you would really. Let me give you this piece of advice—"

"Hush!" said Kitty, pressing his arm.

"I have done, my dear," was the obedient

I confess I have sometimes met with instances of feminine bashfulness, which have caused a temporary delay. But, on appealing to the lady's good sense and reason, I have always found a satisfactory return. I will now do the same. Young lady, you are perfectly free in this place. No one shall control you, or force you to give answers to my questions other than according to your conscience. As a minister of the gospel, I warn you how you take vows on you which you are unwilling or unable to perform: but, on the other hand, as a friend, I advise you that no maidenly weakness ought to prevent your coming forward here, to avow those feelings, which if your heart acknowledge, are blessed by God. I ask you, therefore, my dear young lady, do you love this gentleman?"

"Oh no, no, Sir?" she replied.

"Then, my dear, why did you come to the altar with him?"

"My uncle compelled me, Sir, by the most frightful threatenings, and if my dear cousin had not been here, I would have thrown myself on your protection."

"Clara!" cried Mr. Prior; "consider, my dear Clara!—listen to your uncle! Consider

what you are about!—marry this gentleman; he will be so good to you! You will have plenty of fine clothes, and ride in your carriage!"

"I have said that I will not marry, uncle," replied Clara, "and I will keep my word. It is not to be supposed that I feel gratitude to this gentleman for having been made a prisoner for his sake. Fine clothes and carriages I have not been used to, and they are not necessary to make me happy: and a thousand times rather would I labour for my living with my cousin, and trust my life and happiness to his kind and honest heart, than be the wife of a cruel rich man like your friend."

"Oh, Clara!—do you talk in this way—so gentle—so still—so modest; do you use hard words to your uncle?"

"I speak the truth, Sir; and I trust, with only a proper frankness, considering the dear interests I have at stake. You say rightly, that I never before addressed a harsh word to you; for at first I felt towards you as towards my poor father, and was prepared to love and honour you: but you know the series of oppressions and meannesses from which I have had to suffer; you know that you wish

not me or any living being to love you; you know not what love is; and if you hear my opinion now for the first time, it is because this is the first time since I have been with you that I have felt myself free!"

"Oh, dear, I shall be ruined—all this expense thrown away," whined Mr. Prior, a tear seeming to start in his eye; "gown, bonnet, shoes, veil—oh, dear, all lost—all thrown away. Sir, Sir, you must marry her, or you will not have your fee."

"Poor man, get you home," said the insulted Vicar; "get you home; you pollute this sacred place by your sordid thoughts."

"And will you not, Clara, my dear niece—you are a good girl—come, forget all that is past, and marry him—no!—come, then, I shall be ruined—I shall, I shall: take my arm, Clara, and let us go home."

"Stop, Sir," shouted Henry, throwing his arm around her, "touch her at your peril. She is free to go where she pleases; and, God willing, she will never breathe the pollution of your house again."

"Oh, dear—what, in a place of public worship—attempt at forcible abduction from her

[redacted]

"I will answer for my wife's consent," said the clergyman; "but let us hear the young lady."

"I will not go back to my uncle's house," she said; "but I am willing to go wherever my cousin wishes me."

"No, no, it cannot be," shrieked Mr. Prior, at the top of his voice; "I will have her—she shall go home with me. It is the law; and she shall either go home with me, or I will take you before a magistrate, who will decide in my favour."

"You need not go before a magistrate," said an old gentleman with a white head and a very benevolent countenance, who, with a young lady on his arm, came forward from behind one of the pillars, where they had been listening unobserved for a few minutes—"I can spare you the trouble of taking a magistrate's opinion."

Mr. Prior leaned, breathless, against the railing of the altar, while the gentleman continued—

"I need no introduction to you, I believe, Mr. Prior. I am Mr. Clement, solicitor, of Chancery Lane. I have laid affidavits of the facts which have occurred during your guar-

dianship before the Lord Chancellor; a
to hand you this order, restraining
further prosecuting the office of guard
you have made answer in court; an
officers with me to execute it, if you
necessary. The young lady will be
care until the Chancellor has appointe
dian; if she has no objection to accon
and my daughter to London."

"Is this, then," said Elphinstone
to Mr. Prior, "you infernal villain, t
of your d—d representations?"

"Mr. Elphinstone," said Mr. Cleme
forget that this is not a place in which
use the language of the gambling-
brothel with impunity. I should advi
turn your horses' heads towards Lo
soon as possible."

"And how dare you," said Elp
fiercely, to the old man—"how dar
rascally attorney, presume on the
nence of dictating to me whether I sl
to London or stay here?"

"Oh, Mr. Elphinstone," Mr. Cler
plied, with a smile, "I have met with b
before; but what I said was for your
Your friend Mr. Byter is solicitor to a

for prosecuting felons; and being, as you know, a clever man, he has hunted out the numbers of some notes which he received for a certain purpose; and has employed some very active gentlemen in Bow Street to bring about an interview between him and the payer of a certain one that proved to be forged."

Mr. Elphinstone turned pale at this information; and strode away without saying farewell to any of his friends; when Mr. Prior pursued him, crying—

"Mr. Elphinstone, you will pay me for these expenses, will you not? You must, indeed—I shall be ruined: bonnet, shawl, gown—I shall be ruined—you will pay—you will pay—will you not."

Mr. Elphinstone passed on without uttering a word; but ere he could reach the church door, he was confronted by a very unexpected and unwelcome friend, which was no other than the excellent Mr. Byter, accompanied by two resolute-looking gentlemen.

"Not so very fast, my dear Sir, if you please," said Mr. Byter, gaily, with a look at his two friends; "my friend on my right is the bearer of an invitation to you from a gentle-

man of considerable importance, who liv
Covent Garden Theatre."

"Why, Mr. Byter," asked Mr. Elphi
in affright, "what is the meaning of all

"I hold a warrant, issued from Bow S
answered one of Mr. Byter's friends
your apprehension on the information
Byter."

"Mr. Byter," said Mr. Elphinstone.
am surprised that you should have done
you know how ready I should have b
settle all affairs between us without this.
do, my good Sir, just let those men g
down to your inn, and tell me where y
up, and I will call on you presently an
all necessary arrangements."

"Mr. Elphinstone," replied Mr. Byt
tone of high displeasure, "if I had be
posed to listen to terms of accommodati
fresh insult would determine me to
you feel the utmost severity of the law."

"What insult, Mr. Byter?"

"The insult of supposing it possi
wheedle me into believing your fa
mises."

"Well for God's sake don't make
about the warrant—send your men awa

I'll walk quietly down to your inn with you."

"I shall do no such thing. You are in their custody, and they must answer for your safe transmission to London."

The wedding party was now leaving the altar, and coming towards the door, beheld this tableau of Mr. Elphinstone pale, frightened and cringing before Mr. Byter and his officers, and Mr. Prior leaning half dead against one of the pews.

"What is this disturbance in the church?" inquired the clergyman of the parties.

"Why, Sir," began Mr. Byter, but observing Mr. Clement in the party, he made him a low bow, and said very respectfully, "Good morning to you, Mr. Clement, I trust you and your family are quite well. I am quite surprised to meet you here."

"I did not expect to meet you here," said Mr. Clement; "but pray explain the cause of this disturbance."

"There is no need, Mr. Byter," interposed Elphinstone, "to enter into any explanations here. Mr. Prior, I am sure, will be my security that everything shall be settled to your satisfaction."

But Mr. Prior shook his head and looked as though he required to be satisfied himself before he could satisfy others;—after a short pause he observed,

"Dear me, you ought to have learned in my office that sheriffs' officers cannot take bail."

"Well then, you have more of my money in your hands than this person wants—you must pay him his demand."

But as Mr Prior could not have Mr. Elphinstone for a nephew, he calculated on making a long bill for consultation on the subject, and would not advance a farthing at present.

"I see how it is," said Mr. Byter, "your friends here know you as well as I do, Mr.

your opinion may be of the kind of defence made for this gentleman, he had no right to complain of my advice, as what I did was done with his own consent, and procured his libera tion. Mr. Elphinstone executed a deed for the payment of a certain sum, which after he was free, he refused to pay, and offered me about the twentieth part of the sum to give up the deed. Now although I am sure that a court of law would enforce the payment of it, I do not wish, I confess, to carry it into court. But Mr. Elphinstone happened to pay me a note which was forged, and suffered a person to be put in Newgate for paying the note which he knows came from himself. But I have since acquired proof to bring it home to him, which he seemed careless about, thinking that while I was driving for the larger sum I should be indifferent about the smaller. But that is not my mode of doing business—I shall make use of criminal proceedings to make sure of my deed, and I will rather lose it than save a man from the gallows to laugh at me."

"I see how it is," said Mr. Clement with a smile, "On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais non pas plus fin que tous les autres."

Mr. Clement and the wedding party left the church together, and Mr. Elphinstone went away under the protection of the sheriffs' officer

CHAPTER V.

Advers fortune, among other properties hath this for one, that her present pressures are not so irksom, as the remembrance of them being passed are delightsom.

HOWELL'S FAMILIAR LETTERS. Vol. 2, 42.

About a month after the scene just painted, a very happy party were assembled around a sumptuous breakfast at Mr. Clement's private house, in Portland Street, consisting of Henry Courtenay, Clara, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Clement, and Mrs. Wilson. It seemed more like an early dinner than a breakfast, from the lateness of the hour, the variety of liquids and solids set out for consumption, and the splendid dresses of the party; but it was a breakfast. Very merry was Mr. Clement that morning; and happiness gave his eyes the brightness of youth as he looked round on the happy faces about him. His demeanour was gene-

rally calm and solemn, with a politeness of the strictest kind; but this morning he seemed to have laid aside all the politeness of conventionality, and given a loose to the bonhommie of his natural character. Eating and drinking were the grand purposes of this meeting; and therefore the more the people ate and drank, the more fully were those purposes answered, and consequently the happier they all must be. Accordingly, the happy old gentleman endeavoured to thrust rounds of beef, fowl, and bottles of wine down every throat, enough to last a moderate person a month or two. Yet he did not himself set the example of vigorous eating and drinking; for he seemed too much excited in trying to make other people happy, to be able to eat much himself.

At length, when he saw all the plates and glasses so full that he could not help anybody to anything more, he drew a newspaper out of his pocket, and said with a sly smile that drew a blush in Clara's face,

"I dare say some of the folks here will be too busy to-day to read the news. Now I always read my morning paper, as every body ought; and while you are going on with your

breakfast, I will just read you some of the morning's intelligence, as I think every body ought to know what is going on in the world. Lend me then, all your ears, my good people.

"Here is the important information that the Quangponga Mining Company's shares are fallen a quarter per cent—that fat beasts are threepence a stone dearer, and that an overland mail has arrived from Hyderadomberabad, which contains news of no importance. I see Clara is pouting at this, as though the news were not worth listening to. Let us look at the politics then, and see whether we cannot find something worth notice:

"'From the Rottenham Moderator. Glorious Triumph of the Blues!!!!!! It is with unbounded delight, and great satisfaction, that we communicate to our readers the glorious triumph which the above cause has this day achieved in the ancient borough of Rottenham—a triumph calculated to have an astounding effect on our enemies. We give an outline of the proceedings, reserving a fuller account for our SECOND EDITION:

"'There were three candidates in the field, which we have no doubt was done solely to

put the sitting member to expense, as the other candidates had not a shadow of chance.

"Mr. Oldboy proposed Mr. Letalone, who came forward and addressed the assembled multitude in a long, dull speech, in which he praised the British Constitution, the establishments, and institutions, &c., and promised to maintain every thing as it now stood, without the least alteration whatever.

"'Mr. Smith, the wine-merchant, then proposed Mr. Pulldown, who afterwards delivered a very furious speech, in which he denounced the constitution as a humbug, the establishments as abuses, and the public men as scoundrels, and promised, if he had the honour to be returned, he would pull down every thing and every body, and establish every thing on a new basis.

"'Mr. Gerald Elphinstone, of Elphinstone Manor, was then proposed by Sir George Brockledon, Bart., of Brockledon Hall, and the honourable gentleman came forward to address the audience, which he did in a speech which we have not time to publish. We refer, as we said before, our readers to our SECOND EDITION. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Elphinstone took that view of politics which is the

only right one, and has always been advocated by this paper. Mr. Elphinstone was no partyman—he would not pledge himself to any set of principles or men: but would go into the house an independent man. He agreed with his excellent opponent, Mr. Letalone, that our constitution was an excellent one, but disagreed with him that no reform could ever be necessary in any branch of the state. He agreed also with his very gentlemanly opponent, Mr. Pulldown, that reform was very necessary, but disagreed with him that every body and every thing must be overturned. For his own part he would not be biassed or prejudiced for or against anything, or any body whatever, but would go into the house free, and if any abuse were proved to his satisfaction he would be the first to reform it: but at the same time, he must say, he should endeavour to preserve those institutions which he considered to be really good and beneficial to the country.

"'In short, the speech of the honourable gentleman was one continued burst of eloquence, worthy of the palmiest days of Grecian oratory, and superior to any thing ever heard before from the hustings at Rottenham.

"The show of hands was decided to be in favour of Phildown, when a poll was demanded on the part of the other two candidates, at the close of which, notwithstanding the most unblessing bribery ever witnessed on the part of the unsuccessful candidates, the numbers stood thus:—

Elphinstone (Moderate) — — 49
Lemione (Conservative) — — 48
Phildown (Radical) — — — 48

We should think Mr. Elphinstone would never be opposed in future."

"I have no doubt," Mr. Clement remarked, "that the principles of the man and of the

"'We are happy to inform our readers that the honourable member returned as above for Rottenham, led to the hymeneal altar on the following morning, Catherine, the amiable, accomplished, and beautiful daughter of Sir George Brockledon, Baronet, of Brockledon Hall, the worthy Baronet who proposed Mr. Elphinstone the day before. The amiable bride was given away by Mr. Elphinstone, of Tavistock Square, London, and after the ceremony the happy pair set out for Paris, to spend the honey-money in the charms of retirement.'

"If the feelings which virtue inspires were less precious than the gifts of fortune," Henry Courtenay remarked, when Mr. Clement had concluded, "I should doubt whether the favour of heaven were given to virtue or to vice. But it is a blessing to know that however fortune may smile on a man, he cannot truly enjoy his riches unless he possess the blessing of virtue, which is an essential element of happiness."

"No," said Mr. Clement, "fortune gives a man a brave outside, but it does not hide his heart from him. I tell you, from seventy years' experience, I have invariably found that

every human being—however depraved—respected virtue: how then can a man be happy, who, finding no virtue in his own heart, cannot respect himself?"

"The way to judge of the estimation in which virtue is held," said Clara, "would be to make a virtuous poor person acquainted with the actions, thoughts, and reflections of a wicked rich one, and ask if he would exchange situations, and feelings with him,—which I think impossible."

"Ah," said Mr. Clement, with a smile, "we talk lightly of fortune's favours, because we have little to fear from her frowns. The fortune which your uncle has been forced to give

continue to deserve the kindness which you have displayed towards us, I shall be content and happy."

"Thank you, my love, for that sentiment," said Henry, putting his arm round her neck, and kissing her. And he had a perfect right to do so, if he chose: for they were a kind of half-cousins,—and more than that, they had been married that morning.

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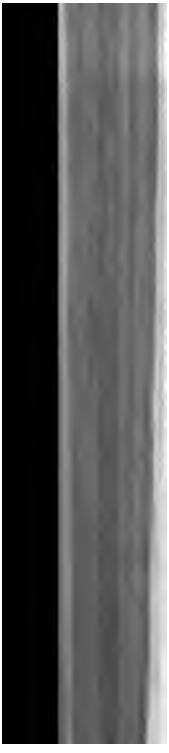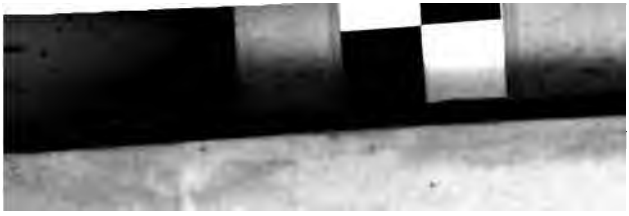
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